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THE
PHILO. MIRROR

FALL TERM 1885

PUBLISHED BY THE

PHILOMATHEAN SOCIETY

PHILLIPS ACADEMY, ANDOVER.

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THOMAS NEWTON OWEN

ARTHUR LYMAN GREENE

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JOHN L. McCORMICK,

22 Winter Street, BOSTON,

CLASS PHOTOGRAPHER

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Vol. XXXII. *No. 1.*

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THE
PHILO MIRROR.

DECEMBER, 1885.

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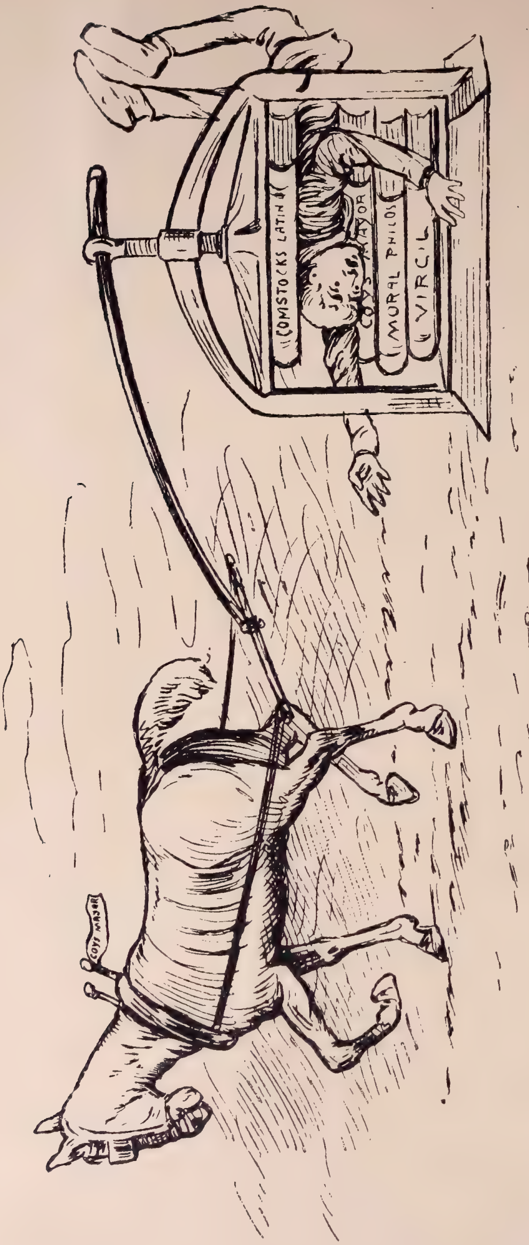
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MORAL PHILOS
VIRGIL
COY'S MAJOR

THE VISION OF THE PREP.

THE MIRROR.

Vol. XXXII. DECEMBER, 1885. No. 1.

THE FIRST SNOW-STORM.

The day it is dead,
And high overhead
The sullen gray clouds by the darkness are fed.
The wind is bewailing
The year at its failing,
And sighs through the forest in accents of dread.

All day it has scattered,
And hustled, and tattered
The poor dying leaves o'er the cold naked ground;
But now the once fearless,
The biting, the cheerless,
Is lost in the gloom, and goes moaning around.

Unheard and unnoted,
The first flake has floated,
And now in the blackness the myriads come.
Ah, faster and faster!
They easily master
The poor blinded traveller lost in the storm.

But pile up the fire:
The snow in his ire
Creeps up on the casement, looks into the room.
Without, it is drifting,
And sifting, and shifting.
The faded-out world has at last found a tomb.

G. B. Hollister.

LITERATURE AS A MEANS OF SPREADING TRUTH.

That literature has an influence upon the world, is not denied, and also that its influence continually increases and enlarges indefinitely; for books penetrate everywhere. Consequently, to literature we must look for the means by which people and nations are to be made better. What better organ for the diffusing of truth and virtue could be asked for than literature, which is, —

> "concentration of thought,
> That it may spread itself abroad"?

It is a fact, that the mind of any writer enlarges itself, and makes itself more distinctly understood, by attempting to express in words good ideas, and to put thoughts in lasting form. So, while trying to give to others the benefit of conceptions of a superior order, a writer necessarily brings all the powers of his intellect to bear upon the subject in hand: so that, where formerly his ideas were scattering, now they are condensed; narrow scrutiny and personal criticism shed a light upon beliefs and conceptions that formerly were vague and unsatisfactory; and the result is, that, through literature's helping hand, sublimer truths are reached than were at first conceived of. The birth of many truths now before the world may be attributed to the indefatigable energy expended in expressing clearly to other minds what at first were mere indistinct conceptions.

Guilty passions, and the overwhelming emotions which possess men, are not to be shaken off; not even are they detected by the soul itself, until a delineation has been given by a purer and nobler mind for: the victims themselves would be unaware of the strong grip and subtle working of evil, if it were not for the vivid portrayal by literature of the conflicts between passion and virtue; so that the slaves of vice are assisted from the gloomy abyss of remorse and despair, and the light of a moral life lends help to those striving for what is true and noble. Literature, like any institution which diffuses good and restrains evil, enhances its own value, and soon becomes one of the acknowledged modes of extending unchangeable truth, and of setting a higher standard of virtue before men. Literature not only aids the *individual* in purging his character from vice, but at all periods of the world's history, whenever improvement has been brought to the notice of a *nation*, although it has been a signal for universal war, and victory was won only by struggles, nevertheless, at such periods, men endowed with thought, and thinking of aught but truth and freedom, have been moved to express strongly what they think is evil; and at such times the sublimest verities are often brought to the world's notice by genius being allowed such a faithful ally as literature.

Literature has always been on the aggressive, has always withstood the advances of idle and degenerate manners, and has kept men from falling into an Epicurean life.

Thus, by the assistance of literature, truth is showing its power over the world without the aid of sword or rank; and by her trustful agency, Truth will soon become the sovereign of the world, and be the means of swaying man to do good and to shun error.

T. N. Owen.

BEAUTIFUL SPRING.

A New Version, by the Author of "Rhymes in Season and out of Season."

I.

"I've been asked to write
An original pome;
But I don't know where to begin.
There's nothing original left,
Excepting original sin."[1]

---

[1] This stanza has been respectfully borrowed by the poet from the original author who first wrote it in the first autograph album.

II.

And that isn't very original;
At least, there are very few
From the time of Eve and Adam,
In the pulpit or the pew,
Who haven't had more or less
With original sin to do.

III.

I might write about the rose,
Concerning how it grows,
And describe the way it blows,
And how it smells to the nose,
And how its fragrance flows
Through my enraptured soul.
(But I have an idea which I can't
Exactly put into rhyme, that about
One hundred thousand poets from pole to pole
Have tried their hand on the rose,
To see what they could compose.)

IV.

The moon or the evening star
Might furnish a line or two,
With a verse about Dian's car,
Or — the pass of the Hindoo Koo.
But somehow the theme seems thin,
Worn out on the edge, so to speak;
And the man in the moon would grin
To see me writing in
The meter called lunatic.

V.

And there is the maiden coy,
My torment and erst my joy;

So near, and yet so far,
Like the beautiful evening star.
I could write a love-sick ditty,
But then it would be a pity
To write on a theme so old,
That several centuries' mould
Has gathered about the fac(t),
That "I love her, and she doesn't love *back*."
(Last line is poetic license, and lack
of rhyming material combined.)

VI.

Then there is the Theologue,
Who is always quite apropos,
Like a glass of good egg-nog,
Just between the acts, — you know.
In polished verse I might tell
What he thinks of earth and (sheol);
But, after all, the theme
Has been skimmed of its richest cream
By those who have gone before,
(See the back numbers of the MIRROR,
and the funny column of the "Phillipian")
For theological lore.

VII.

I might write of the winter's joys,
And the fun for the girls and boys
A-slidin' down the hill,
Or payin' a doctor's bill;
Or I might describe the gleam
Of the moonlight's tender beam,
As over the frosty snow
The F. S. and I did go.
(But I don't believe I'll say
much about that, because, in
the language of the period,
it might give me away.)

VIII.

But there is a theme which I
Am determined for to try;
A theme quite freshening:
I will write on Beautiful Spring: —

1.

[1] ______________________________ view,
______________________________ sing;
______________________________ dew,
______________________________ ring.

2.

______________________________ truth,
______________________________ green;
______________________________ youth,
______________________________ seen.

3.

______________________________ flowers,
______________________________ rills;
______________________________ bowers,
______________________________ trills.

4.

______________________________ love,
______________________________ sad;
______________________________ above,
______________________________ glad.

5.

______________________________ new,
______________________________ old;
______________________________ you,
______________________________ sold.

---

[1] Blank spaces filled in to order.

There is nothing original left which
The poet can freely sing,
Except the one theme [which
always exists in perennial
freshness to inspire his
parched and fevered brain
when an order comes for a
purely original piece of poetry]
Of Beautiful, beautiful Spring.

Ποιητής.

THE CHARACTER OF SYDNEY CARTON.

"Mirror" Prize Essay.

In reading the "Tale of Two Cities," one can scarcely recognize the same master-hand that wrote "David Copperfield" and the "Pickwick Papers." There is so little humor in it, so little of that overflow of good nature that is ever characteristic of Dickens. The only characters that relieve the general gloom of the book are the Cruncher family. Their advent we hail with delight, and we enjoy the humor the more because it is so rare. With exquisite skill, Dickens always places his humorous scenes after the most terrible, and in this way removes the otherwise depressing influence of the story.

It has been said that Dickens is a greater humorist than novelist. This may be true in his other works, but in the "Tale of Two Cities" he has proved himself to be a novelist in the true sense of the term. The characters are well defined, and stand out with great distinctness. Charles Darnay, Lucie, and Dr. Manette become real persons to us; and we almost forget we are reading a novel, so interested do we become in them.

The central figure of the novel, and about whom our deepest interest gathers, is Sydney Carton, — a character without a peer in fiction for absolute unselfishness. Other novelists have created heroes and heroines with more ideal virtues, but it took a Dickens to create a Sydney Carton. The mistake that so many novelists make is this: they create their heroes out of their own ideals, and are consequently untrue to nature. Sydney Carton, on the other hand, is a living person, — capable of the highest virtues, but liable to most grievous mistakes.

When we first meet him, we are disappointed. He seems to lead such an aimless life, — so trivial, so weak. And every life that does not have some high end in view is a failure. The turning point in his career comes with his love for Lucie. Although his love is rejected, it makes him another man. His whole being seems to be regenerated, and we begin to see the grand possibilities of his nature. To the end of the book, his life is one of complete self-abnegation. Even when the Darnay family go to France, he is not forgetful of them. He is ever the same self-forgetful, devoted friend. During the terrible days that follow, we partially lose sight of him; but again we meet him, and it is now that he reveals the full beauty of his character.

Darnay has been apprehended and sentenced to the guillotine. Not once does Sydney Carton think of his own safety, — always for others. He must save Lucie's husband at all costs. When he has once made up his mind, there is no faltering, no hesitancy. He sets his duty before him, and follows it unwaveringly. He procures the substitution of himself for Darnay, and calmly awaits his fate.

In all Dickens I do not think there is one scene that can surpass the scaffold-scene in true pathos. The death of Dora in "David Copperfield," and of little Paul in "Dombey and Son," are the only equals. The pathos is true pathos, and not false sentimentality. In the whole chapter there are no false touches, no unnecessary words. As the fatal tumbril approaches the scaffold, Sydney Carton feels that his life has not been a useless one. No one's life, however weak and apparently worthless it may seem, is without its usefulness, if it is a sincere and unselfish one. Let us apply the lesson of his life to our own. The same heroism that inspired Sydney Carton to give his life for his friend, that enabled Savonarola to meet his bitter death without a shudder, and supported John Huss in his awful agony, is possible even in these days. We may not be called upon to make the sacrifices these men did, but we can make our own lives better and nobler by imitating their *spirit.* And we should so spend our lives, that, should we ever be called upon, we could meet unflinchingly the guillotine, the gibbet, or the stake.

Every life is a lesson. Even a bad life has its lesson; but no life can become so bad that it may not come to a realization of its own uselessness, and in the end show forth the beauty of self-conquest and self-sacrifice. And we can stand, as Sydney Carton did, at the end of our own lives, and, as we look over the record of our years, seem to hear, like him, the words of the Sufferer of Calvary: "I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whoso liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

Nihil.

A MID-OCEAN EPISODE.

A Story.

I.

The steamer had just left her dock; and as the ringing shouts of the motley assemblage on the wharf grew fainter, and their forms gradually dwindled into an indistinct black mass, Ralph Fielding gave himself up to the pleasing occupation of inspecting and criticising the faces of those around him.

On the one hand, his keen eyes beheld faces saddened by the recent parting, others all aglow with eager anticipation of the coming delights of the Old World. Here might you see every type of humanity, — the stout, complacent matron, with her shrinking, blushing daughter, and the inevitable meek and submissive husband; the erect and florid Wall-street magnate; the bowed form of the wasted invalid, looking his last on the land of his birth; and, perchance, some foreign notability returning homeward, with, let us hope, enlarged and altered views of the land of the Great Republic.

A thorough Yankee was Ralph, rendered somewhat cynical perhaps by his four years at Yale, but inclined to take life easily, on the whole, and to let the future take care of itself. He had that happy faculty of inspiring your full and instant confidence, and made you feel instinctively that here was one who could understand and sympathize with your unspoken thoughts. As he stood, gazing thoughtfully on the fast-receding land, a hand was laid upon his arm; and, turning, he found himself confronted — no, not by a detective, dear reader, we are dealing with no bank-defaulter to-day, — but by a young girl.

"Excuse me," she began, in a hesitating, irresolute tone. "May I speak with you for a moment?"

Something, he knew not what, in the girl's half-childish yet dignified bearing, induced Ralph to follow her without hesitation to that most delightful of retreats in the shadow and under the warm protection of the huge smoke-stack, though he was mute from wonder. The girl motioned him to a seat with an imperious little nod, as though she were a powerful princess, and Ralph her lowly menial, whose sole object in life was to minister to her slightest caprice. She looked him calmly in the face for a short time; while Ralph, for the moment utterly confused, could do nothing but return her gaze in a half-dazed manner. At length she spoke, this time in a hard, metallic voice, —

"Evidently you do not remember me, and I shall have to introduce myself. I am Flossie St. Clair." Then, observing Ralph's blank look of astonishment, she gave a low laugh, and exclaimed, "Why, cousin John! is it possible you have forgotten me so completely?"

Here was a pretty fix. Ralph turned hot and cold in the same moment. Should he conceal his identity, and spare the young girl a painful embarrassment; or should he adopt the more honorable course, and try to show her the situation in its true light? Ralph, with the usual wisdom of the sterner sex, determined on the former course, and forthwith took a deep plunge into the ever-attractive sea of Folly.

"Forgotten you, Flossie! Of course I have not! How stupid in me not to recognize you! But how you have changed!"

"Changed indeed, sir," she said, with a pretty little air of injured vanity; "and it was only the last time we were together at aunt Clara's, that you told me I could never change in your eyes."

"Ah! I should have said, changed for the better," replied Ralph, laboring under the impression that he was paying his fair cousin a most flattering compliment.

"Really! how wicked I must have been then! But truly, now, didn't we have the most delightful times at aunt Clara's that summer? And, oh! do you remember that *too*, TOO lovely drive we had together, and how the burglars chased us, and how" —

"Yes, indeed, perfectly!" replied Ralph, wishing most fervently that his fair interrogator was at the bottom of the sea.

"Well, you needn't be so cross about it. By the by, how is aunt Clara now, — as sour as ever?"

"Oh, no! she is quite amiable since you went away; that is — I mean" —

"Oh, don't apologize! I'm sure I don't care if you don't," gushed his amiable tormentor sweetly. "But now sit down here, and tell me all about this last prank of Charlie's. They all said that you were the only person who knew any thing about it."

"Well," began Ralph, knocking over a convenient camp-stool, and very carefully picking it up again, so as to gain time, "you see Charlie never did like Yale very well, and a — a" —

"Charlie like Yale!" broke in the girl impatiently. "Why, what does *she* know about it, I'd like to know?"

"*She?*" queried Ralph, feeling that he was standing on pretty thin ice.

"Yes, she. Who on earth are you talking about?"

"Why, a — a — Charlie, — that is — yes, to be sure, Charlie."

"Well, if Charlotte could hear you talk, I think she would be more surprised than I am," returned his companion, with a decision born of conviction.

Ralph was fairly squelched by this last shot, and looked wildly about him for some means of escape. At this point, an elderly gentleman came hastily up, eying Ralph curiously as he approached, and, taking the lady's arm, inquired if she would not go down to her stateroom. She smiled slightly, and turning abruptly on her heel, went quietly away, not deigning our hero a word or gesture of farewell. The latter stood rooted to the spot in utter bewilderment, doubting indeed the actual reality of the situation; but, before he could collect his scattered wits once more, the gentleman returned alone, and seated himself at his side.

"My dear sir," he began, "this has been a most unfortunate occurrence, and one which I deeply regret. I need hardly tell you what you must already suspect, that the young lady whom I have just left is insane."

Ralph gave an involuntary start. "Insane!" he ejaculated.

"Insane," returned his companion sadly. "My daughter is at times entirely rational, but at uncertain intervals this mysterious disease returns. As a last resort, I am taking her to the South of France, in hopes that the change of climate and surroundings may possibly effect a cure. Her maid is constantly with her; but, in the excitement and confusion of the departure, they were separated, and I was unable to find her till now. I trust that you pardon me the painful embarrassment which you have suffered, and implore you to remain silent on that which has passed. And now, Mr." — "Fielding," replied Ralph mechanically, "And now, Mr. Fielding," resumed his companion, "I will bid you good-evening, hoping to meet you more leisurely to-morrow, provided you are as good a sailor as I."

Ralph raised his hat, and then went slowly and thoughtfully to his stateroom, feeling the pressure of a great weight upon his heart.

II.

THE midday sun shone brightly on the morrow, throwing a dazzling sheen of silver upon the fretful blue waters; and the huge waves seemed to lift caressingly, and bear along with them, the throbbing vessel. All nature seemed supremely joyful on that day, and all things to accord in perfect harmony. Old Father Neptune had donned his smoothest robe; and the passengers were out in force, some reclining in steamer-chairs, others pacing to and fro. That gentleman of the white vest and frosty mustache, so said the gossips, was Lord Tracy Parmenter, returning from a successful campaign in New-York society. This last fact was attested by the presence of his charming bride, who, by the way, looked exceedingly homesick and disconsolate. That one by her side, with the general air of distinction and prosperity, was no other than the Hon. William O'Toole, proprietor of the New-York Skating-Rink. These wonderful beings were treated with respectful veneration by shoddy Americans, and with mild condescension by less susceptible Englishmen.

Near by, surrounded by her group of satellites, posed the pride and delight of New York, Miss Violet Willowblossom, the famous actress, on her way to fulfil an engagement in London.

"Ah, there, Jim!" quoth the fair Violet, with that bewitching abandon and playfulness that had captivated the hearts of so many stalwart New Yorkers; "come here, you lazy fellow, and help me up. — No, not you, Hamlet." The faithful Jim handed her gingerly down the saloon stairs, and presently the breezes wafted over the waters snatches of that beautiful song, —

> "If you can't get in by the golden gate,
> Climb over the garden wall."

As Ralph slowly paced the deck, he became acutely conscious of the presence of a pair of bright eyes not far away, and started slightly as he recognized Mr. St. Clair and his daughter, sitting at a short distance from him. He turned quickly away, and, taking refuge behind the wheel-house in the stern, looked back with dreamy eyes upon the long, foaming wake of the vessel's path. Since yesterday's strange experience, the young girl's image had haunted his thoughts continually, and refused to be banished from his mind. His heart was moved with a feeling of the deepest pity for the poor girl with whom he had so thoughtlessly conversed, and he dreaded the possibility of another meeting.

A voice at his elbow broke in upon his revery; and he returned Mr. St. Clair's hearty greeting with some constraint, which, however, was soon dispelled by the latter's cordial manner. The two gentlemen, in the course of their conversation, found that many of their New-York acquaintances were identical; and this fact, coupled with Ralph's frank and engaging manner, formed an easy passport to Mr. St. Clair's heart. Both, by common consent, avoided the topic which was uppermost in the mind of each. On the following day, however, after a few moments of casual conversation, Mr. St. Clair, struck by the manifest sympathy in the young man's face, broached the subject nearest his heart.

"Mr. Fielding," said he, "it may surprise you to know that to-day my daughter's mind is perfectly balanced and clear, and is likely to continue so for a time. Under the circumstances, trusting you as I do, I would be happy to have you meet her in her true character. She will not recognize you, as she lives in two different worlds of thought and action."

Ralph silently acquiesced, and followed him to his daughter's side. She received him with all the ease and grace of a well-bred lady, though not a shadow of recognition shone forth from her clear brown eyes. Ralph took care that the conversation should be restricted to purely technical subjects, and, to his surprise, found the young girl well versed in music, art, and modern languages. She spoke of the old masters with loving appreciation; and, as she proceeded, Ralph, who was an ardent disciple of Ruskin, felt his heart thrill with a sympathetic response.

When, shortly after, she withdrew to her stateroom for the day, it would have been difficult indeed to analyze the conflicting emotions aroused in Ralph's breast. Could it be that this graceful, intelligent girl, combining in her nature so much of tact and loveliness, must be overshadowed all her days by this terrible malady? Why should so dire a destiny pick out so tender a victim? His heart rebelled against this seemingly unjust decree of Fate.

On the morrow, when Miss St. Clair had settled herself comfortably in her sea-chair for the day, Ralph hastened to resume an acquaintance which was at once tragic and hopeless. With unremitting attention, he sought to anticipate her every wish; and the friendship between them was daily cemented and strengthened. The strange affair was assuming a new and unexpected aspect; and already he felt himself strangely drawn toward her, though inwardly conscious that the end must soon come. Those were days that he will never forget. The wind blew gently from the west, the vessel sped smoothly on her way, and the father's anxious face began to take on a look of hope.

And now the voyage was drawing to an end. Two days more, said the captain, and the passengers, tired of their cramped quarters, might stretch their limbs on the verdure-clad shores of Ireland. On the morning of the eighth day, as Ralph made his way to his seat in the dining-saloon, he looked as usual for the familiar form of Mr. St. Clair, and started with a dread presentiment of evil as he perceived his seat unoccupied. Hastily gulping down a cup of strong coffee, he rose to depart, but was arrested by a voice at his side. One look at the father's haggard face, and

Ralph knew that the dreaded change had come. Neither spoke, and Ralph could only wring the outstretched hand of his friend, in silent but heartfelt sympathy.

The day, hitherto delightful, seemed intolerably long; and he trod the deck for hours, until his feet fairly ached. Slowly night came on. The wind was rising, and moaning dismally through the rigging, the white-caps on the waves looked angry, and Nature herself seemed to Ralph full of dark forebodings. He threw himself upon his berth, vainly seeking oblivion in slumber; but toward morning, filled with a vague uneasiness, he rose, and hurried up on deck.

The wind had increased, and was blowing violently; while the ship ploughed gallantly through the dark waters, righting herself occasionally as the wind lessened for a moment. Ralph cautiously made his way to his favorite place in the stern, and gave himself over to the mystic influence of the night. The creamy, curling waves seemed to beckon him downward to their soft embrace, and almost involuntarily he leaned far out over the railing.

But hark! what was that? Surely he had heard a faint cry borne on the wings of the wind; and, almost before the thought had shaped itself in his mind, a dark object, distinctly outlined in the clear moonlight, swept rapidly past him, and was lost in the gloom. Once again a loud cry rang out *above* the angry roar of the wind and the tumult of the waves, and then — all was still.

. . . .

Two days later, the London papers contained the following despatch: —

"QUEENSTOWN, Monday.

"The steamer 'Servia' arrived here this morning, and having landed all mails, and some passengers, proceeded for Liverpool immediately. The 'Servia' reports the loss of one passenger, a lady, who is thought to have thrown herself overboard while suffering from temporary insanity."

ARTHUR L. GREENE.

THE SPOTS ON THE MOON: A LEGEND.

"Mirror" Prize Poem.

Placid and still was old Dame Sea,
While over her hovered her children three,—
Three little cloudlets, soft and white,
That laughed at play in the sunbeams bright.

But the mother warned them, and said, "Take care:
Stay not too long in the evening air;
For if night comes on, and you upward stray,
The robber Moonbeams will steal you away!

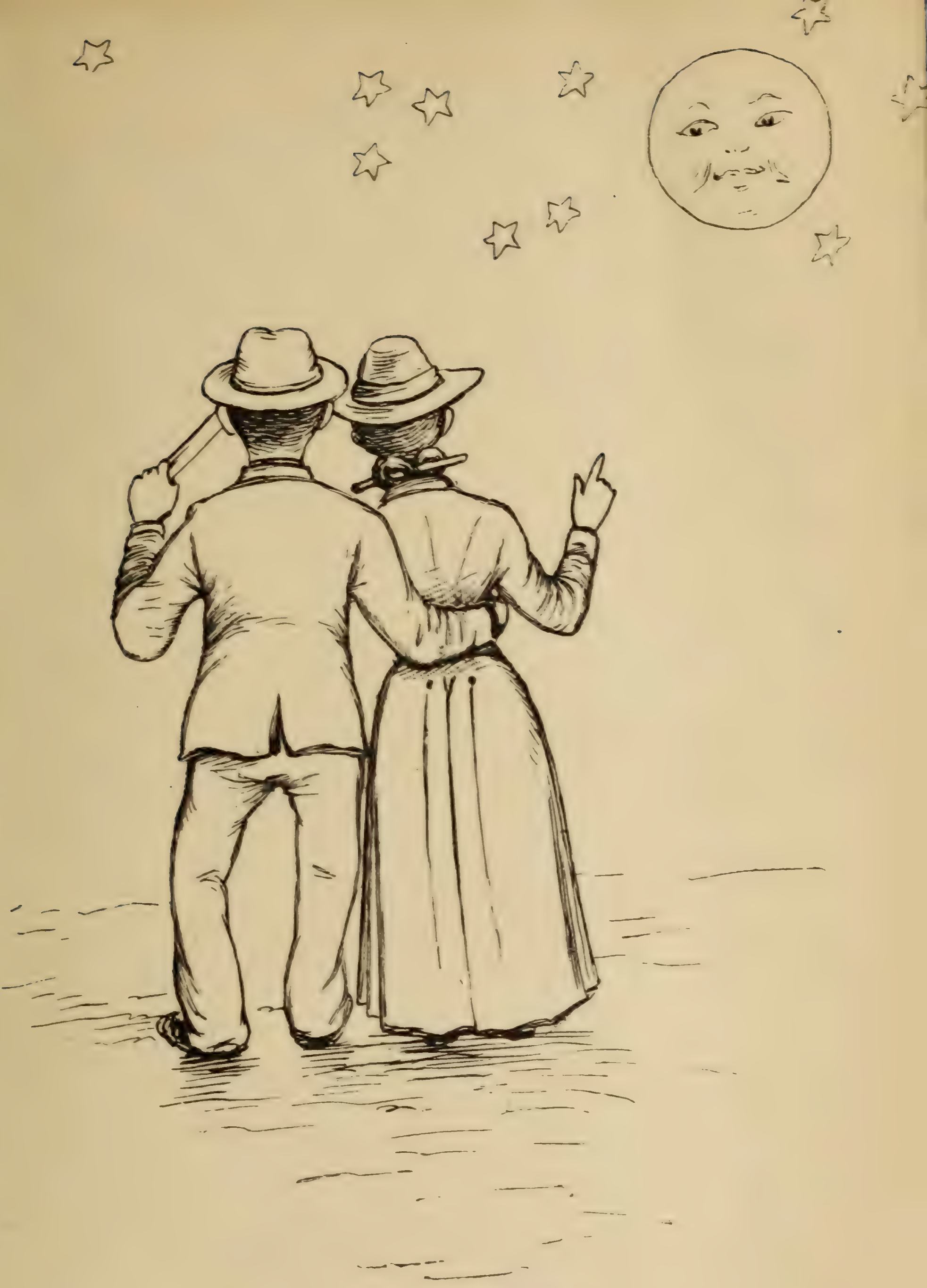
"When the red Sun sets, come down to my breast,
And nestle there for a good night's rest;
You have had your frolic time and fun,
Return to me when the day is done."

So the red Sun sank; but those cloudlets three,
In mischievous spite of the wise old Sea,
Spread their downy wings: through space they go
Till they see the pale Moon gleaming low.

Then the cruel Night-King wakes from his dreams,
Sends swift his spearmen, the keen Moonbeams,
Who seize on the trembling children straight,
And bring them bound to their master's gate.

Before the heartless king they stand:
He loads with fetters each foot and hand;
He chains them fast to his house-roof high,
Where they shriek for help to the cold night sky.

Dame Ocean shook with an anxious fear,
When down went the Sun, and night drew near;
But no children three came speeding home:
Far, far in the heights of heaven they roam.



YE STUDY OF ASTRONOMY.

Then the great Moon rose from her misty cloud;
And Ocean in anguish cried aloud,
And moaned for her darlings, her heart's own pride,
For she saw them bound on the Moon's bright side.

. . . .

And still, on a calm and radiant night,
You may see the clouds 'gainst the Moon's clear light;
While the boundless bosom of old Dame Sea
Moans sad and low for her children three.

T. I. B.

A DEED REPAID.

"Mirror" Prize Story.

It was winter, and the scene of the incident that ushers in my story was on North Broad Street, in the city of Philadelphia. The broad avenue was a scene of almost indescribable confusion and beauty, for the sleighing season was at its height. It was indeed a beautiful sight to watch the merry sleighers go spinning past, disappearing as rapidly as they came, their places to be filled immediately by others.

This was one of life's spectacles. Far different was it from any ever produced on any stage. In this gay picture the scenery was the work of Nature's brush. The same freak of Nature which was the cause of all this merry bustle was everywhere visible; every object was clothed with a pure white mantle, and the keen, sparkling winter day infused its glad influence in every heart. The merry sleighers, as they went flying by like white-tailed comets, filling the air with the sound of the chiming bells, seemed bent on going as fast as their beasts could carry them; and it was no easy matter to cross the crowded street. Pedestrians, too, were numerous; some hurrying along intent upon other things besides pleasure, while many lingered long to view the almost soul-inspiring scene. At times a noticeably fine turnout would appear, and as rapidly vanish.

But at one point along the line of the broad avenue, the eyes of all were suddenly attracted by the appearance of a slightly gayer acquisition to the throng. The new-comer was a large, handsome, three-seated sleigh, and contained but one occupant, the driver, — a young man, evidently about twenty years of age. The pace at which he was putting the team was indeed alarming; and the exhilarated steeds, as though infused with additional strength by the keen air and the sharp sound of the bells, were responding to his goading voice with an almost killing pace. On they came; the young driver showing plainly that he was a master of the reins, by the ease with which he avoided all obstacles in his path.

He had drawn near to a crossing, but slacked not his pace, when suddenly a cry of horror went up from almost every throat near by. The cause of this cry was a little girl, hardly six years of age, and evidently, from her dress, the child of some well-to-do person, standing in the centre of the crossing, and directly in the path of the approaching sleigh. The driver apparently did not see the child until almost close upon her; and then, alas! it seemed to all that his discovery had been too late. Not a few of the spectators shut their eyes, expecting, when they opened them, to see the beautiful child a shapeless, dead, or dying mass. But such was not to be. For suddenly, almost as a shooting-star appears in the heavens, a new figure appeared on the scene. It was a young woman, who was now rushing with lightning speed toward the unconscious child.

Instinctively a cry went up from all, "Stop! do you wish to be killed too?" But she heeded not: on she sped, and in less time than it takes to tell, had reached the child and thrown her arms around her. But alas! 'twas too late to spring aside with her burden, for the horses were upon them.

As I have mentioned, the driver had not noticed the child until almost upon her; but, when he did, what a change came over him! His body was seen to bend suddenly forward, the lines were tightly grasped as far out as he could reach, and as suddenly he took an exactly opposite direction. So mighty was his effort, that the now thoroughly frightened steeds were, with a rear and a shuddering plunge, brought to a standstill. But, as all had feared, the effort was put forth just too late: a foot farther back from the position they now held, would have left the prostrate form unharmed; for directly under the fore-feet of one of the horses, flat on her face, lay the young woman.

But the child, where was she? Had she escaped? was the immediate question that came to many a heart. It did not take longer to unravel this mystery than for the crowd to gather, which in such incidents does not require long. And then a cry of joy and wonder went up from the throng. For there, tightly clasped to the woman's breast, and almost entirely concealed by the folds of her shawl, was the child, alive and unharmed. The young woman, seeing that both could not be saved, had thrown her poor body between the child and the approaching team, and herself received the cruel blow.

At this point, a tall figure was seen to push its way through the crowd, and stop by the prostrate form. "The driver of the team!" came from many lips, and not a few imprecations were muttered against him. But he, heeding them not, stood and looked down upon that pale, motionless face; and some, on second glance, saw that lines of true sorrow were written on his face. He had stood there but a moment when the little girl who had been in such peril, breaking away from the bystander who was holding her, ran toward him, crying, "O Lester! why didn't you stop and take me in? Didn't you see me?"

The young man looked up, as though he recognized the voice, and, when he saw the source coming toward him, quickly held out his arms, exclaiming, "My God! Blanche, was that you? Thank Heaven, you are saved!" Inwardly he added, "If this young girl is not dead, nothing shall be too good for me to do to repay her for her deed."

But there was no time for discussion. With all possible haste the injured woman was removed to the nearest hospital, and here it is that we next view our characters. On a small bed lay the woman; and at its foot, out of the way of the doctors, stood the young man and the little girl. They were brother and sister, Lester and Blanche Pond, and members of a wealthy, aristocratic, family. Lester Pond was tall, well built, and decidedly handsome; this last quality was emphasized in his sister. The young woman's name was Edith Lawley, and far different in life was her sphere. But if poor as regards this world's goods, she certainly was not poor as far as beauty of person was concerned; and proud Lester Pond could not help but acknowledge this fact, although to himself. But his pride did not show itself here: for once in his life, he was thoroughly, completely, overcome. Shudder after shudder ran through him as the awful fact stared him in the face, that probably he was a murderer. How he longed, as he looked upon his victim, to throw himself upon his knees, and ask her forgiveness, and thank her for her noble act! Would he ever have such an opportunity?

At length it was found, that, save a few bruises, the only mark of injury was on the back of her head; and this, the doctors said, would not prove serious. But, although the skull was not fractured, it was many weeks before Edith Lawley was herself again. Every thing that Lester Pond could do was done, and time and money were not spared. Through all these weeks he was a daily visitor at her bedside. How he longed for some way to repay her! Over and over again had he thanked her, but he was eager to do more.

One day, long after the commencement of this narrative, he obtained from her the story of her life. It was the old, old tale of the conflicts between poverty and an earnest desire for an education. At once the thought struck him, could he not give her the means of accomplishing this end? He had plenty, would she accept? So, very quietly, he broached the subject of sending her away to a certain ladies' academy, at his expense. At first she would not listen to his proposition; but persistence conquers all things, and she finally yielded to his persuasion.

Well, to be brief, she went. He provided, unknown to any but her parents, for every possible want: and she was left to enter upon what had been the ambition of her life. Through all these weeks, Lester Pond had daily, ay hourly, grown to like Edith Lawley more and more; and as he went out of the seminary gate, on his way home (having personally seen that all was as she could desire it for her comfort), and looked back upon the graceful form waving him farewell from the piazza, he actually said to himself, "Lester Pond, you love that girl, you know you do; and, if you are ever so fortunate as to win her, you will be luckier than you deserve. But, no, that can never be: we are so different." He knew full well that his proud family would never consent to such a union.

Gradually it dawned upon him, that if he should keep her there some years, give her the best possible educational and social advantages, and then lead her forth an intelligent, cultivated woman, one who could move with ease and simplicity amid the best circles, all would be well. So he built his hopes upon this plan, being fully convinced that in this way only could he obtain his desire.

. . . .

Five years have passed. Edith Lawley has developed into a perfect woman; she is about to leave the school at which we last saw her. But who is that tall, handsome man by her side? Can it be any one else than Lester Pond? He it surely is. But, you may remark, he is very attentive to her. He is indeed, and may well be, for to-day he is leading forth Edith Lawley, his promised bride. For five long years has he waited, years that have wrought great changes in both; but love has overcome all obstacles.

So they were married. The wedding was a grand affair; but amid all the gay company that assembled to witness the ceremony, two happier hearts than Lester Pond's and Edith Lawley's could not have been found.

W. A. Leavitt, Jun.

THE NORSEMAN'S TALE.

I.

Have you heard the story, quaint and old,
How the Norwegian pines one wintry day,
Gently swaying, o'er th' snow 'neath 'em laying,
Looked down upon a beggar old and gray?

II.

Who, by gnawing hunger driven, sought
  Food and sust'ance at a peasant's door,
Where Gerda, baking cakes of meal,
Caring naught for man's woe or weal:
So for this beggar little did she feel
  When asking for a bite and nothing more.

III.

But breaking off a bit of dough to bake,
  Behold a miracle before her greedy eyes!
For, as it baked, it larger grew, and
  Far above the griddle began to rise.

IV.

"This is by far too much to give for alms,"
  Gerda said, taking then a smaller bit:
It also began to rise and swell,
  Till at last the kettle failed to hold it.

V.

Then turning to the suppliant beggar, —
  "My cakes are too large to give away,"
Was the answer to his pleading,
Turning hastily to her kneading;
To others left a beggar's feeding.
  So he wandered sadly on his way.

VI.

But He who sees and times the sparrow's fall,
  He it was who in disguise th' trial made,
And quickly recompensed the evil done,
  By changing her from a stingy jade, —

VII.

Changed her in the twinkling of an eye,
To a woodpecker with a crested beak.
So that now she wandered in the forest,
Searching after food, quite subdued and meek.

VIII.

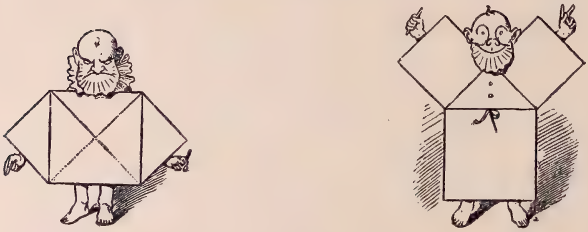
And oft before a storm, among the trees,
A plaintive cry for water may be heard.
While Nature (kinder far than man to man)
Allays her thirst, and by th' shower saves th' bird.

IX.

So she was punished thus to teach true pity,
And that ingratitude might have its pay.
While He who said, "Follow after charity,"
Wishes *us* too the call of charity to obey.

T. N. O.

FOR THE GEOMETRICIANS.



Pythagoras, before the Discovery of his Problem, and after.

PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.

CHARACTER.

Delivered before the Philomathean Society, Dec. 11, 1885.

The majority of people, and especially young men, fail, in a great measure, to appreciate the true meaning of the word "character." They do not grasp the real idea of the word, but only its superficial meaning; while, to consider the subject intelligently, it is necessary to understand the root meaning of the word, and in what manner it came to be used to describe the moral or intellectual nature of a man.

In its primary sense the word "character" signifies a sharply defined impression made by cutting or engraving; and, as a line cut into the very substance of a body can only be erased by the destruction of the body itself, the word acquired the idea of stability. In speaking of a person's character, we stand in great danger of considering his reputed instead of his real character; to illustrate which, we will suppose a case which I think every one will recognize as a familiar type. A man goes through the world having no fixed principles to guide him. To-day, surrounded by good influences, he behaves himself as those about him, and is reputed to be a man of good character; to-morrow, he moves in a different circle, surrounded by evil sights and companions, and, as in the former case, he conforms himself to the habits of those about him, and with them is ranked as a man of bad character: while in reality he has no character at all, but merely floats with the current about him.

The real character of a man consists of those qualities and principles which are engraved into the very fibre of his being, giving him stability of purpose, and constituting the motive force by which all his actions are either guided or aided. We have a striking example of both these effects of character in the life of Lincoln, whose actions were always guided by his sense of honor, of truth, and by a laudable ambition; while, on the other hand, they were aided by an exhaustless supply of energy, perseverance, and courage. These qualities were landmarks of his character ever present, and never failing him in the most trying moments.

That we may appreciate to the fullest extent how accurately this simile of the engraving, which the word "character" itself suggests, and from which it derives its application to ourselves, portrays the human character, let us begin with the plate as it is ready for the engraver's tool. How vividly this brings to our minds the child, as he leaves his nursery to gradually learn to think and act for himself, and more and more to mingle with the busy outside world; bright and spotless, yet ready to receive any impression from the first chisel which may strike the smooth surface of his mind! We might follow this process through its various stages, and watch the lines become more and more distinct, till at last we see the complete engraving, beautiful with figures drawn with careful and skilful hands, or hacked and misshapen by the hands of carelessness and ignorance. Then, as the engraving is made to reproduce itself on the cloth or paper, and give to us the brightly figured textiles or the beautiful picture, so our characters will reproduce their outlines on the world, and leave an influence as limitless as time itself.

We can scarcely fail to realize how much depends on those, and how much we owe to them, who choose the tools which will trace our characters, and guide their course till we take them into our own charge, and bring them to their full development. In our every-day walks we are constantly meeting agencies which are making their impression on us, — sometimes controlled by a strong hand, oftener left to work their own sweet will, be it for weal or woe.

A character produced in any of our busy marts of trade and commerce will give to the world the impatient desire for wealth; while from our country districts comes the slow and patient yet steady plodder, who attains in many years what the other has won, and more than likely lost, in half the time. In the schoolroom, in the workshop, everywhere, might be shown the influence of our surroundings; but it could be shown no better than by the following picture of the influence of vice: —

"Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

The necessity of a strong and self-reliant character, which shall guide them through temptation, and aid them in the accomplishment of their purposes, cannot be too strongly urged on young men in these days, when they need every iota of power and courage they can muster, to insure their success in life. People will put their confidence in him only upon whom, in all times and seasons, they can depend, and whose honesty, integrity, and strength of purpose, are engraved in every line of his character. We turn to the Bible, that never-failing source of guidance and strength, and in Proverbs we find these words: "Ponder the path of thy feet, and let all thy ways be established." Here we have the very root idea of character — namely, stability — set forth as one of the guiding principles of life. Let every one of us therefore study and choose the agencies with which we wish to mark out our lives, and, taking them in our own hands, form lines of symmetry, beauty, and strength, that they, in their turn, may leave an impression on the world that shall be a benefit to mankind, and a credit to ourselves. F. E. L. WATSON.

THE FORCE OF MANNERS.

THERE is no quality of mind and heart so much neglected by many men as courtesy, — that kindness of feeling which expresses itself in pleasing and gentlemanly manners. At school, the boys who are honored and respected most are those who are gentlemanly and mannerly fellows. History has many examples showing that little things in life make up the true and noble character of a man. Some may say the world cares more for form than the solid contents of a man; but the fact still remains.

There are some, no doubt, who can look through this rough coat, and see within the true value of a man; but the majority of men are not so sharp-eyed as this, but judge from the first appearances, which, if good, may establish a lasting friendship. Among strangers, the first impressions are as good a recommendation as any one need have ; and these, as a rule, are for good or evil, as he has been in the habit of conducting himself. Courtesy and refinement open hearts and doors, while gruffness and coarseness shut them.

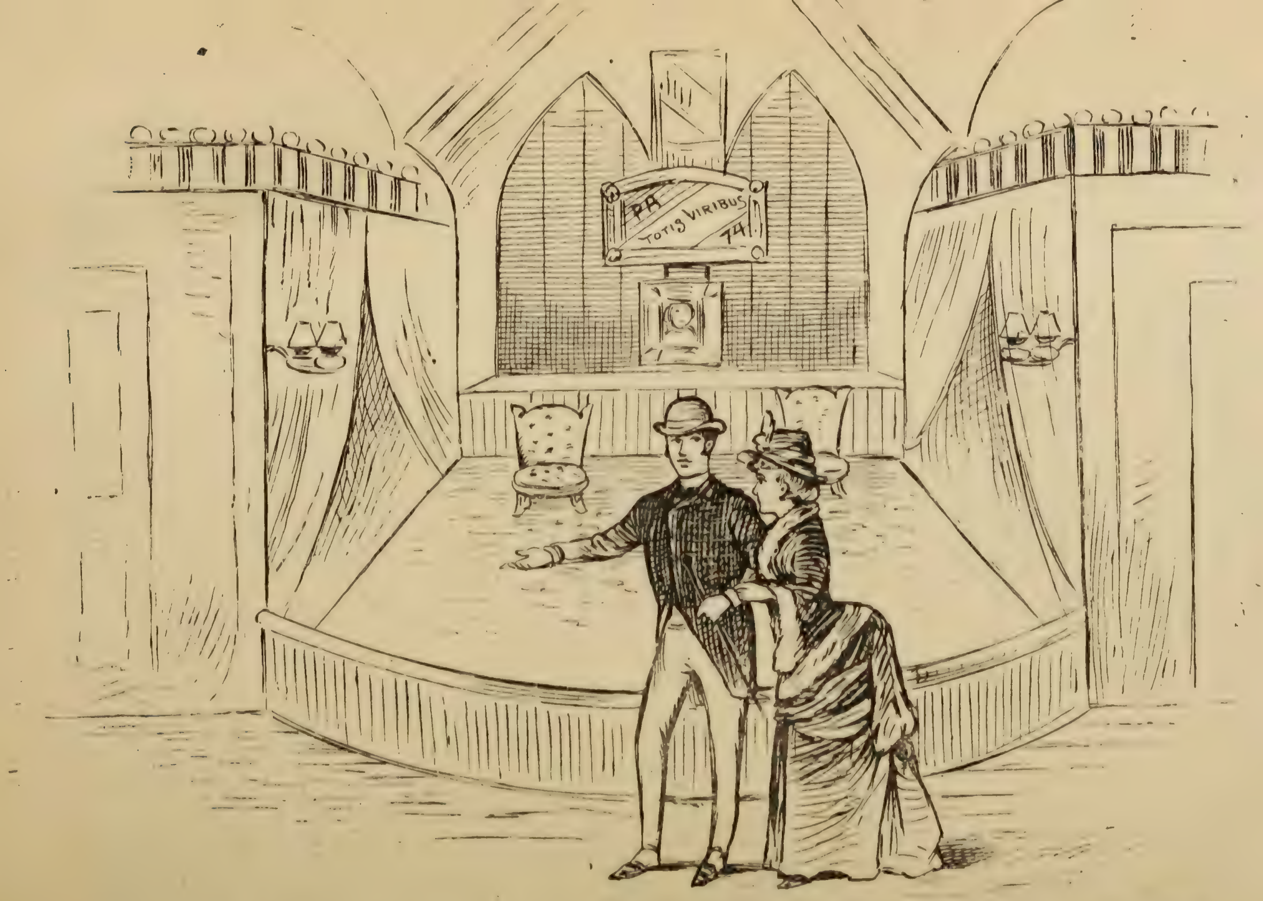
What a man says or does is often an uncertain test of what he is. It is the tone, looks, and gestures, which should be carefully studied. If he grants you a favor, you can tell by the peculiar expression of these, whether it is granted for some unknown purpose of his own, or out of kindness to you. It can be granted in such a manner as to take away all feeling of obligation, or refused in such a way as to command your respect ; the warmth or coldness with which the person who has done it asks you how you do, or grasps your hand, is less likely to deceive.

Style of address is of great value in telling a story. The same story, told by two different persons, sometimes conveys two entirely different meanings. One can excite to laughter all who hear it, by the force and expression he puts in it ; while the other has no effect on his audience. Thus it is that one person can reprove his fellow-men, and be respected, and the other cause great indignation.

Politeness is a kindness shown others, just as we would wish them to be kind and considerate toward us, a respect for their rights which can only come from the inner self. This politeness is often thrown off when we wish to say witty things about others, sometimes causing the loss of a friend. We should first think how such jests, if applied under similar circumstances, would affect us, before we speak. In criticising other people's dress and actions, we should try to remember the good qualities, and forget the bad.

Many men, by the force of pleasing manners, have made their fortune. The politician who has them at his command can win his election, for every man he speaks to becomes his friend. Polished manners have often made scoundrels successful men ; while the best of men, by coldness, have lost the contest.

It has been remarked that good manners can be put on, or laid aside, for any occasion ; but nobleness of character comes from


PA
Totis Viribus
74

LEGEND. — Mr. DeBangs (P. A. '74) displays the glories of his Alma Mater to Miss Bascom (A. A. '74). "Why, Mr. DeBangs, how very appropriate your class motto is' — Totis Viribus, Whole Men!"

every-day refinement and sincerity. Sir Philip Sidney showed the true feeling of a gentleman, when he pushed away a cup of cold water from his own parched and fevered lips, to ease a dying soldier at his side. Such sincerity implies self-sacrifice, which can only come about by many hard struggles. It is the last touch, the crowning perfection of a noble character; and it results only from the truest feelings and harmony of soul.

HERBERT W. HAMILTON.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

I.

HE with his white tennis-suit,
  On the door-sill standing,
Ready and anxious to play
  With her, from the boat landing.

II.

She with her sunburnt hands
  Idly twirling a Franklin,
Fondly musing on the game,
  Love in her heart rankling;

III.

Whether he will still play
  " Love sets," and " fifteen all,"
With other maidens fair,
  When the night shades fall;

IV.

Remembering many meetings,
  Boating on the lake's expanse, —
Why question her heart's beating
  When she saw him advance?

V.

Dropping hastily her racket,
  Her feelings trying to soothe,
With drooping eyelids waits,
  While he asks, — "Rough or smooth?"

T. N. O.

ATHLETICS.

Last spring, for some reason, there was no Field Day; and so this term it was decided to have a day that should be devoted entirely to field sports.

The 21st of October was the day appointed for the tournament; and although the entries for most of the events were very limited, yet quite an interesting day was promised. The Fem. Sems. chose to witness the Harvard Freshmen game instead of the sports: so, with the exception of a few town ladies, the fellows had none of the fair sex to enjoy their records.

The tournament began promptly at half-past two, and the campus was filled with fellows who were eager to see their friends win. The first thing on the programme was throwing the hammer. The contest from the first was seen to be between Haskell and McNeill; and, after a great deal of throwing, the prize was given to the latter. Dilworth, Shultze, Crosby, and Shepard now ran in a three-legged race, which was easily won by the former. The time was fifteen and a quarter seconds, the distance one hundred yards: so it was considered a very good record. Next on the programme was the running broad jump, which Germer won, defeating Johnston; the distance being eighteen feet seven inches. The mile run had quite a number of entries, but the real contest was between Alvord and Grant. The former held the lead most of the way, but Grant's staying powers gave him the race. On account of the poor track, the time was not remarkable, being five minutes and fifty-five seconds. Aldrich easily won the foot-ball kick; distance, one hundred and forty-four feet. The feature of the day was the high jump, in which Coler defeated Coombs after a close contest, and then, stripping, jumped for a record. The height reached was four feet ten inches.

After a brief intermission, the programme was resumed; first, the hundred-yard dash claimed the attention of those assembled. This was the best event of the day. Germer, Frear, Odlin, and Coler started. Frear slipped, and the other three ran in a bunch for a short distance, when Germer forged ahead, and came in about fifteen feet in advance, with Coler second. The time made was ten and a quarter seconds, lowering the school record. The sack-race between Alvord and Phelps was easily won by the former, as Phelps fell several times. In a closely contested match between Haskell, Aldrich, Johnson, and McNeill, in throwing the base-ball, Aldrich took the prize, lowering the school record by a throw of three hundred and forty-seven and one-half feet. Coler and Johnston now tried a standing broad jump, which Johnston won, jumping nine feet.

The last event of the day was the two-hundred-and-twenty-yard dash. Germer and Odlin ran for this medal; but, as Germer ran the faster, he won it. The time was twenty-six and three-quarters seconds.

Germer lowered the school record in the one-hundred-yard dash, and made splendid time on an up-hill course. The other feature of the day was the long throw by Aldrich.

The lawn-tennis tournament between P. E. A. and P. A. A. took place at Exeter on the same afternoon as the Field Day. In the preliminary playing, the singles resulted as follows: —

Corliss *vs.* Myer	6—3, 6—1
Ethridge *vs.* Keet	6—0, 2—6, 6—3
Breed *vs.* Fitch	6—0, 6—4
Breed *vs.* Ethridge	6—2, 7—5
Corliss *vs.* Spencer	6—2, 6—0
Breed *vs.* Corliss	6—4, 5—7, 6—2

Thus Breed won the singles, the first man who ever defeated the hitherto invincible Corliss. Breed and Shaw also won the doubles this year, as last; and no one can say that they did not work hard enough to have merited better than the result at Exeter indicated.

On the 21st of October, the small number of students whom the Faculty allowed to attend, accompanied Breed and Shaw to Exeter. Our representative in the singles had for his rival, Huntington, who played here last year; and, although he played a very good game, the Exeter man proved too much for him, and we lost the singles by a score of 6 – 4, 6 – 2.

Then Breed and Shaw took their places against Meehan and Huntington, who played the doubles against them here last year; and again the Exeter men were too much for the Andover representatives, and we were defeated by a score 6 – 1, 5 – 6, 6 – 3.

Our players suffered under the disadvantage of playing on dirt courts, to which they were unaccustomed.

The foot-ball this year, as the tennis and base-ball, turned out badly for Andover; yet we need not be disheartened, for no one can *always* win.

Our practice games with the second eleven were better than last year's; and great credit is due Mr. Shaw, the captain of the second eleven, for the efficient manner in which he gave, with his team, practice to the first eleven.

There were only five games, including Exeter, with teams from out of town; and we did better than could be expected in all but *the* game. The first game of the season was with the Newtonvilles; and, although they had a heavy crowd, we were victorious by a score of 18 – 0. The second was with a Somerville eleven, and we ran the score way up, beating them 81 – 0. Next, Tufts College sent down an eleven, and it would be hard to find eleven larger men in all the colleges; but again we were victorious by a score of 18 – 0. However, when we faced Twombly, Williard, and some of the heavy old-time players of the Gentlemen of Boston, we suffered our first defeat, 35 – 28.

Every one is familiar with the results of the Exeter game, the first we have lost for six years; yet it may be well to give the score as a reminder to next year's team that there is work to do. It was 33 – 11. In the game, Germer distinguished himself by his extraordinary rushing and fine playing, striking awe to the Exeter men as he went by them. Fleming and Bradford also played a fine game.

Capt. Odlin trained the men well; and, although he did not do much to show off in the Exeter game, there was a good reason for it. Instead of being "held by a Prep.," as the "Exonian" puts it, there were two men against him all the time. Let us hope that in base-ball we shall have better luck.

C. G. Carter.

Editors' Review.

1st, Thomas Newton Owen,
2d, Arthur Lyman Greene,
3d, Herbert Weed Hamilton, } Board of Editors.

We take much pleasure in introducing to you once more our mutual friend the Mirror. He comes to us well recommended by his former proprietors, and, in honor of this his thirty-second birthday, has donned a new holiday dress. Although we must acknowledge that he is a cunning old fellow, somewhat given to singing his own praises, and indulging in libellous remarks upon his neighbors, still we can assure you that he is a well-meaning old chap, and entirely harmless. We would only caution you to handle him gently, as we cannot hold ourselves responsible for all his utterances when he is laboring under great mental excitement. And now we offer him to your inspection, trusting that he will receive milder treatment at your hands than he has experienced from us; and in his name we extend to one and all our heartiest Christmas greeting.

The interest manifested in Philo during the term has had marked influence on many of the new fellows, who, at the beginning of the year, were too fearful of their own voices to come out on the floor and speak; and though at first the old members thought that nothing was expected of them but to sit back in their seats, and listen to the mistakes of "ye new-comer," they were soon compelled to put off the cap of indolence, and look out for their laurels: for although Philo was not favored by the Fates with a presidential election this year, as last, upon which to debate, yet the debates have been characterized more this year by common-sense speeches and worthy arguments, rather than patriotic bombast in behalf of pet candidates. The system of choosing six extemporaneous speakers from the house, to assist the leaders of the debate, has great merit; and though at first it is apt to scare those unused to it, yet all concede that great help is received from it.

The usual critique read before the society on the parts of the former meeting has been, as a usual thing, a much neglected part; but noticeable improvement has been shown, during the term, in this matter. Many of the written criticisms have been not only interesting articles, but also have served to bring forth the keen and scrutinizing element in a boy; so that, where formerly we had but a mere enlargement on the secretary's minutes, this term we have had *critiques*.

Although some have, with clock-like regularity, cut their parts, yet those who have been faithful cannot help but feel strengthened to proceed with the work during the coming term.

THE work of Inquiry has been like the growth of a strong tree, unnoticed by the casual observer, but nevertheless exerting an influence for good, which penetrates and extends to all parts of the school.

The feeling that cannot help but take possession of all who are acquainted with the work of Inquiry is, that the meetings are not sustained by mere enthusiasts, but that an earnestness pervades each meeting to such a degree that the existence of Inquiry cannot help but be fraught with good to the school, and bring a benefit which will be felt in time to come.

THE question of making the "Phillipian" a weekly has been agitated for some time past, but it has remained for the present board of editors to take the long contemplated step. We congratulate the board on the energy and enterprise which has brought about this much-to-be-desired result, and which has kept the general tone of the paper on so high a level. The sheet has, as a rule, been bright and newsy, and decidedly above the standard of the preceding year. An enterprise of this nature depends not only upon its financial, but also its literary support, for its success; and we hope that every student who has the best interests of the school at heart, will feel it a personal duty to contribute not only from his pocket, but also from his brains.

THE only musical event of the term which it is our pleasure to record was the piano recital given by Misses von Radecki and Obrion, on the evening of Oct. 21, under the auspices of Abbott Academy. We regret that the state of the elements and the inconvenience of the evening detained so many from attending; for the number of these recitals is as few as their character is high.

One of the pleasantest features which marked the playing of Miss Radecki and Miss Obrion was their almost perfect unison, and their entire absorption in their music. The playing of both ladies was emphasized by good shading and expression. Miss Radecki's powers were perhaps most fully brought out by the exquisite Polonaise of Chopin's; while Miss Obrion's performance was of such even merit throughout, that it is difficult to say wherein she most excelled. To our mind, however, her crisp and sympathetic rendering of Beethoven's Theme showed her at her best. Miss Bingham, whose name we do not remember to have met before, interpreted her songs well, and sang with spirit and intelligence, albeit her articulation was somewhat indistinct. Schubert's "Post," though it has seen considerable service on concert programmes, is always enjoyable, and in this case was no exception. Raff's dashing Gavotte, superbly played, brought the evening to a close. The performance as a whole was finished and elegant, and the exquisite tone of the pianos used added much to our enjoyment.

THE visit of Canon Farrar to America is important as marking the cordial relations which are yearly being cemented between ourselves and the mother country. As an earnest scholar and a deep thinker, the reverend gentleman is almost as well known on this side of the Atlantic as the other; and the hearty welcome which he has everywhere received cannot have failed to impress him with a realizing sense of American hospitality. This is a pleasing sign of the times, for but few years have elapsed since narrow prejudice and a false sense of dignity stretched to the utmost tension the slight bond of union already existing between the two countries.

Archdeacon Farrar was for some years assistant master at Harrow, the famous English fitting-school; and his earliest efforts in the field of literature were three books dealing with schoolboy life, which passed through several editions, and were well known to the American youth of a quarter of a century ago. As master of Marlborough College, his simple and earnest utterances to the students appeal to the heart of every American youth. Upon his theological writings, however, rest his true claims to distinction.

Like his eminent contemporary, Matthew Arnold, who visited us two years ago, the English preacher has been lecturing in different parts of the country; and it was hoped that he could be induced to deliver one of his discourses in the academy hall. As we go to press, however, it seems doubtful if this event can be brought about, owing to his numerous engagements and the impaired condition of his health.

THE People's Lecture Course has become this year very popular; and Rev. Mr. Makepeace, the originator of the plan, deserves great praise for the successful manner in which it has been carried out. The people in general have become aroused to the great advantages placed in their reach; for the season tickets were all sold before the beginning of the first lecture, and many times, crowds of eager listeners have been compelled to stand, from the lack of seating capacity. The first lecture, on "Oxford and its University," by Rev. Dr. E. C. Bolles, was very interesting and instructive; and his sketch of English student life, and the stereopticon views of the buildings which constitute one of the oldest seats of learning in the world, were highly appreciated by the audience.

Rev. Mr. Knapp's three lectures on Grecian, Early Christian, and Mediæval architecture, are deserving of great praise, as he not only gave an idea to his hearers, by means of beautiful views, of what the ancients were able to effect in the way of combining both the elaborate and the useful, but also, by his remarks, he gave to his audience a running criticism on art which was deemed to be of such value that the lecturer's services were secured to deliver a series of five lectures on "Art," apart from the regular course. The Schumann concert and other attractions occur too late for mention.

We trust that it is a course of lectures that will be repeated next year, with the same success.

The new Treasury building, with its smooth polished floors, and cheery open fireplaces, is indeed

> "A thing of beauty and a joy forever,"

and presents a striking contrast to the venerable white shanty, which, having accomplished its mission, has at last been relegated to other and more fitting uses. *Rumor est* that the large and elegant trustees' room, in which, on Friday afternoons, the dread conclaves of the Faculty are held, will be used hereafter for the Senior class parties.

The next thing in order is the completion, in accordance with the architect's original design, of the laboratory, only half of which has yet been built. Then let the wooden barracks on either side of the academy be replaced by substantial brick dormitories; and Andover Hill, with its smooth-shaven lawns and handsome halls, will be fairer than ever before. N. B. — All subscriptions for building fund may be sent to Mr. E. Taylor, treasurer.

One of the most prominent characteristics of school athletics this term has been the noticeable interest taken in tennis. From the very commencement of the school year, men were kept busily at work relining old courts, and marking out new ones; so that, by the end of September, there were estimated to be twenty or more.

Tennis has increased so perceptibly during the last two years, at Phillips, that measures were taken last fall to form a league with our sister school, for the purpose of holding contests of this nature. We are all aware of the standing relations between this school and Exeter, as regards tennis, and the chagrin which we have experienced this year at so many defeats. Now, what the school needs most is earnest, energetic men, who will strive to redeem the name of the school from the position into which it has fallen; who will bear in mind that our sister academy is very nearly as large as our own; that she has beaten us this year, with apparent ease, in whatever branch of athletics we have attempted to contest, simply because her men do not play for the fun derived from it, but, underlying all this, have some purpose in view, and that is the school reputation.

In speaking of foot-ball, we feel that every Phillips man may well be proud of the remarkable team which it has been our good fortune to have this year; and though we witnessed a sad defeat at Exeter, the first which we can recall since the days of our youth, still it is our opinion that the school should not refrain, on this account, from bestowing just praise upon the members of the eleven for the earnest work and excellent record which they have shown this fall. Especially do we desire to express our thanks to Mr. Odlin for the faithful manner in which he has performed his arduous duties as captain of the foot-ball team this fall, and it is our hope that he may show as good a record at Yale as he has here.

Following the example of our immediate predecessors, and hoping to render the character of the Mirror somewhat lighter and more readable than it has sometimes been, the editors offered prizes this term for the best original *story*, *essay*, and *poem*, and also for the two best cuts. Messrs. Coy, Comstock, and Eaton, with their usual courtesy and kindness, acted as judges of the competition, and their decision is as follows: Prize for story, to W. A. Leavitt, jun., whose production is entitled "A Deed Repaid;" prize for essay, to "The Character of Sydney Carton," by "Nihil;" prize for poem, to "The Spots on the Moon," by T. M. Banks. After a careful inspection of the cuts handed in, the first prize is awarded to A. L. Clark, who has skilfully portrayed "The Vision of the Prep.;" and the second to W. A. Perrin, whose drawing is entitled, "Ye Study of Astronomy." We have also used a cut drawn by D. A. Pingree, and two others whose authorship has not been revealed to the editors, but which we trust will be duly appreciated by all.

We would call the attention of the students as a whole to our advertising columns. Many of the firms represented are personally known to us, and their names are synonymous with good work and moderate charges. We have no hesitation in recommending one and all to your patronage, and in assuring you ample satisfaction.

MELANGE.

Light reading. — Gas bills.

Ground-rents. — Earthquakes.

An accessory before the act. — The orchestra.

"I'll be round this way in a minute," as the second hand said to the pendulum.

"Drop a line if you wish to see me," quoth the fish to the angler.

"I will preach from dat portion ob de Scripture dis ebening," said a colored dominie, "whar de 'Postle Paul points his pistol at de 'Phesians."

An Englishman wishes to know if the children of Ham were Hamericans.

Mrs. Partington, hearing of a pedestrian's "great feat," wondered if they troubled him in walking.

A man ever ready to scrape an acquaintance. — The barber.

The Iowa school commissioners have issued an edict forbidding lady teachers to kiss male pupils if they are over eighteen years old. Which, — the teachers or the pupils?

A common epidemic in seaside lodging-houses. — Phlebitis.

A little boy on returning from Sunday school said to his mother, "This catechism is too hard; isn't there any kittychisms for little boys?"

The candle which accidentally fell into a pail of water, was so much put out by the occurrence, that it has been ever since fizzically unfitted for work.

A kiss. — A report from headquarters.

Fashionable young lady detaching her hair previous to retiring. — "What dreams may come when we have shuffled off this mortal coil!"

Accommodating. — *Lady.* "Before I engage you, I should like to know what your religion is." — *Cook.* "Oh, mum, I always feels it my duty to be of the same religion as the family I'm in."

It was a minister's son, who, having partaken of succotash for the first time, passed his plate for some more of that "sacred hash."

Very much at Sea. (A fact.) — *Nervous young lady.* "Tide rising, did you say? Oh, pray let us go back before it rises too near the edge of the boat!"

A muscular man of Ashango
Ascended a tree for a mango;
He fell from the top,
Three thousand feet drop,
But he got up and danced a fandango.

Rather Awkward. — *Eligible young bachelor* (making call). "Well, Master Fred, you don't know who I am." *The candid young hopeful.* "Oh, but I do, though! You're the chap ma says would be such a good catch for our Mary."

Ingenua Puella. — "What do you think, Charlie? You were always so spiteful about saying my brother Jack hadn't got any profession. And what do you think I heard pa say to-day?" *Charlie.* "Give it up." *Ingenua Puella.* "Well, Jack's been appointed a bankrupt. Yesterday morning! It was in the paper. The dear fellow," etc. It was almost cruel to explain, but it had to be done.

A CHURCH BELLE.

She wears a sweet smile
As she glides up the aisle
With the grace of a rhythmical sonnet;
And, oh! she looks cute
In her nobby new suit
And that dear little duck of a bonnet.

A Servant-girl's Soliloquy. — A servant-girl, who had just been admonished by her mistress to be very careful in "washing up" the best tea-things, was overheard shortly afterward, in the back kitchen, indulging in the following soliloquy, while in the act of wiping the sugar-basin: "If I was to drop this 'ere basin, and was to catch it, I s'pose I shouldn't catch it; but if I was to drop it, and wasn't to catch it, I reckon I just should catch it."

Attractive Theatrical Advertisement. — During the present oppressive heat, the theatre will be iced. Private refrigerators, to hold four persons, three dollars. Some fresh air by the orchestra every half-hour. The performances will commence with the farce of "Cool as a Cucumber;" after which, the romantic drama entitled "The Sea of Ice;" to conclude with the laughable afterpiece called "Nothing to Wear."

"You are the autumn leaf," said he,
  "And my arms are the book, you know;
Now, I place the leaf in the book, you see,
  And tenderly press it, so."
The maid looked up with glance demure,
  And blushes her fair cheeks wore,
As she softly whispered, "The leaf, I'm sure,
  Needs pressing a little more."

Sometimes strange difficulties are encountered by the young ladies who are endeavoring to teach Christianity to the Chinese in our Sunday schools. One of the most conscientious, as well as one of the brightest and prettiest, of these teachers, was attempting recently to inculcate upon the heathen mind of a sleek-looking Mongolian, the lesson of charity toward all. "God loves every one," she said: "we should love every one." The Chinaman looked meekly up into her face, and quietly asked, "Does God love me?" — "Yes," the young lady replied. "Do you love every one?" was the next pointed inquiry. "Yes," she answered. "Do you love me?" — "Y — y — yes." — "Will you mally me?" There was no direct answer to this question, but the teacher has since changed her pupil for a Chinaman of less logical turn of mind.

The Frenchman who was accused of drilling down to see what was going on in the middle of the earth denies the hole story.

A Burlington girl, in a fit of abstraction, picked up a copy of "Kismet," scratched out the "t," and handed the book to her lover. He caught on.

Changing the Subject. — *Professor Gotsuchakoff.* "To change the subject, Miss Daisy, is the Delesseria common in this vicinity?" *Miss Daisy.* "Dear me! change it again, professor."

Quiet and empty the hammock swings,
Tattered and torn and gone to strings.
No more its meshes are crowded with girls,
With bustles and bangs and pinned-on curls;
No more the air is full of feet,
Of blushes crimson, and ankles neat,
As over the side the coy maid goes
(A sly manœuvre for catching beaux).
The hammock now is a thing forlorn,
With none to pity, and none to mourn.
Yet the maiden still her task pursues, —
At the opera now the boys she woos.
The only question she asks her mash
Is the simple one, "Have you got the cash?"

A Correction. — *Tommy.* "What do you think happened? Our teacher had a perplexity shock!" *Edith.* "Perplexity shock! You mean a parallel stroke."

From over the Sea. — *Miss M.* "Is the American mail in?" *Clerk.* "Yes, miss; he is in room fifty-six."

"What is your doggy's name, Daisy?" — "Damn." — "Why, you wicked child, where did you hear that word?" — "Why, auntie, that's what uncle George says, 'Damn the dog.'"

Mrs. Montague. — "Do you sing, Mr. De Lyle?" *Mr. De Lyle* (with a superior smile). "I belong to the college glee club." *Mrs. Montague* (disappointed). "Oh, I'm so sorry! I hoped that you sang."

Not an Enthusiast. — *Faith-Doctor.* "Now, my dear sir, tell me just how you feel." *Impatient patient* (who has stared the doctor steadily in the eye for hours, in a vain endeavor to forget his pain). "I feel like a d—d fool. What's the bill?"

The young ladies of the watering-places are so handsome and attractive this year that pretty often a mosquito gets "mashed" on 'em.

Girl. — "Gimme quarter-pound of tea, quick." *Clerk.* "What kind, green or black?" *Girl.* "The blackest you've got. It's for a colored funeral."

THE FAIR PHYSIOLOGIST AND THE BACHELOR OF MEDICINE.

A LAY OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

"Oh, tell me, gentle maid!" he cries,
"Whence flows that falling tear,
Why all-suffused those glistening eyes?
The cause I fain would hear."
"The cause," she says, with downcast eye,
"Unless my mem'ry fail, is
Intensified activity
In the *glandula lachrymalis*."

"But oh, methinks that from your breast
There heaves a gentle sigh,
Refusing, too, to be repressed;
Sweet maiden, tell me why."
"I think," she says, "a sigh is due
To deepened Inspiration;
And this, again, is owing to
Some Reflex Excitation."

"But, mantling on your cheek, I see
The lovely damask rose.
Declare, oh, dearest one, to me
Whence this rich lustre flows."
"Blushing is caused," the maid replies,
"As Huxley well observes,
By much dilated arteries
And *vaso-motor nerves*."

"But tell me further, maiden dear,
Of all these signs the reason.
Do not a blush, a sigh, a tear,
Point to some *central lesion?*"
"Their cause" (she faintly makes reply)
"As yet escapes detection,
Unless — perchance — they signify
Some *cardiac affection*."

"Ah, maid, your diagnosis true
  To sure proof is subjected,
Since, by contagion caught from you,
  My heart, too, is infected!
And now, to cure us both, I trow,
  One med'cine and no more is,
Oh, take the sweet prescription now,
  Sume aurantii flores." (Take orange flowers.)

Century.

"Did you notice, dear, at the party last evening, how grandly our daughter Clara swept into the room?" *Husband* (with a grunt). "Oh, yes! Clara can sweep into a room grandly enough; but when it comes to sweeping out a room, she isn't there."

"Philander," said a pretty girl to her bashful beau, "I wish you would tie this ribbon at my throat. I can't see how to do it without a glass." — "Of course, I'll be only too glad to," he said, and at once grappled the strings. After an unsuccessful effort of five minutes, during which he got as red as a brick house, and perspired like a pitcher of ice-water on a July window-sill, he stammered, "I — I — don't think I can tie a respectable knot, Miss Mary." — "Suppose, Philander," she whispered, with a pretty little blush, "suppose you call in a preacher to assist." Like the unveiling of a beautiful mystery, the situation unfolded itself to Philander, and he feels better now.

A Gentle Hint. — *He.* "Did it ever occur to you how difficult it must have been for Solomon to propose to a thousand maidens?" *She.* "Yes, but not half so difficult as one of the men of the present day finds it to be to propose to one maiden."

Fishing under Difficulties. — "Oh, Emeline, come quick! The baby's tumbled down into the cistern. We's been a-fishin' for him for half an hour wid an umbreller handle an' a chunk o' sponge-cake, an' we can't even get a nibble."

"Bar-gains" — Lawyer's fees. "Net gains" — Fish. "Not missed" — Married ladies. "Very much mist" — Fogs. "All broke up" — Flood Rock. "The question of the hour" — What time is it?

Sufficient Grounds for Refusal. — *Hobson Jones.* "Yes, Miss Clara gave me every reason to think that she was interested in me; but, when I asked her to be my wife, she unqualifiedly refused." *Mrs. De Bullion.* "On what grounds did she refuse you?" *Hobson Jones.* "On the lawn-tennis grounds in her father's own yard."

They were talking of a politician, who, as one of the young gentlemen affirmed, never opened his mouth without putting his foot in it. The Chicago girl looked at her pedestals in an abstracted manner, and was heard to remark, "How ridiculous!"

The Prevailing Style. — A leading society lady in New York — whose name we would not divulge for seventy-five cents, as it would spoil her contemplated sensation — has offered Barnum his own price for the skin of Jumbo. She wants to have it mounted and set on the side of her winter hat. Then she is going to take in the theatres, and don't you forget it! P. S. You won't if you sit behind her.

A Western lecturer advertised "a talk for ladies over twenty-five years of age." Fifteen minutes after the time advertised for the opening of the lecture, the lights were turned down, the janitor collected the rent, and the lecturer walked to his hotel, a sadder but wiser man.

Somewhat of a Predicament. — A lady's fourth husband lay at the point of death, while she hung over him with tender and watchful care. "We will m-meet again in h-heaven, dear," he said with difficulty. "Ye–es," she replied hesitatingly, "but I am afraid it may be a little bit embarrassing, John."

Mabel (to her grandpa). — "And can you really remember George the Fourth?" *Grandpa.* — "Yes, little one; you see I am a good deal older than you are." *Mabel.* — "How much older must I grow before I shall be able to remember him?"

We could never make out why the Habbott Fem. Sems. were so interested in the reports of the recent yacht races, till we came across one the other day with her finger on this passage, "In making the turn, the 'Puritan' hugged the buoy closest, and so secured the lead."

A Few of the Questions asked by the Census-taker. — "Are you engaged? What tooth powder do you use? Does your mother-in-law reside under your roof? and do you find this arrangement conducive to domestic happiness? How many false teeth have you? Are you homœopath, allopath, hydropath, thermopath, or Turcopath? How often in the week last preceding the 2d of May, 1885, had you cold meat for dinner? Is the hair you wear all your own? (This question is not compulsory on Fem. Sems.) Are you High-church, Low-church, Broad-church, Narrow-church, Fast-church, Slow-church, or No-church? Do you take the Philo Mirror?" etc.

"Your studies are costing me a great deal," said a father to his son, as he reached in his pocket for money to buy more books with. "I know it, father," said the son, with some emotion, "and I don't study very hard either."

Teacher (to pupil aged five). — "Now, Johnny, let's hear how well you can say your letters." *Pupil.* — "Ha, be, se, de, he, hef, ge, haitch." *School-ma'am.* — "Can't you say aitch?" — "Yessem : haitch, hi, ja, ka, sheol" — *Teacher.* — "What? there's no such letter as that ; you mean L." *Johnny.* — "Yessem : hi know ; but my ma says we mustn't say hell any more, coz they call it sheol now."

Professor. — "How dare you swear before me, sir?" *Student.* — "How did I know you wanted to swear first?"

"Adieu," she said sweetly, as he kissed her good-night. "He's a dude, ain't he?" sung out her little brother, as he vanished up the stairs.

"What are the last teeth that come?" asked a teacher of his class in physiology. "False teeth," replied the boy who had just woke up on the back seat.

"Why do they always put 'D.C.' after Washington?" asked Mrs. Quilp of Mr. Quilp. "Why, don't you know that Washington was the Daddy of his Country?"

New Boy (who does not appreciate sermons). — "Well, I'd just like to know what preachin's for, anyway." *Second boy.* — "Why, it's to give the organist a rest."

A little boy was told that when he died he would take all the good with him, but would leave all that was naughty here below. He thought a moment, then looking up, said, "Well, I guess I'll be awfully thin when I get there."

"Are you in favor of enlarging the curriculum?" asked a rural school director of a farmer. "Enlarge nothing," was the reply; "the building's big enough: what we want is to teach more things to the scholars."

The inhabitants of Burmah worship idols made of brass. How they would get down on their knees if only an American commercial traveller were to get around that way!

"Tommy, my son, fetch in a stick of wood." — "Ah! my dear mother," replied the youth, "the grammatical portion of your education has been sadly neglected. You should have said, 'Thomas, my son, transport from that recumbent collection of combustible material upon the threshold of this edifice, one of the curtailed excrescences of a defunct log.'"

"What's in a Sleeper? — A sleeper is one who sleeps. A sleeper is that on which the sleeper sleeps. A sleeper is that on which the sleeper which carries the sleeper while he sleeps runs. Therefore, while the sleeper sleeps in the sleeper, the sleeper carries the sleeper over the sleeper under the sleeper, until the sleeper which carries the sleeper jumps off the sleeper, and wakes the sleeper in the sleeper by striking the sleeper under the sleeper, and there is no sleeper in the sleeper on the sleeper."

Pass the butter gently, Mabel,
  Shove it lightly through the air;
In the corner of the dish, love,
  You will find a nut-brown hair.
What fond mem'ries it awakens
  Of the days ere we were wed,
When upon my fine coat collar
  Oft was laid your little head!
Lovingly I stroked those tresses
  In the happy days gone by;
Now I strike them every meal-time
  In the butter or the pie.

Attorney. — "My dear madam, I find that your estate is heavily encumbered. You will have enough to live on, but you must husband your resources."

Widow. — "Well, my daughter Sal is my only resource now."

Attorney. — "Exactly. Husband her as soon as possible."

A FEW days ago, a well-known society young man shocked his lady friends by his ignorance of history. It was after a dinner-party at his house, and she was telling him what she had learned in her private history class. One thing led to another, and all the time he was getting in deeper water. At last she surprised him by inquiring, "Now, tell me, Mr. ——, what are the Knights of Bath?" He stammered for a while, and finally blustered out, "Why, Saturday nights, I suppose."

A WOMAN'S NAY.

No, impudence, you sha'n't have one!
How many times must I refuse?
Away!
I say!
Or else you'll sure my friendship lose.
I cannot bear such forward fun,
So quick, begone! if not, I'll run!

Why, now, I'll have to be severe,
No, not a kiss to you I'll give.
Take care!
I swear
I'll tell papa sure as I live.
I never saw a man so queer,
But are you certain no one's near?

Tommy (whose father has the mumps). — "Look, Bill, at pa's jaws. Ain't they swelled big?"

Billy. — "What's the matter with him, Tom?"

Tommy. — "Jist no matter at all. He's only got the mugwumps in his jaw."

THE first Cain-rush on record was when Adam chased his eldest son round the garden of Eden with a switch.

WHY PEOPLE SHOULD GIVE THANKS.

Because our turkey wasn't wind pudding.

Because the stuffing wasn't sawdust.

Because we ain't quite so bad as our neighbors.

Because all boarding-house keepers don't ask for their pay in advance.

Because our best girl doesn't like swell lunches after the theatre.

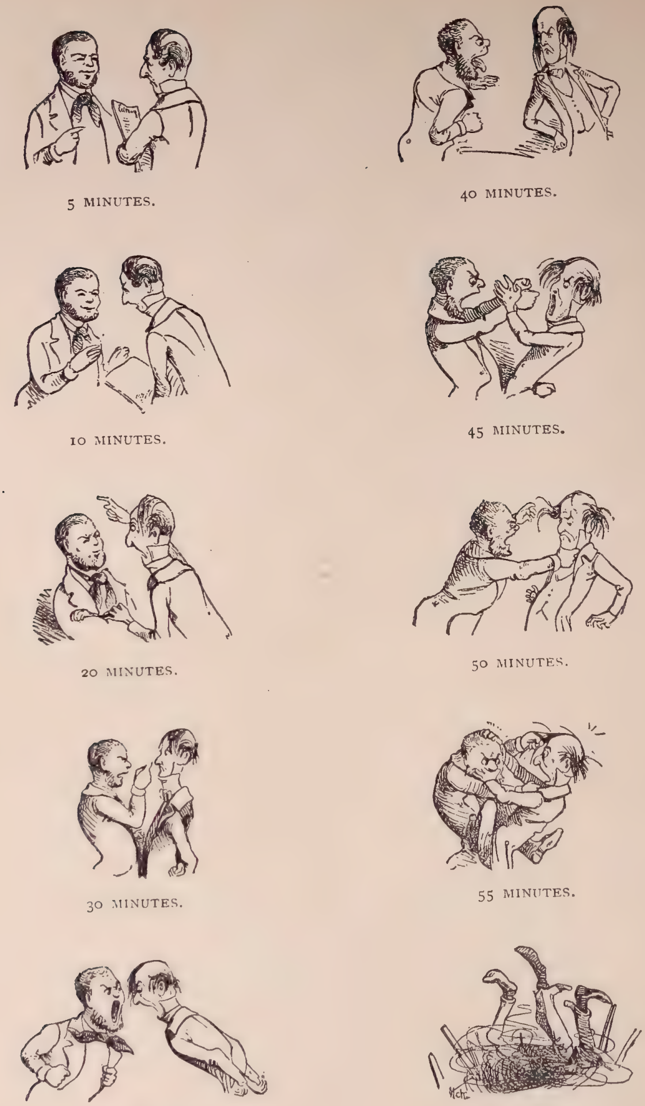
Because a counterfeit half dollar will pass in the missionary-box.

Because the man who practised on the cornet dropped dead with apoplexy.

WHIMSICALITIES.

" A chiel's amang ye, takin' notes,
And, faith, he'll prent 'em."

" And thereby hangs a tale."	C. E. Taylor, '86.
" We have heard the chimes at midnight."	The Bums.
" My life is one demd horrid grind."	Buxton, '86.
" Oh, he would sing the savageness out of a bear!"	Coombs, '86.
" Formed in the prodigy of nature."	Hanna, '88.
" We are men, my liege; ay, in the catalogue we go for men."	The Seniors.
" He was a man of unbounded stomach."	Coler, '88.
" So wise, so young, they say do ne'er live long."	Wadsworth, '86.
" We have seen better days."	The Commons.
" He was a tune stricken man, Built on an exclusively musical plan."	De Lancey, '86.
" Some to church repair, Not for doctrine, but for music there."	Ye Church-Goer.
" His manners are of sweetest grace, His voice of softest tone."	Hotaling, '86.
" Gets him to rest, crammed with distressful bread."	Ye Shawshine Boarder.
" He wears a coat of latest cut, His hat is new and gay."	Morgan, '87.
" Some have greatness thrust upon them."	Gerrodette, '87.
" Young Grimes, in short, is just that sort Of man Old Grimes was not."	W. P. Grimes, '88.
" His hands are white and very soft, But softer is his head."	Davis, '87.
" Was ever book containing such vile matter, so fairly bound?"	The Mirror.



5 MINUTES.

10 MINUTES.

20 MINUTES.

30 MINUTES.

35 MINUTES.

40 MINUTES.

45 MINUTES.

50 MINUTES.

55 MINUTES.

60 MINUTES.

YE MUGWUMP AND YE REPUBLICAN ENJOYING AN AMICABLE LITTLE DISCUSSION.

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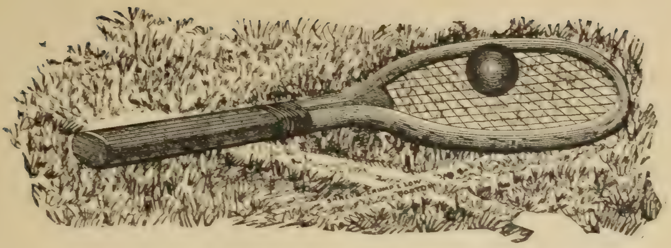

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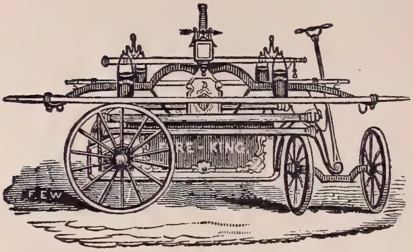

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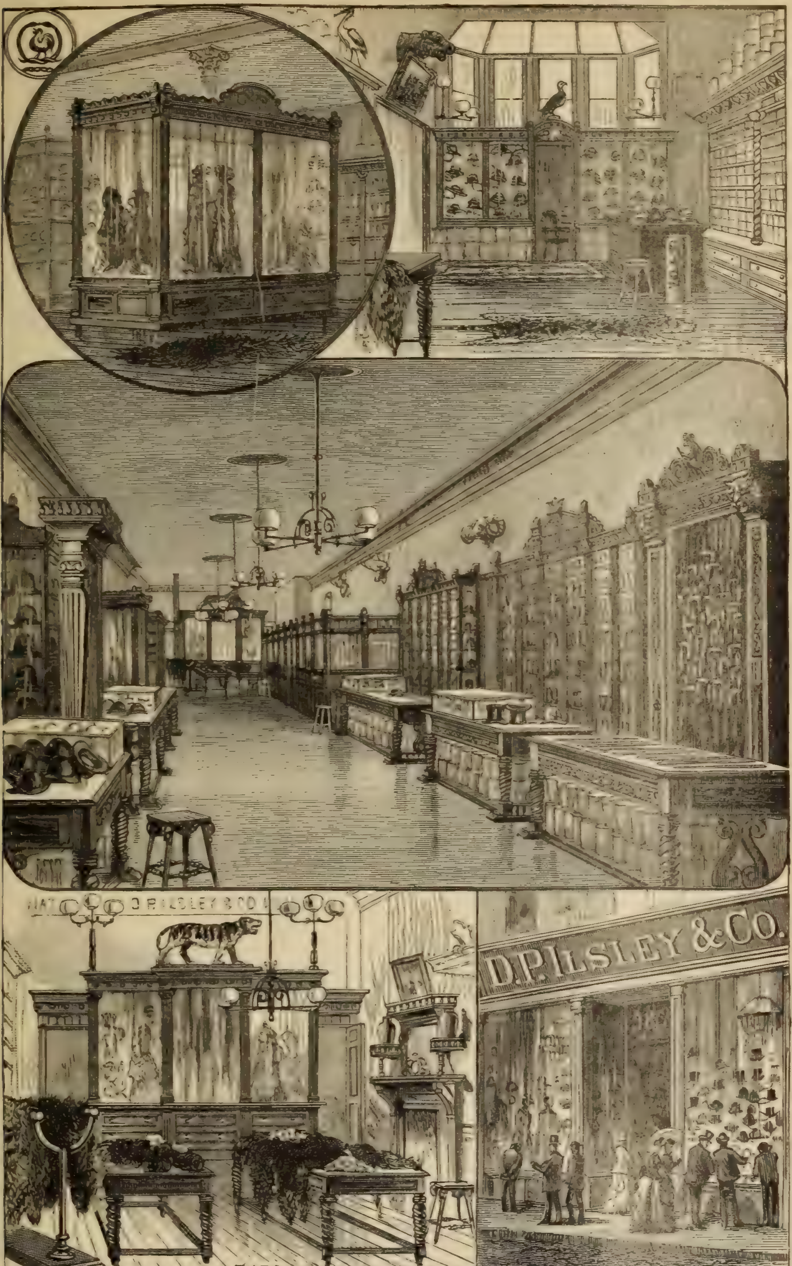
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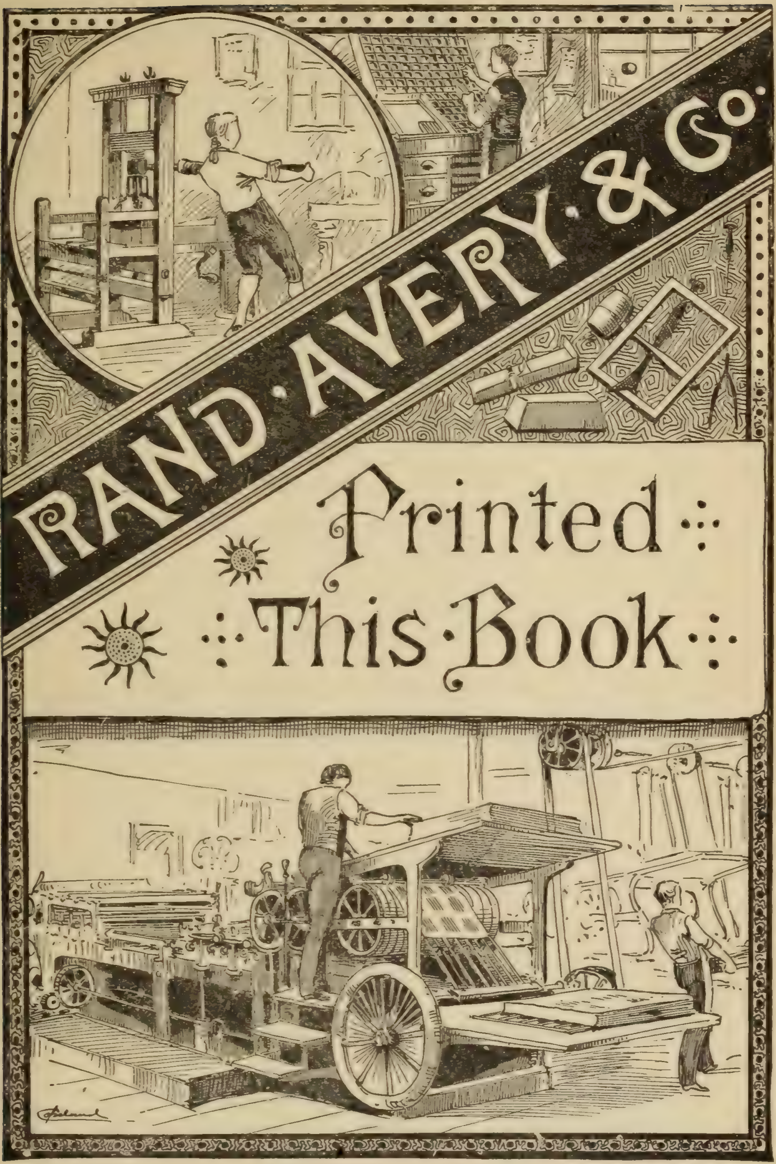
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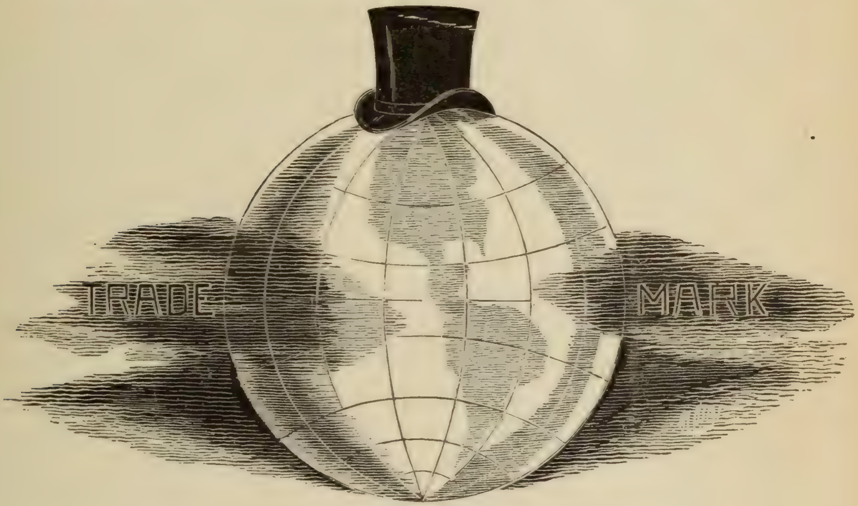

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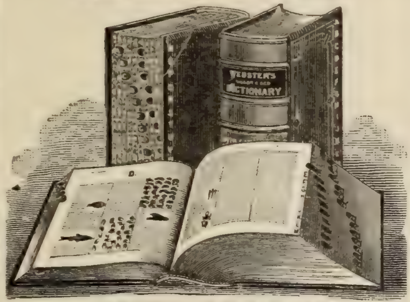

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MARCH, 1886.

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DEACON JOHN SMITH.

Phillips Academy has lost an appreciative and generous friend by the death of Deacon John Smith. In 1878 he gave $10,000 towards the endowment of the Principal's Chair, and has always been deeply interested in the work of the Academy, and of the other educational institutions of Andover. At the funeral service, which occurred Feb. 27th, all the institutions were represented, as well as the town, and the various business enterprises of the community. His career was remarkable, and his memory well worthy a tribute of respect.

Deacon Smith was born in Brechin, Scotland, the 19th of May, 1796. He was saved from the prodigal's snare, and the jealousy of the elder brother in the parable, by the fact that his parents were dependent upon their earnings, and the children numbered five. At nine, he is at work summers as a herd-laddie, and has only the winter's school as a means of education. At thirteen he is left fatherless, and is bound as an apprentice, to learn the millwrights' trade. When the four years are passed, he walks one hundred miles to Glasgow, and the next year goes on to Greenock, whence he sailed for America in 1816. He works at his trade for several years in Waltham, and various places in the South, and begins business in Plymouth, at the age of twenty-six. In 1824 he removed to Frye Village (Andover), where he has since resided. In 1835 he was considered "rich," and entered into a most fortunate partnership with his brother, the late Deacon Peter Smith, and Mr. John Dove, for the manufacture of thread and twine. The firm was very prosperous, each partner lived to a good age, and became very wealthy. The herd laddie, the immigrant with only a Bible and a three shilling piece, became the princely merchant. Perhaps he was even better known as the liberal patron of Academies, Colleges, and the Andover Theological Seminary. To the latter, to Phillips, to Abbott, to a large school in his native Brechin, and in the town of Andover, in company with his partners, he gave liberally. Besides, he was a generous giver to Oberlin, Tabor, and Bierea Colleges, to the Freedmen's Schools, in the South, and in many lines of private beneficence.

But, successful as he was in business, and generous as he was, his reputation rests chiefly upon his work as a reformer. He regarded intemperance and slavery as the two great sources of misery, and waged relentless war against them. At Waltham he paid his "entrance fee of West India rum, brandy and sugar," but within four years had decided to adopt the total abstinence rule. He began work against the evil of intemperance by securing pledges, making addresses, spending money freely, attending conventions, and working for a prohibitory law. Opposition only increased his zeal, and he lived to see a great change for the better in social and business habits. But slavery specially excited his wrath. In 1819 he saw a slave sale in Charleston, S. C. He was profoundly affected by its cruelty. He took his stand twenty-five years ahead of his time in opposing slavery. He joined such as decreed death to the system. With others he founded the Free Church in Andover ten years before Sumner was assaulted by Brooks in the U. S. Senate. He withstood all kinds of opposition, and threw himself into the contest with tremendons energy. He believed that he was fighting the battle of the Lord, and that Divine Providence would justify him, and the belief of the church which he and his associates founded. He boldly and steadily upheld the government in the critical moments of the war, both at home and in Scotland, and with his partners bought a large amount of U. S. bonds, at a time when the government sorely needed funds and many prophesied national bankruptcy. When the decree of emancipation came, none bore his share of the honor with greater modesty than he, and few devoted themselves as earnestly to the great work of helping the colored race from its degraded condition.

He naturally had " a sound mind in a sound body," was the very soul of honor, and was unflinchingly loyal to principle. Like the athlete who works off even the last ounce of superfluous weight, and keeps the body subject to a purpose, he strove for the utmost economy of time and strength, made his body subject to thought, his thought subject to principle, his principle loyal to Christ, and laid his life's work at the Master's feet as the account of his stewardship.

F. B. MAKEPEACE.

The Manse, 10th March, 1886.

THE SONG OF THE BROOK.

For the " Mirror."

The curtains of twilight were drawn round the valley,
The last ray of light faded out from the sky ;
Stern, in their grandeur, arose the tall mountains
Shading the vale with peaks, rugged and high.

The moon slowly rose, and the stars gleamed in heaven,
Low whispered the night-wind among the tall trees.
A faint, sleepy call from a startled young robin,
The brook's murmuring cry to the caressing breeze.

And then all was still,—and the bold regal mountains,
The gay, twinkling stars in their majestic numbers,
The soft smiling moon as she rode in the heavens,
Girded the valley and guarded its slumbers.

Afar in the forest, a few scowling red-men
Have gathered in council close round the camp-fire,
Idly they sit, and are sullenly watching
The flames toward the heavens leap higher and higher.

A brave softly turns from the group of stern chieftains,
And moves with light step to a wigwam close by;
Beckoning there, he is joined by a maiden—
Tall and queenly her form, dark and tender her eye.

Silently taking her hand in his strong one,
He leads her along by the murmuring stream,
Low babbles the brook; deep the shadows close by it,
And through the tall trees many stars brightly gleam.

"Why, Happy Hearted, so quiet and saddened?
'Tis true, on the morrow thy lover must leave thee;"—
So spake the young chief, at last breaking the silence,—
"Yet smile on him now. Let the future not grieve thee."

With a sigh spoke the maid, Happy-Hearted, in sadness,
"Though tomorrow thou goest afar from our home,
Where the arrows fly thick, and blood flows like a river,
It may be to die in the battle alone;

Yet not that, my brave, fills my bosom with sadness,
And drives the gay laughter from out of my heart;
'Tis a thought—oh, forgive if my thoughts seem to doubt thee—
That not for a time, but forever we part.

My heart says that not by thy death in the battle,
That not by thy death we lovers will part,
But it says that some fairer and darker eyed maid
'Mong the brave Susquehannas will capture thy heart."

In a voice that was deep with emotion and tears:
"My sweet Happy Heart, banish all of thy fears,
For I swear that I love thee. Thee only I'll love
While the stars gleam in heaven and the moon shines above.

Yea, I'll love till—thou seest this glad, happy stream,
We often have noted its frolic and glee,
As with laughter and song, and o'er bubbling with mirth
It merrily hastened away to the sea;

Its gladness shall turn into weeping and wailing,
Its song shall be moaning and sobbing and tears,
E'er I, thy one troth-plighted lover, Osseo,
Shall grieve thy young heart with the truth of thy fears."

The dawn in its beauty broke over the mountains,
The chieftains in pride from their homes rode away.
Then proud hearts were wrung with forebodings and fears.
As the time of suspense slowly passed, day by day.

By the brooklet each day sat the maiden.
In its singing and murmuring, the stream
Sang the words: "Yea I swear by the light of the moon,
I love thee, I swear by the starlight's pale gleam."

But one night, e'en as she sat, with a smile
Of content on her lips, and a soft dreamy look
In her glorious dark eyes, a half stifled sob,
Then a moan of despair stirred the heart of the brook.

And wailing, and sobbing, and sighing in grief,
With a low undertone of heart breaking despair,
With a soft plashing sound as of weeping and tears,
The stream wandered on with its burden of care.

An agonized prayer, a low cry rent the breast
Of the maid, as she sank on her knees by the stream.
One long sob shook her frame, and then death-like she lay.
In the chilling night air; in the starlight's cold gleam.

* * * * * * * *

'Tis said when the chieftains returned from the fray,
That Osseo brought home a Susquehannese,
Whom so fondly he loved, that remorse held no sway,—
He was wed in the moon of the falling of leaves.

* * * * * * * *

Years have passed. Still moaning and sighing,
Of hearts false, and hearts broken, the stream,
True to its trust, will babble forever:
"While the moon shines in heaven, and the stars brightly gleam."

N. D. R.

THE UNDERLYING PRINCIPLE.

In closely investigating nature, one finds that everything in it is dependent upon the working of certain fixed laws, which sustain it in its proper relations to other things; and that as soon as anything violates one of these laws, it places itself in opposition to all the forces of nature. These laws are at first sight very numerous and of different characters, but it is soon discovered that they all lead toward one great, underlying principle, the law of order. This principle lies at the very root and foundation of nature; one might almost say that it is nature, for without it everything would be in a state of chaos, and nature as we behold it could not exist.

In the human body there are many bones of different sizes and shapes, answering many different purposes; yet they are all connected with the spinal column, directly or indirectly, without which they would be of no use, and the whole body would be a failure. In precisely the same way is the law of order related to and comprehended in all other great laws of nature. Order is the result to which every law of nature leads. But as the human body needs every bone to give it its perfect fullness and beauty, so every minor law is necessary to make nature beautiful and symmetrical.

Our every day experiences teach us that all nature is subject to this law. We see the sun rise every morning and set every evening; we see the moon pass through its different phases with exactness and regularity; we see the tide influenced by the moon flowing and ebbing with such precision that we expect its fluctuations just as much as we expect the sun to rise. When the flowers open, the grass springs and the trees leave out, these are a promise of a fruitful summertime; and when the sultry sun and refreshing showers pour down upon us, these are a promise of a plentiful harvest. Even when we see the leaves falling and everything becoming brown and withered, that too contains a promise, for we know that the rest and quiet of winter is just as necessary to nature for the activity of the coming spring, as sleep is to the body for the work of the coming day. And why does each season contain some promise? Because we know by the unbroken experiences of all past generations, that everything is regulated and governed by order; that if disorder had been the controlling principle, such constant uniformity never could have prevailed.

Now suppose we turn from our every day experiences to the more extended objects, and employing the telescope look at Saturn with his eight moons each revolving in its own circuit, yet never colliding nor in any way interfering with one another. Or suppose we look at the Sun with its train of attendants which harmoniously revolve about it, in turn revolving about its sun, and this with its planets about another, until finally we have the whole universe revolving with perfect harmony about Alcyone in the Pleiades. As one becomes conscious of this fact, how can he fail to be struck with the sublime order and symmetry of the whole solar system.

Now the question naturally arises, have we reason to suppose that this principle exists in all things, even in those outside of what we call nature? If order prevails in every department of nature or thought that we are acquainted with, we may safely believe that it does in everything. Therefore the only inference that can be drawn is that everything is ruled by this principle; that not only nature and natural things, but that nations, history, society and morals are all subservient to it. To man, the things happening in his own time may seem entirely out of order and disconnected with each other, because he only sees them in certain lights; but as the only criterion we have for the future is the record of the past, we must carefully consider the past and mark the steady growth upward in all lands through all the ages, and seeing this we must conclude that everything is controlled by a fixed purpose; and although present events may seem discordant, yet there *is* a purpose underlying them, which sometime shall work them into a great and grand result, perfect in its design and full and beautiful in its completed symmetry.

It is the same in social and moral science. Every student of history can, by studying the past, predict with considerable accuracy the result of all great political and moral movements of the present; and he soon learns that there never yet has been a time when a great nation has needed a leader to guide it safely over some crisis, when that leader has not come, provided the nation has been in the right and ready to receive him. Thus the student of history, as well as of nature, finds that in all things there is a thoroughly balanced law of demand and supply; that there is symmetry in the moral as well as in the natural world. If, then, this be true, we may infer that wherever there is a need, whether that need be material or moral, the supply will surely follow, provided the conditions necessary to its fulfilment are carried out.

Therefore, having this belief, one should never be disturbed by events seemingly discordant, for if this higher law, this underlying principle of order govern such events, they are working some end which must be accomplished for the advancement of civilization and right.

We may conclude, then, that so surely as this principle continues to work, the time must ultimately come when everything shall be so arranged, that even by glancing at them, one may see the law of need and supply, of order and of symmetry running through them, gathering up the scattered events and binding them together in the grand result of a world, perfect in its harmony, and rounded out in full and mature symmetry.

S. Cristy Mead.

LOVE OR LOYALTY.

"Mirror" Prize Story.

It was in those dark days that followed Bull Run. The Army of the Potomac lay inactive, and we, with the bitter remembrance of defeat rankling in our hearts, were longing for the word to advance. The days lengthened into weeks and months, and still the camp remained unbroken.

There were five of us who messed together in that little tent, all New England boys, bound together by a common remembrance of the loved homes so far away. All but Jameson. Jameson was an inscrutable mystery to us from the first. A tall, slender young fellow, straight as an arrow, who, at times, was the life of the party, but at others, seemed to hold himself aloof from all intercourse. On one subject he maintained a constant silence,—not a word escaped him regarding his past life or history. Outside friends he had none to all appearance, for he had no correspondence whatever. A quiet dignity, a certain indefinable something in his bearing, forbade us to ask him the questions which burned on our lips, but in his absence our speculations regarding his past career were many and vague.

At last, one damp, misty night, as we lay on our blankets, enjoying a quiet game of cards, came an order for privates Jameson, Raymond and Sterling to report for duty to Col. F. Not even the raw, biting wind which penetrated our very marrows, nor the cimmerian darkness of the night, could dampen our enthusiasm, tired as we were of the monotony of camp life, and we hastened with no small glee to headquarters. Col. F., who was a prime favorite with us boys of the —th Massachusetts, was seated at a pine table writing dispatches, and looked up as we entered, with a pleasant smile.

"Ah! Jameson, Raymond!" he said, throwing off for the moment, his crisp, military tone, "I suppose you wont object to a little excitement this evening, after three months of doing nothing. No? I thought not. Prepare yourselves horses at once, and report to Sergeant Jameson here for further instructions."

We left the newly appointed Sergeant conversing with the Colonel, and returned to our tent in no small astonishment.

"So our reticent friend has jumped into favor with Col. F. already," quoth Raymond.

"So it seems," I responded, "and by Jove he deserves it; he's a fine fellow."

We took leave of our envious messmates, and half an hour later rejoined Jameson, ready for duty.

"It's a scouting expedition, boys," he said, and I noticed that his grave face was a trifle paler than usual. "The enemy have made an advance about twenty miles below, and we are to play around them and find out what we can of their position and strength," he continued, setting spurs to his horse. Jameson, his tall figure erect in the saddle, led the way, and we silently followed.

Ah! that wild night ride! Can I ever forget it? Neither moon nor stars lighted the vast solitude around us, and only the steady tread of our horses, and the occasional shriek of a whip-poor-will from the tall pine trees, broke the utter stillness. Now and then a squirrel would run across our path, and scamper away in terror. Jameson, gloomy and abstracted, was in no mood for conversation, and we rode cautiously along through the darkness, keeping a sharp lookout for any sign of the enemy. We had ridden perhaps four hours, scarcely interchanging a word, when Jameson snddenly reined in his horse, and placed a warning finger on his lips. We listened. The sound of many hurried hoofs was borne distinctly to our ears through the damp air, drawing nearer every moment. It was too late to turn aside, and there was nothing left but to turn and gallop madly away. Another moment, and a band of fifty men came dashing down the rocky road, and a loud cry of "Halt!" rang out on the still air. In vain did we bury onr spurs in the foaming flanks of our horses; in another moment we were overtaken and carried resistlessly along in the confused mass of men and horses. No words were spoken. Our hands were tied behind our backs, a guard placed on either side, and the little troop continued on its way till daylight began to struggle faintly through the tree tops.

Then, at last, I began to look about me, and my eyes fell upon the leader of the band. I started violently. Surely my eyes did not deceive me, and I indeed beheld the familiar form of my fellow prisoner, Jameson. There were the same keen, piercing eyes, the same clear cut features, the same haughty expression. But no! the gray uniform, and the presence of Jameson himself a little in my rear, rejected the wild idea, and yet the resemblance was almost startling.

We now mounted the breast of a low hill, and the rebel encampment lay before us. Our hands were untied, and we were hurried before the commanding officer for examination. Jameson was the first led up, and I again noted with surprise his strong resemblance to the rebel captain. The latter turned slowly as Jameson was brought up, and suffered his eyes to fall carelessly on him. For a full moment he stood staring as though a ghost had confronted him. Then he staggered, and would have fallen, had not the orderly standing by caught him in his arms.

"My God! Horace! is it you?" he ejaculated, gasping for breath.

"It is I, Victor," was the low response.

I saw and heard no more, for the officer turned with an effort, and gave orders that we should be taken to the rear. Dazed and confounded by what had occurred, I was led blindly away. Our guards, though rough and uncouth, were good fellows at heart, and as night came on, suffered us to draw near the blazing camp-fire, and enjoy its grateful warmth.

"Purty hard luck, this, on the Cap'n, boys," said one scarred veteran, whose grizzly face bore the marks of many a fierce encounter.

"Why, how's that?" exclaimed several voices. "Tell us, Joe."

"Wal," drawled the old man, pausing a moment, to make his little sensation duly effective, "it seems that d—d Yankee spy as was captured this mornin', is the Cap'n's own brother."

"Sho! will they let the poor devil go, do yer think?"

"Go! in course not! a spy's a spy, and he's got to swing with the rest, I reckon, though it's deuced hard for the poor Cap. They say he's a'most crazy.

"But have they tried him yet?"

"Yaas," said another voice, "he was court-martialed this noon, and he's to be shot at sunrise tomorrow. An' what's more, they say the Cap'n 'imself giv' the order."

I turned away sick at heart, and rolled myself in my blanket. The miserable truth flashed before me now. The wretched war, which had darkened so many happy households, had torn asunder these two brothers, and now, at last, had brought them face to face once more, — and what a meeting! Would the rebel captain, stifling all feelings of brotherly love and putting duty before all else, perform the dreadful task imposed upon him, or would loyalty yield to the deeper sentiment of love? My tired brain refused to cope with this problem, and I fell into a fitful slumber, which was broken toward morning by a voice at my ear. I started up, rubbing my sleepy eyes, and recognized Jameson standing over me, with two guards near by.

"Hush, Tom," he said, kneeling by my side, "I can see you but a moment. You know the fate which awaits me, but I have been able to obtain your parole. When you are released, go to my poor mother, give her this letter, and tell her that I died without fear, faithful to my duty. And now, good bye, my dear Sterling. God bless you."

One last clasp of the hand and he was gone. Slowly the night dragged on. A delicate pink flush was already warming the cold eastern sky, the birds were beginning to twitter, and all at once the glorious morning dawned in rare beauty. The heavy tread of soldiers fell on my dazed ear, and a file of men marched silently past. I sprang to my feet and followed at a distance. They halted by a little mound. I heard the low, distinct order, and saw six long, polished rifles gleaming in the sunlight. Then came a loud report, and Jameson, proud in his manly strength, fell to the cold earth — dead!

P. S. '88.

THE PERSONAL INFLUENCE OF ARNOLD AT RUGBY.

First Prize Essay.

The influence of any man's power is measured by the results. As every sound causes the atmosphere to vibrate to its utmost limits, so it is with personal influence: its greatest effect is seen in the immediate circle of a man's action; but it stops not there, it reaches far beyond and is as lasting as eternity.

As no strong character can be formed without many hard struggles and without meeting the severest temptations, so it was with Dr. Arnold. All through his early life, and in fact till his death, his struggles from within and without were constant. But his force of character was manifested whenever, having set his face in the direction whither the index finger of his conscience pointed him, he was attacked by foes or remonstrated with by friends; nothing could bend his unswerving and iron will. It was his force of character and that alone that carried him triumphantly over all opposition; this clinging to principle was a power, unseen but nevertheless felt, by which the course of many another also was turned into the path of duty.

Outwardly, Arnold appeared stern and reserved; but this was due to the grandeur of his character, to his depth of thought and feeling, to his intense hatred of vice in every form. Yet as behind every cloud there is a silver lining, so a close intimacy with Arnold revealed a soul filled to overflowing with genuine sympathy for the distressd and discouraged.

Rugby, like all other Public Schools in England at that time, was an institution for intellectual training simply; spiritual and moral training were wholly overlooked. Development of character was left quite out of consideration. Moreover the classics were all that were taught—other information being discarded. Finally there began to be a feeble voice here and there protesting against the narrowness and inutility of this system. Good and noble men were led to declare, "Public Schools are the seats and nurseries of vice." The English people were thus weakening the very foundations of their government. But to make the change! The need was felt; yet who would dare to attack and pull down long established institutions?

In the second quarter of the present century a man appeared upon the scene who was competent to strike the first blow, Thomas Arnold. He fully recognized the difficulties in the way; but his ideal was a noble one, the union of intellectual with moral education. This he saw to be the bulwark of society. He went to Rugby full of hopes of reform. He did not expect the immediate realization of these hopes; indeed, in the realization of only a few, he would be repaid. His first act in the direction of reform was to reduce the amount of corporal punishment in the upper forms. He considered it degrading to the higher forms, though perhaps adapted to the natural inferiority of the younger boys; yet thus, only for moral offenses. He endeavored to govern so far as possible by love.

Formerly the students had been left to make their own society and set up their own standards of right and wrong; and, like all human natures when left without a guide, they lived on a low plain of moral life. Arnold's second move was to bring into close connection with the lower forms his associate instructors, while he himself should control the Sixth. He and his assistants were also to be with the boys as much as possible, taking part in their walks, bathing, and other sports. Thus a light was set in darkness, and it cannot be said that the darkness perceived it not.

In those times it was thought that the more troublesome a boy was, the more a public school was the best remedy for him. But here Dr. Arnold again came in collision with public opinion. To his mind a boy who exerted an evil influence in any marked degree should be removed from the school. And so expulsion became an established practice; much to the displeasure of those parents who could not see into the character of a boy as the head-master could. "It is not necessary that this should be a school of three hundred or one hundred or fifty boys; but it is necessary that this should be a school of Christian gentlemen," he would say after a boy had been sent away. Yet it was only for great offenses that public and disgraceful expulsion was resorted to; in other cases boys were sent home without their fellow students knowing it. The good results of this system after a time became apparent; as in most cases the expelled boys improved under a private tutor.

New branches of instruction were also introduced, modern history, mathematics, and modern languages. The latter met with many obstacles and were not valued as Arnold had hoped; but finally there came from the boys themselves personal acknowledgements of the usefulness of the French and German which they got while in the school.

The last and perhaps the most important of the changes was Arnold's becoming chaplain of the school; a thing which was known in no other English school. Arnold had long felt that this position was his by virtue of his office, and looked on it as one of great influence. In his eyes the school was the epitome of the world; a microcosm in which he could see among the students the germs of those vices which would enlarge into the social and political evils of the state. And so Sunday after Sunday he placed before the boys the simple straight-forward truth. His was not an abstract idea of Christianity but a living, practical thing. And in the pulpit he was still the instructor and teacher, only in a more solemn sense. And in whatsoever he said there was nothing formal, but all was heart-felt and earnest. A garment of righteousness was not put on for the occasion, but the boys soon began to feel that from his daily life as well, was reflected "this high principle and living."

From what has already been said of Arnold's influence, it can be seen that the motive which controlled it was the desire not only to awaken the intellect of the youth, but also to draw out what was best and noblest in them.

It is hard to measure the power and extent of any man's influence. From the nature of his position, Arnold's influence was great and extensive. At Rugby his influence was mostly with the sixth form; the rest of the school he met as a body but once a week. Thus in the lower forms there was a feeling of fear and awe of him; but as the boys approached the sixth form, this gradually changed into deep admiration, which ended in a friendship that continued unabated after the pupil left the school; and the impress on every boy's mind as he went forth to life's battle, was *Arnold*, not *Rugby*.

Before Arnold's time, it could not be said that there was a Christian under-graduate at Oxford, or in the other public schools. He was the first to give character and manhood to the young men who went to the universities. How there must have risen up before many a boy in after life, when tempted to do wrong, the grand and noble character of the head-master of Rugby, Thomas Arnold.

A. W. Crockett.

A SLEEPING CHILD.

Closed are thine eyes;
Their brightness rare
Hid 'neath the eyelids'
Dainty care:
Open them, moonlight,
Now for me;
Open them softly
Let me see
What is the look
That lingers there.
Lo! how they smile,
Some sweet dream lies
In that calm smiling
Of thine eyes.

T. M. B.

LUCK.

> "The world's a theatre, the earth a stage
> Which God and nature do with actors fill."

Each one of us has his part, which he in person must play, and each is working for the end he has in view. Some reach the goal toward which they strive, while others seem to fail utterly. Two brothers commence their struggle in life, having an equal start as far as education and resources are concerned. The one succeeds; the other fails. It is not uncommon to see a man, who has worked his way out of poverty, prospered in his business, while his companion, for whose father he had worked when a boy, makes a complete failure in every enterprise. The successful man scarcely gives a passing thought as to what has been the cause of his success; but his unfortunate brother, without hesitation, lays his failure to his *hard luck*.

But what is luck? It has been defined as being the operation of causes over which we have no control. Looking upon it as such, no one can deny its existence. It seems to be ever present and to put its stamp upon every man's career, either for *good* or *bad*. Indeed, that one does seem lucky, who happened to insure his house the week before it burned, or to draw his money the day before the bank failed; and we would say without hesitation, that his friend, who had put off the business for a day or so, and thus become ruined, was unlucky. But some men give themselves entirely up to destiny, and folding their arms, say:—"Come what will; my efforts can in no way change the tide of affairs." Such as these reason that fortune will take its course, and they cannot alter it. This idea is wrong. To be sure,

> "There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
> Rough-hew them how we will."

Yet it is none the less true that

> "It is not in our stars,
> But in ourselves, that we are underlings."

Although, as has been truly said, man is, to a considerable extent, the child of opportunity, and while circumstances may influence his course, yet he can, by his own efforts, direct this influence, so that it may tend either to ruin or to benefit him. He has it in his own power to determine whether or not he shall realize success. A man who has the will and determination to grasp the prize for which he is striving, even though he be possessed of limited means and of only ordinary ability, will outstrip those about him who are carelessly following their pursuits, although they may be in better circumstances, and naturally brighter and sharper than he.

Many have relied upon luck, and for some time, have seemed to meet with even better success than those about them; but sooner or later their Fortune turns. Napoleon trusted almost entirely to this fortune. He even termed himself "a child of destiny," and for many years he met with the greatest success; but, at last, at the memorable battle of Waterloo, his luck deserted him. On the other hand, Wellington, who lost not a single battle, never spoke of luck.

Let fortune be thrust aside, and in its place let the results of repeated efforts stand. Although it may seem a difficult and unattractive way, yet it is the only true road to success. It will not do to become discouraged at the first failure, but a defeat should only prepare the forces the better for the next struggle. "In one respect," says Admiral Coligni, "I may claim superiority over Alexander, over Scipio, over Cæsar. They won great battles, it is true; I have lost four great battles, and yet I show to the enemy a more formidable front than ever."

This is the right spirit, and one who possesses it can not but succeed. It clearly illustrates the truth set forth in the lines,

> "Luck is a fool,
> Pluck is a hero."

W. A. Perrin.

DIDO.

"Mirror" Prize Poem.

I

The banquet hall is silent; and the sound
Of the retiring footsteps of the guests
Has just been hushed; and the still moonlight rests
Upon the wine splashed table, flagon crowned.

II

The moonbeams light the tassellated floor
Beyond; then are they lost, quite hid among
The yellow draperies, negligently flung
On a divan's pure purple, near the door.

III

Here, just within the window-measured square
Of pale moonlight, with tired head on arm,
Ascanius sleeps; his brow still flushed and warm
With the past night's excitement, for him rare.

IV

The revels of the night were but half through,
When he had to the drowsy god bowed down,
A willing votary, all prepared to drown
In childhood's sleep, the cares and pleasures new.

V

His sire had overlooked the sleeping boy;
The spirit of Aeneas had been fired
By burning thoughts, which his own tale inspired,
Of sorrow and disgrace to his dear Troy.

VI

But hark! A light and eager foot-fall flies
Through the still atrium; now just outside
The drapery curtaining the portal wide,
It stops; a white hand parts the tapestries.

VII

'Tis Dido, driven by her mad master, Love :
A master by the partial gods empowered
To rule her 'till her death ; and that death lowered
Already from the scroll of fate above.

VIII

She looks within ; and sees on the divan
The sleeping child with moonlight radiant ;
She hurries forward, eagerly intent
On that fair countenance, so like the man.

IX

"Thou darling image of thy sire,"
She cries, "wake not, that I may feast
Mine eyes, and feed my love's hot fire
On thee, ere daylight gray the East.

X

"How like him ! 'Tis his brow, his eye,
His curling hair, his round, red lips :
Thus, thus, I kiss thee ; peaceful lie,
As flower when bee its honey sips."

XI

Then, raising up the sleeping child,
She presses him close to her breast,—
Her breast with heart-throbs beating wild ;
Then lays him down again to rest.

XII

Where he (her noble guest) reclined,
Upon that couch she lays her down,
Intent to ease her restless mind :
Her thoughts, save those of him, all flown.

XIII

She softly whispers to the air :
"And he will be my king, my lord,
My love, my all, my only care ;
My only work, to do his word."

XIV

"With just and equitable hand,
My kingdom will he kingly rule;
The people of the Libyan land
In love of him will never cool."

XV

The cups of wine, by his touch dear,
His sword that by the table lay,
His Trojan shield that rested near,
She kissed; then sadly turns away.

XVI

She hears the sound of footsteps come;
Aeneas seeks his boy beloved;
But Dido hurries from the room,
By undefined foreboding moved.

XVII

The opening light of the on-coming day
Covers the moonlight, putting stars to flight;
The early morning, blending with the night,
Quick drapes the room in its pyre—ashen gray.

G. R. P.

THE BASTILE.

Second Prize Essay.

The time of the French Revolution marks one of the blackest pages in the history of modern nations.

It will ever be pictured on our minds as a period of perpetual strife and bloodshed.

The people, long ground down by a cruel tyranny, were roused, at last, to take a most bitter vengeance upon their oppressors.

Out of the chaos of social and political life in Paris, the Bastile seemed to rise high above all, as the centre of trouble.

Probably, no other building in the world has been a witness to so many outrages and a cause for so much sorrow as this.

What bitter stories of human suffering could not these frowning walls have told?

How many a harmless life pined away within those gloomy dungeons, until, finally, uncared for, forgotten, it sank into a grave, hardly more gloomy?

For the smallest offences, and, too often, on mere suspicions, were harmless and unsuspecting citizens dragged off without warning, without trial, into this grim pile, and shut forever from the light of day. "To the Bastile" was the dread and silenced cry which came to the ears of many, bearing with it, wherever it went, untold horror.

Some of the lower dungeons, beneath this dull, gray mass of stone, were merely pits of black mud with holes in the top, through which the helpless prisoners were cast.

These living tombs strewn with the bodies of the dead, must have done their work quickly upon the living.

It is hard to believe that human hatred could reach such depths as to cause fellow beings to be massacred in such a way, while they, in apparent freedom, breathed the air of Heaven.

What visions of future hopes must have lighted the last bitter hour of the prisoner as he lay dying in his cell, soon to leave this place of bondage for one of eternal freedom.

Year after year went by, and matters only grew worse; the poor becoming poorer, and the rich richer and more heartless.

But the day of restitution came at last. The people, able to bear it no longer, rose, and with one mighty effort, threw off the iron hand of power.

The mass moved like an impetuous flood bearing everything before it.

Now the germs of vengeance, so long nourished in their hearts, sprung forth in unchecked fury.

Again is heard the cry "To the Bastile," but no longer hushed in fear.

The hated building was soon surrounded by the fierce mob.

When an opening had been forced, crowds rushed in and dispersing through its black passage-ways restored the living to light and life. When all were removed, the grim walls and menacing towers were battered down by the populace.

Near to this spot, took place, shortly after, one of the blackest massacres the World ever saw.

Thousands perished at the merciless guillotine. Guilty and innocent alike, all who were of noble blood, shared the same fate.

But these scenes, seen now through the dim mist of years, have lost their vividness, and as the gay throng of modern Paris moves about the "Place de la Concord," with its grand fountains sending a silver spray into the air, few ever think, few even know of the black crimes to which that spot has been a witness.

Its soil, drenched with innocent blood, will remain forever silent until sea and land shall give up their dead.

G. H. D., Jr.

"VARIUM ET MUTABILE SEMPER FEMINA."

As I was riding on the outskirts of the town of A— in Virginia, in company with Judge Davis of that place, I passed an old tattered down mansion, which looked as though it might have been built before the Revolutionary war; part of the roof was off and there was not a window sash in the building. It was one of those old places that we are sure have a legend; as most of the old deserted houses in Virginia do have. So I asked my companion what the story was. "Well," said he, "before the Civil war, one of the chief men of the village lived here. He was called "Old Gen. Fairfax." His wife dying had left three children, two sons and a daughter. There was also a niece living with him. This niece was very pretty with light blue eyes, golden hair, and a very fair complexion.

Although the daughter was not so pretty, rather plain in fact, she was jolly looking and could talk a man crazy. When the war broke out, the two sons enlisted in the Rebel army. The father, being too old, staid at home with the two girls. Conelia Fairfax, as a true Virginian girl, wished to do all she could for the South; so she was accustomed to carry secret dispatches for the Rebel generals, sometimes being absent several days. Of course she, being a woman, could go where a man could not. One Autumn the Union army was encamped a few miles from the town, watching what the Rebels were about. They were very careful about letting any suspected person through the lines; but Conelia and her cousin were allowed great freedom, as the officers did not think that two young ladies could do any harm. Yet they soon found out their mistake, for dispatches would get through the lines. Suspicion pointed to Miss Fairfax as the bearer. So after that she was not allowed to pass the pickets of the Union army. Nay there was even a particular order given that she should not pass. One day at breakfast her father said, "Well, Conelia, do you suppose that you could get this paper to Richmond? It is very important being a plan of the Union lines, and must get to Gen. Lee before Saturday and you are the only one in the village that can be trusted to carry it." He hardly expected that she would try, as she was so closely watched; but she did not hesitate to answer cheerfully, "I will do it." After breakfast an old negro slave brought out the carriage. The two girls soon appeared on the piazza, Conelia looking as usual pleasant and full of fun and remarkably innocent in a soft gray gown and with a broad Gypsy hat tied with a scarlet ribbon. As she stood for a moment drawing on her gloves, she laughed at her cousin's pale face and frightened looks. Then she jumped gaily into the carriage, while her cousin, Miss Cravens, was helped in by the slave. As they drove off, the old general came out and stood with his head bared in the sunshine. The two girls rode straight toward the Union lines, driving slowly and picking autumn leaves by the way. About three miles from the village they were stopped by a sentinel. They asked for Lieut. Wells of the cavalry, who being the youngest officer Conelia thought would be the most easily duped, and whom she knew had never seen her. He soon appeared riding on a handsome white horse. As soon as he came up Conelia exclaimed, "Oh, what a beautiful horse you have. I do like white horses above all others! don't you? Oh, I beg your pardon. This is my cousin Miss Cravens, we have come out to gather these lovely leaves and wished you would help us, if you would be so kind!" The officer all this time was wondering who the young lady was that was speaking. He did not remember ever meeting her. He acknowledged Miss Cravens and said that he should be delighted to accompany them, remarking "we army men do not have such good fortune as to ride with two such pretty young ladies every day." "I see," she laughed, "you do not forget how to flatter, when you do meet them. Oh, there are some superb maple leaves, could you reach them?" He, glad to assist them, rode (as she intended) forward on the way through the Union army, a short distance, the girls following. Miss Cravens had not looked at the officer, since they had been introduced. She was very much frightened, for she knew that it would go hard with them, if they were caught. On the other hand Miss Fairfax was as smiling as ever. No one would have supposed that she was carrying a paper that would tell to Gen. Lee the exact plan of the Union army. The officer was congratulating himself that he had fallen in with two such agreeable girls and was promising himself a pleasant hour at the least. When he had filled their hands with maple leaves they talked for a moment. Miss Fairfax suddenly broke out with, "Oh, there is some sumac. Isn't it pretty?" It was so near the road that they could pick it from the carriage. Thus they progressed slowly through the Union lines, she continually sending him forward for leaves, then coolly following. She kept up a continuous flow of conversation giving as an excuse for her cousin's paleness and silence that she had been sick. They passed all the pickets safely; as the soldiers never thought of stopping two young ladies conducted by an officer. They were now near the center of the army, Miss Fairfax was in high spirits. The only thing to be feared was lest they should meet some person who knew her. Once they did; but Conelia saw him coming and she also saw some "beautiful red berries" quite a ways in the shrubbery, which she had to jump out and pick. Thus concealed by the bushes she was not seen. They met several other officers, who did not know her. They looked at the two young ladies sharply, wondering who they were and probably envying Lieut. Wells, and they had reason to, for he was enjoying himself. Certainly riding along slowly and picking leaves for two young ladies is not the poorest way of having a good time. They were nearing the out-posts of the army. Miss Fairfax now for the first time became excited. She feared that the Lieutenant would perceive it; but he did not notice anything out of the way. After they had gone a little ways past the last picket. He remarked, "Hadn't we better be going back; for we cannot tell when we will come upon the Rebels." "Yes," was the answer, "I reckon we had better go back in a minute. Oh, there are some beautiful blanched ferns, just what I want to put over the mantle-piece. Lieut. Wells would you be so kind as to get them?" The Lieutenant of course was only too willing to serve her. As the ferns were quite a ways in the bushes, he was obliged to dismount from his horse, then working himself into the thicket, which here happened to be very thick, he was in the act of picking the ferns, when he heard a voice cry out to him, "Lieut. Wells we are very much obliged to you for your help; but we prefer going on to going back and as you are afraid of the Rebels, we will have to go without you. So good bye." He was greatly surprised not knowing what to do or say. The girls did not wait for him to answer; but whipping up their horse were soon out of sight, leaving the Lieutenant standing in the bushes thinking what it was best to do. At last he decided to go back to the camp. He probably never would have known why the young ladies left him in that sudden manner had not his Colonel called him to his tent one day saying, "I have always meant to show the picture of Conelia Fairfax, the young lady suspected of being a spy. So here it is." The Colonel never knew why Lieut. Wells turned color so suddenly and perhaps he did not care. But the photographer had done his work well and a duller brain than the Lieutenant's would have recognized the face ; however he kept his own counsel. The two girls took the dispatch to Richmond and gave it to Gen. Lee. The Fairfax plantation was afterwards plundered by the Northerners and there was not much left of it. The father died during the war. The two sons were killed at Gettysburg. This left the place to Conelia ; but as it was not worth much after the war, she went to New York to live with some relatives there. She lives now in that city and is married to one of the richest merchants there. One night at a ball, about four years after the war, a certain officer was lightly tapped on the shoulder by a fan and a low voice said laughingly, "I reckon I had better apologize for my abrupt departure at our last meeting." The officer turned and blushed as he recognized Miss Fairfax as the speaker. They passed a pleasant evening together and the officer found that she had not lost any of her former powers of fascination. He still greatly admires her ; but once he confided to an intimate friend that she had, in one short hour, taught him the fulness of the old poet's meaning when he sighed.

"Varium et mutabile semper femina."

SIMPLICITY OF STYLE.

Third Editor.

A person of talent and learning has very admirably portrayed the meaning contained in my subject, which I would strive to set forth, by expressing himself in the following manner,

" Simplicity is always characteristic of real genius."

As the main topic of our consideration very naturally branches off into many different channels of thought, each of which might be treated in as many different ways, we will confine our attention more particularly to simplicity in style as regarded from a literary point of view. By this I mean thought as expressed in words, spoken or written, embracing remarks in our every day's intercourse with other people, as well as the higher functions of civil life we may be called to assume in the future.

The ideas contained in the literature we are accustomed to read, together with the words used to express those ideas, all must be governed by this principle, to prove in the end a success.

Simplicity is closely allied with clearness of expression. Both are linked together by the same thought and idea. If you were to inquire of any of the large publishers or booksellers of the land which of all the various publications they issued had the greatest demand in the market, you would invariably meet with the answer, those whose authors convey most clearly to the minds of the people the thoughts and ideas contained in their own.

When I speak of the people I do not mean a certain few who compose the more intellectual portion, but rather embracing that class who have not had the same privileges and advantages which a classical or scientific course of study might give them.

An eminent professor of Andover once said to a graduating class of that place, "Gentlemen, when you enter upon your profession, write your sermons in such a manner that they may not only be understood, but with such clearness of expression that it will be impossible for them to be misunderstood."

A marked example of simplicity may be found in the works of Charles Dickens, without which no library is considered complete. The thoughts which they contain are so clear and interesting that children delight in reading them and derive as much pleasure from them as books of a more recent date made epsecially for their use.

Can the same be said of Shakespeare? Learned and scholarly men have spent lifetimes for the sole purpose of ferreting out the meaning of some of the passages taken from the play of Julius Cæsar, Macbeth, or that of Hamlet, and in many instances have utterly failed in their endeavors. On examining a recent edition of Shakespeare we will find various notes and explanations, which are needed, to bring before our eyes the grandeur of the thought and expression therein contained.

Let us turn now from the art of writing to that of declaiming, and here again we have an abundant supply of examples which bear directly on our subject. Take for instance the wonderful career of that honored and beloved statesman, Wendell Phillips. It is true he was a man of the most striking appearance, gifted with an over amount of memory, who had full possession of himself in all places and at all times, yet I am convinced that the power of this illustrious orator lay not so much in the qualities I have already mentioned as in his ability to charm his auditors into a feeling and thinking like his own. He acquired this by the clear way of putting his arguments and the simple yet emphatic way of expressing them. Such a characteristic is not typical of this man apart from others, but will be found in the speeches of all our lawyers and statesmen, who have notoriety at the bar or excel in the power of debate.

Yet it is not necessary to confine ourselves to these narrow limits, but, taking a step further, we enter the round of every day life, and here again we find this same prevailing principle, which must be adopted by him who would succeed. Especially do we find it of importance in business life, and in business transactions, to keep constantly before us this truth, that

"Simplicity is the first of all excellences."

THE COTTAGE BY THE SEA.

On the coast of bleak New England,
By the wild, storm-tossed Atlantic,
Near the far extending forest,
Stood a plain and modest dwelling.
Hither in the pleasant Spring-time

Came a young man, strong and hopeful,
With his young bride came he hither,
Eager to begin life's battles
In the sphere that God assigned him,
By the wild, storm-tossed Atlantic.
Very pleasant, when the Summer
Decked in green the lordly forest,
Robed the vales in softest velvet,
And brought back the winged songster,
Was the home which he had chosen.
There was beauty all about them,—
Here, the broad, majestic ocean,
There, the glories of the woodland.
Happy seemed the earth and heaven,
Full of joy the voice of nature.
From the loud resounding ocean
Came a mild, melodious music;
Trilled the birds their sweetest carols;
Softly sang the swaying pine trees,
As the breezes played among them.
All the air seemed filled with music
To these hearts in love united.
Happy years of earnest labor
Sped away with winged swiftness,
And a new face to the household
Brought another ray of sunshine,
Brought another source of pleasure.
Happily the loving parents
Watched their bright-eyed boy in playing.
Fondly did the gentle mother
Watch with tender care his footsteps.
Often, when a summer's evening
Hushed the many sounds of labor,
And the moon so calm and peaceful
Smiled upon their happy cottage,
Would she show him how the waters
Shimmered 'neath the silvery moon-light;
Show him all the wondrous beauty

Of the calm majestic ocean.
Often, when the wind arising
Madly smote the foaming waters,
Would he, with his father near him,
Stand and watch the breaking billows
Dash their spray upon the ledges.
He would clasp his hands exulting,
Laugh to see the angry raging
Of the wild tumultuous ocean;
And would say, "I'll sail the ocean
When I grow a little older."
And his father smiled with pleasure,
Pleased at all his boyish prattle.
Proudly called him "Little Sailor."
When the Summer had departed,
And again had hoary Winter
Clothed the hills in robes of whiteness,
And the streams beneath the north wind
Lay enthralled in icy fetters,
Would he skim their frozen surface
And dart down the snowy hill-side,
Till the leafless wood re-echoed
With his merry shouts of laughter.
Thus the winged days were speeding,
Bringing joy and care alternate,
Bringing mingled joy and sorrow.
As a few clouds in the heavens
Make the Summer's day more perfect.
So our daily cares and troubles
Make our hearts and lives more noble,
Make our happiness the sweeter.
But the brightest day is fleeting,
Shadows follow close the sunlight;
Happiness does seldom tarry;
Sorrow presses close upon it.
Years have passed; and now before us
Stands our hero making ready
For a life of toil and danger

On the bosom of the ocean.
Vain are all his father's counsels,
Vain his mother's sad entreaties
For the ocean charmed his fancy,
Called him with its voice persuasive,
Called him to its heaving bosom.
So he sailed away and left them;
Sailed away upon the waters,
Sparkling in the morning sunlight.
And his parents from the seashore
Waved a farewell to their darling;
Stood and watched the gliding vessel,
'Till it seemed a speck of whiteness
'Gainst the boundry of the ocean.
Sadly then returned they homeward,
All their joy had parted from them,
All their happiness departed;
They had sad forebodings also.
When the shades of eve are falling,
Sadly sits the lonely mother,
But she hears no footstep coming,
Hears no voice she loves so fondly;
Only hears the wailing pine trees
As the night wind steals among them.
But the morrow's sun arising
Brings the usual round of labor.
And the lonely parents often
Sadly gaze upon the ocean
Which was bearing on its bosom
All that to their hearts was dearest.

* * * * * * *

Years have passed, but not a message
Yet has reached them from their darling.
Not a word, nor any message
From the good ship that he sailed in;
Never did the eastern breezes
Waft her back—that noble vessel.
O the waiting and the longing!

O the hoping and despairing!
Sometimes cried they to the forest,
Where he often played in childhood,
"Give us comfort, mighty forest,
Comfort in our sore bereavement."
But the forest made no answer:
Only wailed its lamentation.
Then they cried out to the ocean,
"Tell our breaking hearts your secret.
Did he sink beneath your billows?
Is he sleeping in your bosom?"
But the ocean answered nothing,
Only sobbed in hopeless sorrow.

* * * * * * *

Once again the scenes are shifted.
Many years have sped their circuits,
Many years of bitter sorrow.
By the wild storm-tossed Atlantic
Still there stands that lowly dwelling;
But deserted and forsaken
Is that once so happy cottage.
Still it stands, but through its chambers
Wail the voices of the night wind.
Sad are all the sounds of nature,
As they murmur round about it.
To the wailing of the forest
Comes the moaning of the billows
And the sobbing of the ocean.
In the churchyard, marred and moss-grown,
Side by side are found two head-stones.
Under these they two are lying.
Peace and rest have come forever
To these hearts in death united;
They have passed beyond all sorrow.
Passed beyond the pain of parting:
Ended all their bitter anguish,
Ended all their sad bereavements.

S. C. LAWRENCE.

PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.

LEADERSHIP.

Delivered before the Philomathean Society, March 19, 1886.

There seems to be a common law among all species of animal life which prompts beings to look up to some member, or members of their kind as a guiding and directing agent more competent by age or experience to look after their general interests than themselves. However true this may be found to be of the lower orders of creation, it is universally true of man. Human nature has always been the same in this respect even from the earliest times, when the father of the wandering nomadic family or tribe was acknowledged its despotic leader, down to the present day when the powerful nations, comprising millions of subjects, look up to and reverence one man as their King, or when a great and intelligent people, as our own, unite in placing one of their own number in the highest office of the land. Human nature is the same to-day as it was when the Jews cried out for a king because they wished to be as other nations. Mankind must have leaders, it must have the guidance of able minds and strong wills. It sometimes makes mistakes in its choice of leaders or is compelled to be under the direction of unworthy and bad ones, yet true to his nature man as a race follows and will follow the leadership of a few.

Nor is this trait unfortunate; on the contrary it is very important, the success of every enterprise depends on it; a guiding hand is necessary in the least as well as in the greatest undertaking. How would Rome have reached the splendid height of her power had it not been for the energetic guidance of a long list of illustrious men? Could the untaught and fickle mob have ever successfully carried her through those troubled times when, after gradually asserting her claim to the life of Italy, she demanded and won the life of the world? Or how could Carthage have maintained so long the struggle for her very existance if she had not had the genius of a Hannibal to direct her flagging energies? Again, in our own country, in the struggle for freedom, could the flame of liberty that burned so brightly at Lexington and Bunker Hill have been fanned and kept alive through the disastrous months that followed? Could the patriotism of our fathers have been inspired and their courage and confidence sustained while they were freezing and starving at Valley Forge if it had not been for the masterly leadership of Washington? No! Nothing succeeds without guidance. How plainly is this forced upon us in the case of the First Crusade which, under the leadership of Peter the Hermit, which was no guidance at all, resulted only in the sacrifice of countless lives.

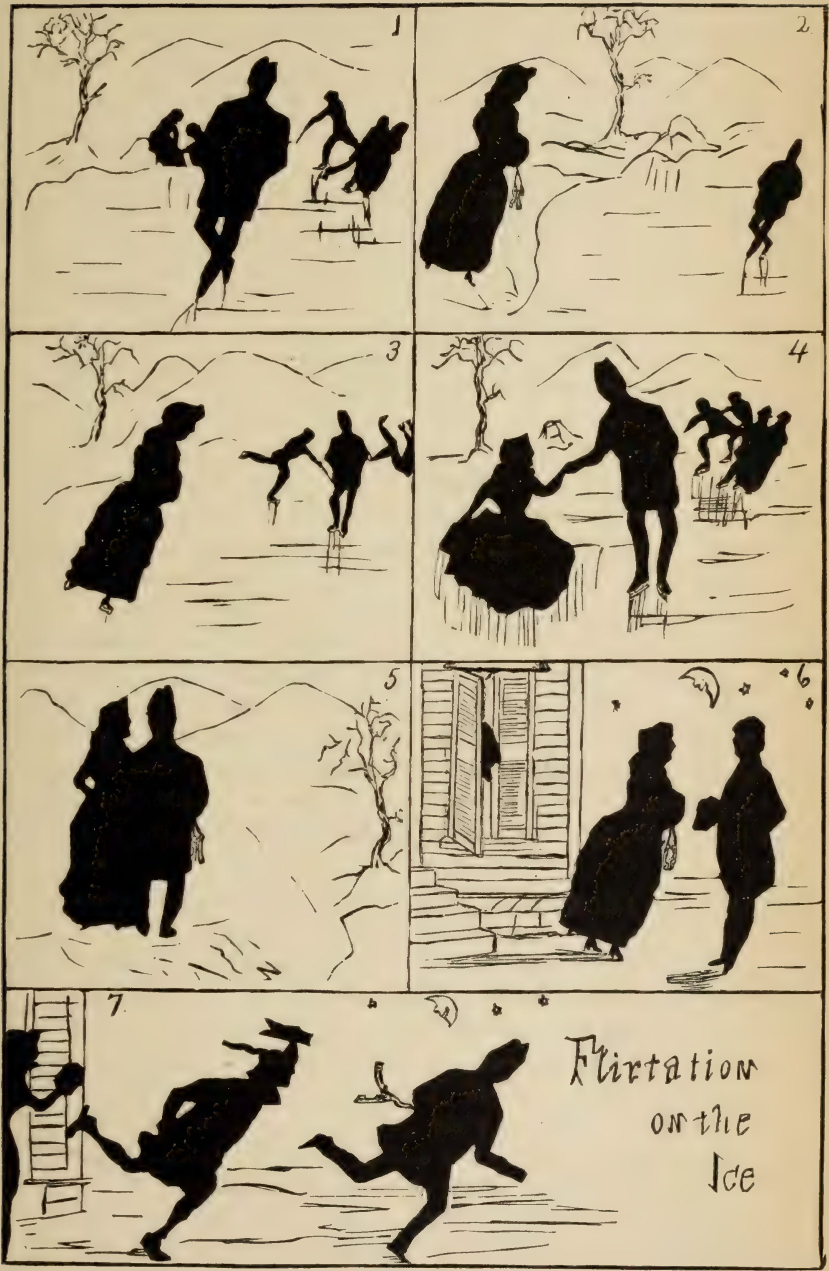
Thus we see how history proves the existence of this strongly felt need and more than that the actual necessity of it. Nor do our own times form an exception; in every department, in business, politics, in literature and in art do we not see the thought and action of the age influenced and directed by our prominent and able men. Thus it always has been, thus must it always be, the many led by the few and those few always those who are *richer* than the mass of humanity about them in strength of will, in the possession of a noble purpose or even in wealth, but in something which the masses have not.

In the consideration of this subject is there not an appeal to each one of us? We, who are enjoying what many long for in vain and what many more scarcely ever think of because they do not know enough to feel the want of it—an education. For intelligent leadership education is a necessary factor. It is one of those great possessions which make its holder richer than those who lack it and endow him with an immense influence. It is the very foundation of leadership. "*Scire est Regere*," once said a number of Phillipians, and from that conviction sprung the "Philomathean Society" which has been, as may it ever be, the means of fitting many for usefulness, yes, and for leadership.

Is there not then, an appeal to us, who by this means are given the "balance of power," to keep in mind that *we* must be the leaders in a few years? We too often forget that the youth of to-day must be the man of tomorrow. We are among the very few in number, compared with the vast multitude of those growing up in ignorance and with false ideas of life, who are blessed with a clearer light and greater opportunities at our hands. Do we not recognize the call for leaders from the masses who have not that power in themselves? For leaders, not as factious demagogues busy in the interests of their own party, not as scheming politicians, not as the grasping millionaire who controls the money markets at pleasure, but leaders in the highest and best sense of the word, men of upright purpose intent on having justice done, men who, although they may be secluded private citizens, yet by their intelligence and integrity direct the thought and stamp the character of their time, men who will espouse the cause of the oppressed against the oppressor, men who will face and turn the mighty current of evil, men with the foresight and power which education gives.

Can we then stand aside and let humanity cry on for help when we hold the power of righting so much wrong and of exerting a thousand and one influences which would make life richer and more ennobling to the many? Can we, I say, hear the cry of the weak and see the evils that will arise to threaten everything good in society and not exert to the utmost all the power that lies within us, the leaders in a righteous cause?

G. B. HOLLISTER.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Flirtation on the Ice

EDITORS' REVIEW.

1st, S. CRISTY MEAD,
2nd, WILLIAM A. PERRIN, } BOARD OF EDITORS.
3rd, ALLEN L. CLARK,

It has been the endeavor of the present board of editors to make this issue of the MIRROR of a true literary value. We have tried to present to our readers a fair sample of the talent which the school affords; and hope that in a measure we have succeeded in producing a readable, interesting number. As spring is just appearing with the issue of this number, we thought that a more delicate tint would be acceptable, accordingly we selected this cover which we hope will be received with favor. We can only say that it is impossible to suit the taste of all, and therefore we have made our selection to the best of our own judgement. We therefore present this Mirror to our readers for just what it is worth, and trust that the efforts of the contributors will be duly appreciated.

DURING this term, as usual, Philo. has been held once a week, but without a doubt, she has been greatly slighted. It is to be regretted that the boys of the Academy will not lend their support to so worthy an object. To be sure, there are a few who have faithfully attended the meetings, and who have labored hard in interest of the society; but the vast majority have neglected their duty. There are a number of able fellows in the school, some of them members of Philo., who have scarcely been to a meeting during the entire term. This is not right. The boys should take enough interest in the welfare of the society to give it their hearty support, even if they don't think themselves in need of the advantages it affords.

Some of those who do attend the first part of the exercises are in the habit of leaving the room just before the debate takes place. This not only interrupts the meetings but injures them. It seems as if the time from 4.30 until 6 o'clock might be given once a week to studying, in order that the evening might be spent in Philo. It is to be hoped that the fellows will give more of their attention to this literary work next term.

It gives us great pleasure to call attention to the marked interest that has been manifested in Inquiry this term, not only in the Sunday evening meetings, but in those of Wednesday evening as well. Several members of the school have taken part for the first time this term, and the prospect for the coming term's work is especially hopeful. The meetings have been well attended, and the work in general has been very encouraging and fruitful, and we feel that many new names have been added to that number who are striving to do the Master's work, and walk in the way which is straight and narrow, whose end is eternal life.

It has been the endeavor of the editorsof the *Phillipian*, ever since the first issue of that paper was published, to place before the school a publication which would be fully appreciated by its members, and acquire for itself honor and reputation, as being one of the leading school papers of the land. It is true it has had in the past many and varied successes, but we sincerely believe that never before has it had such a realization of its fondest hopes as at the present era of its existence, owing to the energy and skill which has been shown on the part of Mr. Lund and his associates. The present board deserve the hearty thanks of the school at large for the excellency of writing displayed in the columns of our paper at the present time.

Our sincere thanks are due to Messrs. Coy, Comstock and Eaton, who so kindly consented to act as judges of the competition. This task is arduous and one which is too little appreciated among the students; but we trust that the judges may feel rewarded by the interest which these competitions awaken in literary work. We are glad to state that the articles this term have been more numerous, and we think as a whole of a higher merit than for several years; and we take this as an earnest of the rousing of talents that have heretofore lain dormant, for it is hardly probable that there should be such a large school without quite a number of excellent writers.

For the picture of Mr. John Smith, and the sketch of his life which accompanies it, we are indebted to the courtesy of Mr. Joseph Smith and the Rev. Mr. Makepeace. Mr. John Smith while living did a great deal both for the Academy and Seminary; therefore it is fitting, that, as a slight token of our esteem and respect, the Mirror should recognize his generosity by a short sketch of his life.

Of all the merry, pleasant events of school life at Andover, none gives more real enjoyment, and furnishes such pleasing memories to carry to college with one, than the class sleigh-rides. The day selected for the ride of P. A. and P. S. '86 was one of unusual beauty and mildness, which promised a good ride and an altogether enjoyable affair. Nor were those who availed themselves of the opportunity disappointed. At 3 o'clock two barges filled with boys, horns and fun set out for Lowell, amid cheers and the blowing of the horns. It is safe to say that the astonished inhabitants along the road never saw such a sight, and it is doubtful if they have fully recovered yet. Supper was served at Lowell, after which, with Mr. Corliss as toast-master, the following toasts were responded to: Class of '86, Morgan, P. A.; Musical Talent, Coombs, P. S.; Athletics, Odlin, P. A.; The Phillipian, Lund, P. A.; Phillips Academy, Dr. Bancroft. After some impromptu singing, the return was commenced, which ended by waking the fair Fem. Sems. with cheers and Roman Candles. All felt fully repaid and returned with a deeper regard for the Class of '86 and, for their Alma Mater.

On Thursday evening, Feb. 18th., P. S. '86 gave a very fine entertainment to the Academy, and the few townspeople who were present. It consisted of a lecture on Ludlow Castle, delivered by Prof. Winchester of Middleton University. After a description of the old castle, which stands on the borders of Wales, he vividly painted before his hearers, the characters of the prominent people who had been connected with it in times past. Beginning with the Sidneys, who occupied the castle when Elizabeth ascended to the throne, he brought the audience down to the reign of Charles I. The descriptions of Sir Philip Sidney and Sir Walter Raleigh were of special interest. Prof. Winchester's lecture was not only exceedingly interesting, but also very instructive. Without doubt it was the best which was presented during the term. It is to be regretted that the attendance was so limited.

The interest in athletics during this term has been very marked. We go to press before the tournament comes off, but from the present outlook we venture to say it will be a success. The boating interests have received good support in our school. Yale has kindly given us two good shells, and since the treasurer says that department is in good condition, we may soon expect to see good work from our crew. The P. A. boating club will make their headquarters with the Lawrence Canoe Club. It is to be hoped that the boating interests here may become fixed for the future.

We had the pleasure of listening to the Brown Glee Club concert this term, which was arranged under the auspices of a self appointed committee composed of some of the fellows. Although their enterprise was not a bonanza financially, yet those who took the responsibility ought to feel very well repaid by the evening's entertainment which they provided for others. The concert was very good, and we hope that it will favor Andover with another visit next year.

Although Andover has been especially favored this winter with the best talent the country can afford, yet we feel that we gained more practical knowledge from those given under the auspices of the "Emergency Lecture Bureau," than any which it has been our pleasure to attend this term. Some of them were very interesting as well as instructive, especially one entitled "Fractures." The lectures throughout were very well attended, and it was a great disappointment to the community in general, that the last of the course, for an unknown reason, was indefinitely postponed.

On the last Friday evening of last term, the Dramatic entertainment, given by the boys of the Academy, took place. The object in view was to liquidate old debts incurred by the various school organizations, the amount of which had reached about $200. The company was greeted with a very good house, a full delegation from Abbott Academy, and a large number of the townspeople being present. The music, which was furnished by the Haverhill City Band, was very good indeed. First the "Area Belle" was presented, after which came the "Spirit of '76." The entertainment was a great success, and some of the old residents of Andover even declared that it was the finest performance the boys ever gave. They cleared $154.11, which pays a large share of the debts. The parts were well taken, and the players deserve credit for their efforts.

It is with great pleasure that we announce the names of the successful competitors for Mirror work this term, and we feel that the literary enthusiasm shown in regard to this publication has been especially promising, and bids fair to excel that of any other issue. To those on whom fortune has not beamed so bright, let us offer one word of consolation and sympathy. Please keep in mind, that your labor and pains have by no means gone unrewarded, but on the other hand have enlarged your ideas, and have given you an insight into the true way which leads to success. Let this act as incentive to further trial in this branch of literary training which is thrown open to the school; placing honors secondary to the benefit you derive from experience.

The prizes are awarded by the judges, as follows:

Prize for best story to the author of "Love or Loyalty."

Prize for best poem to the author of "Dido," L. R. Philbrook.

Prize for best essay to the author of "Personal Influence of Thomas Arnold," A. W. Crockett.

Prize for second best essay to the author of "The Bastile," G. H. Danforth, Jr.

The committee also recommended the following for publication; poem entitled "Cottage by the Sea" by S. C. Lawrence, and a story by C. W. Alvord.

First prize cut was awarded to W. B. Graves whose production was entitled "Flirtation on the Ice."

Second prize cut awarded to D. A. Pingree.

We have also made use of a second cut by W. B. Graves, entitled "The Orchestra," and also one by third editor, who has introduced a new feature by his drawing of "Pot Pourri."

We would also extend our thanks to those who, although not in the school, yet, on account of their interest in it, have contributed articles. We refer to T. M. Banks, the author of "The Sleeping Child," and to the author of "The Song of the Brook." These contributions we are sure will be very welcome to the readers of the MIRROR, as they are to the editors.

ONE of the most interesting as well as instructive lectures we have had the pleasure of listening to this term, was that delivered by Mr. Blaikie on our physical development, the ways of getting strong and the way of keeping so.

The lecturer gave several instances in which persons were strong in one set of muscles and weak in another, and seemed to lay special stress on the development of the body as a whole and in that way acquiring a perfect physique.

The attendance at this lecture was very good, and those who were there felt fully repaid for their trouble.

It is with pleasure that we make mention of our orchestra. From our artist's representation, surely one would be misled; but without doubt, the artist has not heard any rehearsals since the first one. Mr. Frear has proved himself a very good leader, and the orchestra is much better than the one we had last year, not only being considerable larger, but producing much better music. It will probably play at the tournaments, as well as at the Draper and Means Speakings.

We take great pleasure in introducing to the school, this term, our unusually large number of advertisers, who respectfully request our patronage, assuring us of perfect satisfaction in their different lines of trade. It seems proper, on our part, to at least give them a trial, keeping in mind, that we shall not only repay the gentlemen for their trouble, but shall assure success for future editions of the Mirror as well.

To our advertisers we would say, that we have striven to please in every particular and hope that our pains will meet entire approval.

PASTE DIAMONDS.

WHAT is your circulation asked an advertiser of one of the former MIRROR editors. "Blood principally," was the calm reply.

MANY a man finds out after marriage to a pretty girl that what he thought a thing of beauty is a jawey forever.

THERE are 1,000,000 people who live "on tick" in this country, not including 50,000 telegraphic operators.

BOB INGERSOLL refuses to kneel in religious devotion, and yet a pinch of snuff can bring him to his sneeze.

Student.—"Why, hang it, you're wiping off my plate with your handkerchief." *Shawsheen waitress.* "That's all right. I'm going to put it in the wash next week any how."

Pa. (who has been explaining certain facts about stoves) "Now, Jimmy, do you know what a base burner is?" *Jimmy.* "You bet your life." *Pa.* "Have we one in the house?" *Jimmy.* "Yes sir, ma's slipper."

"OH, dear!" sighed Mrs. B., with toothache. "Why can't people be born without teeth?" "If you will reflect a moment, my dear," replied Mr. B., "you will be convinced that such is the fact."

"*Ich liebe dich*" can never take the place of "I love you." It could not be sweet under any circumstances and would spoil the prettiest mouth or sweetest voice in the world, though it could scarcely be so misunderstood as when the Frenchman said devotedly to an American girl, "*Je t'adore*," and she replied. "*Shut it yourself.*"

An exchange says a young lady of that place has just celebrated her wooden wedding by marrying a blockhead.

A thing that is wanted during the debates in Philo. Spring mattresses and forms.

In the blythe days of honeymoon,
  With Kate's allurements smitten,
I loved her late, I loved her soon,
  And called her dearest Kitten.

But now my Kitten's grown a cat,
  And cross, like other wives;
Oh, by my soul, my honest Mat,
  I fear she has nine lives.

Teacher of Bible Class. "In what book of the Bible is the expression found, 'All flesh is grass?'" *Student.* "Er—Timothy."

Used to carving. "Will you carve?" asked the landlady of young Sawbones, who is in college. "Certainly; where is the body?—I mean bring on the meat," correcting himself as best he could.

"Deep in the satin recess," his letter ran, "of this fairy box you will find a ring. I had it made for you to enclose, as it were, my sentiments on this joyful occasion." Her heart stood still. "How beautiful!" she murmured, as she took up the box. "How simple and poetic a way of asking me to be his wife, and so direct. Ah!" and she kissed the bluish paper and tenderly untied the string. "I tremble," she whispered. "Will it be a diamond, or a ruby, or a——?" It was neither. It was a napkin-ring.

She was bony. John Henry, the masher, stood on the corner with one of his kind, waiting for a girl to come along, whom he might crush. At last, a thin young woman from the rural districts came by, and John Henry thought he had found her. As she passed he said something about her being bony, but he went after her, and catching up, said;

"Good afternoon, Miss."

"Good afternoon," she replied, sizing him up as if she was going to put a price on him.

"Ahem, Miss, ahem, I-ah—," he hesitated.

"Well," she continued cooly, "why don't you bark?"

"Bark! Bark! I don't quite understand," he said inquiringly.

"Oh, you don't? Well I might have known better than to have given you credit for so much intelligence, but in our country a puppy that has had any advantage of training, always barks when it finds a bone."

Since that date John Henry is a changed man.

Only a tough piece of beefsteak;
  In the butter only a hair;
Or a cremated fly in the biscuit:
  Or a black piece of silverware.

Only some coal in the oatmeal;
  Or perhaps in a doughnut instead;
Or a piece of cake rather mildewy;
  Or an unbaked spot in the bread.

These are only a few of the troubles,
  That the Paradise boarders impel,
To use in connection with P'r'dse,
  A word which sounds something like sheol.

A CLERGYMAN who was officiating at the funeral of a young girl began his discourse with, "Oh, may this bereaved father find consolation for the death of his only daughter"—and then happening to remember there was another daughter, the offspring of second marriage, he added, hastily—"by his first wife."

NOT TOO OLD TO BE GOOD. The Dublin Mail recently published the following communication from a correspondent; "I inclose a copy of an inscription in mediæval Latin, from a stone discovered during the excavations now proceeding at Cork Hill, near which stood a church dedicated to a saint and missionary known to the chroniclers by the name of Uncatus Ambulans. The inscription is as follows:

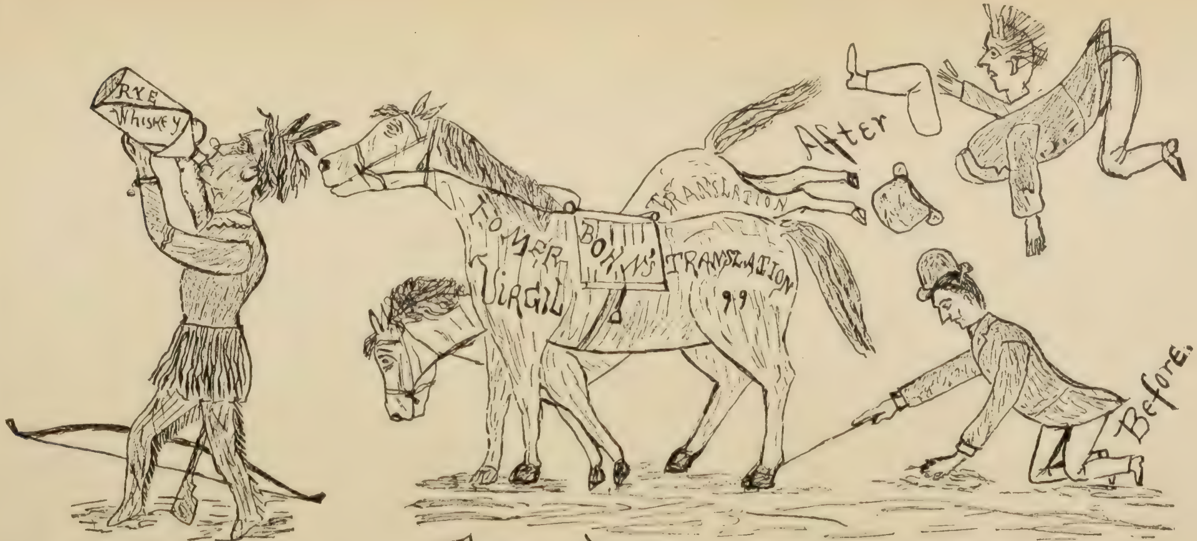
"I 'SABILLI-HŒRES' AGO
'FORTIBUS' ES IN. ARO
NOSCES 'MARI 'THEBE 'TRUX
'VOTIS 'INNEM . . . PES 'AN DUX.'"

Upon this the Freeman's Journal observes that, though not versed in an antiquarian lore, it offers a translation which may suit all purposes. Here it is:

"I say, Billy, here's a go,
Forty 'busses in a row.
No, says Mary, they be trucks.
What is in 'em? Peas and ducks."

"Angels play on golden harps," says the preacher. Should the Western members of Congress secure admission to heaven they would immediately introduce a bill to have silver harps substituted for the golden ones.

Ingenuity of the True Patriot. A good story is told on an office seeker. Said one of them: "A man can't stay long in Washington without becoming an inventor." "Why, how do you make that out? You have been here over a month," said somebody, "and you have not invented anything." "That's all you know about it." "Well, I'd just like to have you tell me what you have invented." "Well, sir, I hadn't been here a month before I invented a plan for fastening a paper collar to an undershirt."


RYE
Whiskey
HOMER
VIRGIL
BOHN'S
TRANSLATION
TRANSLATION
99
After
Before.

TECUMSEH'S SPEECH at the BATTLE of Tip-the-can, "Ugh!"

TROJAN HORSE.
(The One We Know Best.)

Against Odds.
100 to 1 on Homer's Heels.
Nolure 'Pony' Sequi.

MEAN ESSAYS MEANLY ILLUSTRATED.

MILK FOR OUR BABES.

“When I beheld this I sighed and said, within myself, ‘surely, mortal man is a broomstick’.”
Dan. Hanna, P. S. ’88.

“He had a face like a benediction.” Banton, P. A. ’86.

“Then he will eat, Good Gods— how he will eat!”
Dilworth, P. A. ’88.

“A flower of sweetest smell is shy and lowly.”
Pease, P. A. ’87.

“Like two single gentlemen rolled into one.”
Sawyer, P. A. ’87.

“This one strikes me like a steam engine in trousers.”
Moyle, P. A. ’86.

“Care will kill a cat.” Watson, P. A. ’86.

“Touch not; taste not; handle not.” Morgan, P. A. ’86.

“He was even so precise in house-keeping.”
Gerrodette, P. A. ’87.

“A man who would make so vile a pun would not scruple to be a pickpocket.” Coler, P. A. ’88.

“Aldeborontiphoscophornio! where left you Chrononhotonthologos.” The Theologue.

“O, ’tis a very sin
For one so weak to venture
His poor verse
In such a place as this.” Owen, P. A. ’88

“Breeches of promise.” Mr. Bierwirth.

“All’s well that ends well.” Crofton, P. S. ’88.

ODE

to Sammy Hale.

O, Sam ! O, lovely thing !
O vision beautiful upon thy glory seated !
O thou, whose sweet translations, oft repeated,
Of foreign tongues, delight the ear, to thee, I sing !
Sweet bud that's blossomed ere its time has come !
Oh ! tiny firstling of a season not yet due,
Our babe, our little one, our sweet sixteen, I sing to you.

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† On the Ben Butler endowment.

ODE.

I.

Carter's Block,
Twelve o'clock.
Quite hard set?
You just bet.
Drink birch beer?
Never fear.
Author's play?
So all say.

II.

Ever corned?
To be mourned.
To bed late?
Sure as fate.
Rise early,
Mad, surely.
Try to Böhn,
Only moan.

III.

Woe is me,
Fool to be.
Chapel go,
Frizzle so.
Called on,
Sat upon.

POT POURRI
AP

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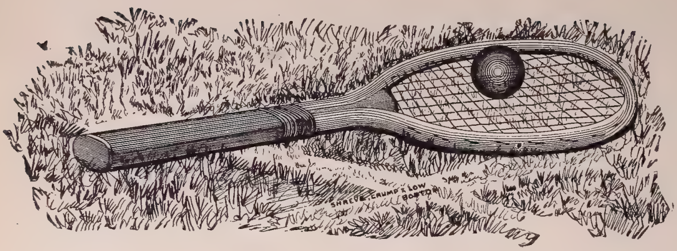

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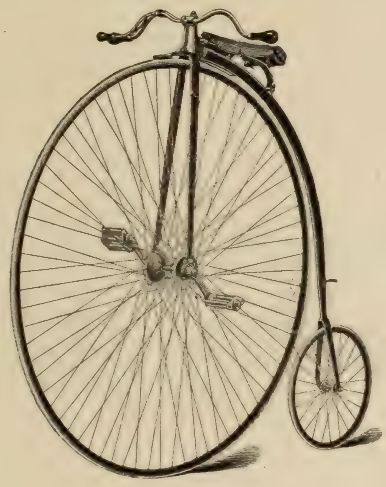

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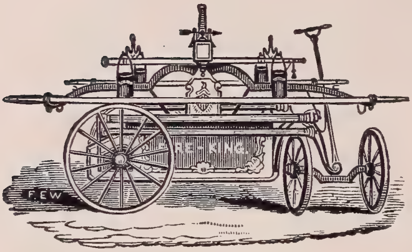

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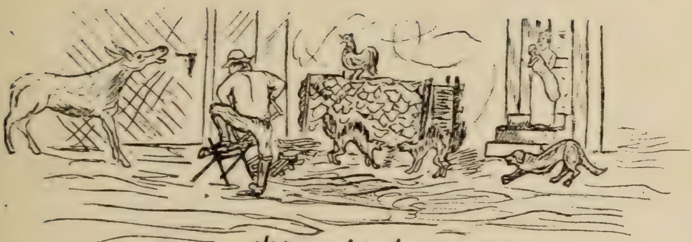

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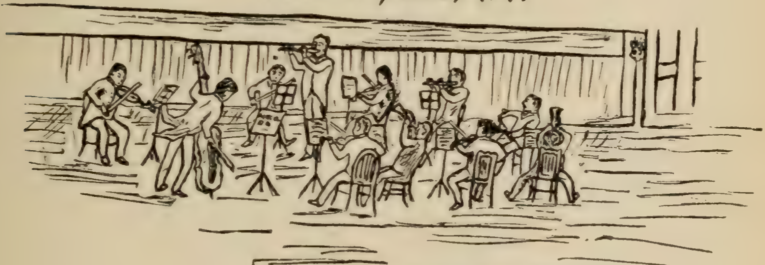

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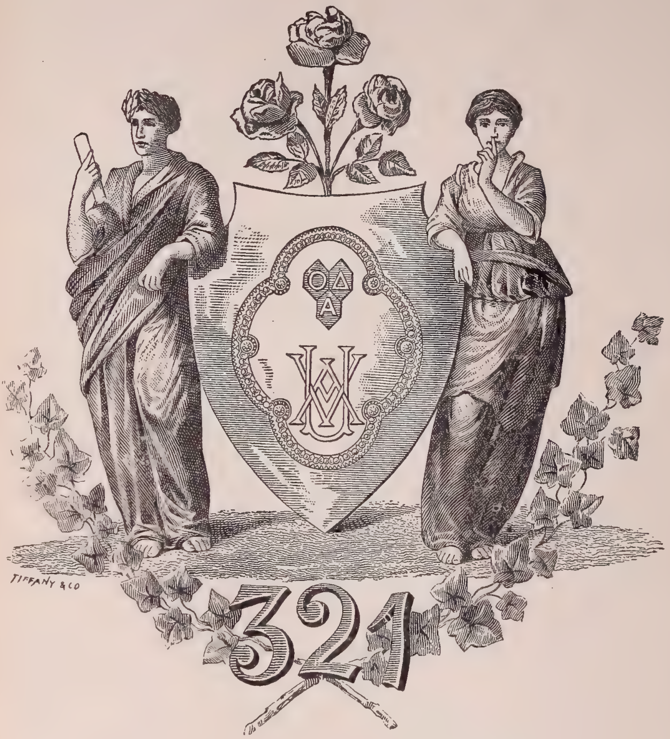
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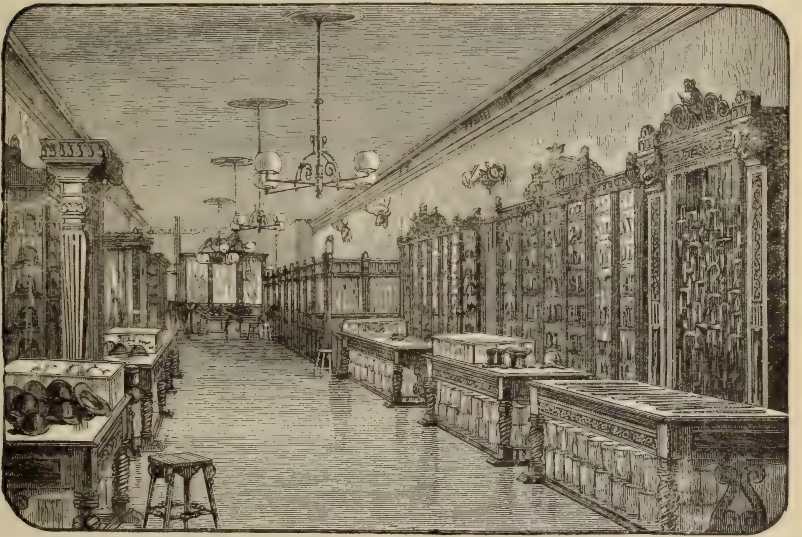

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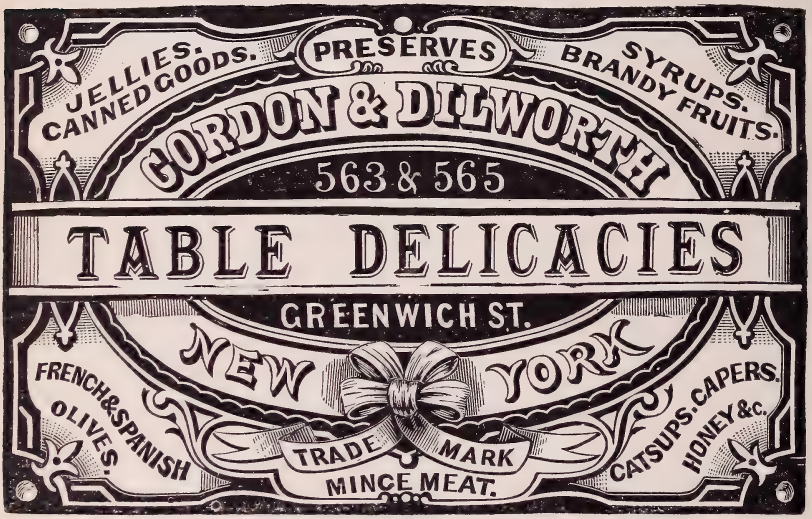
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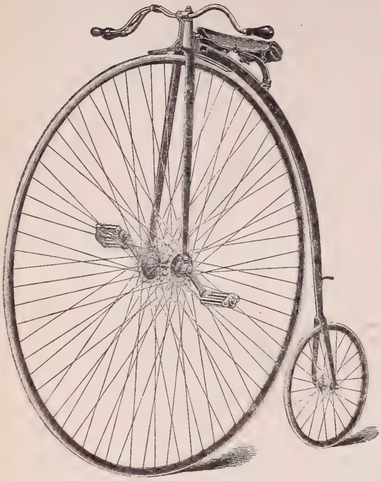

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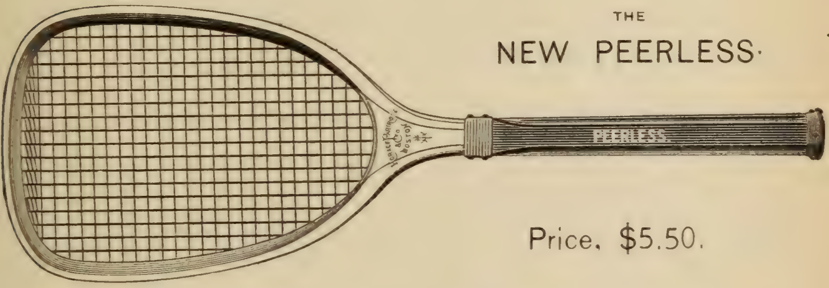

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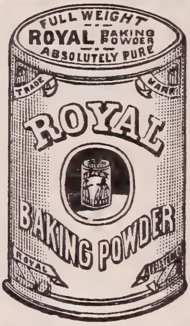
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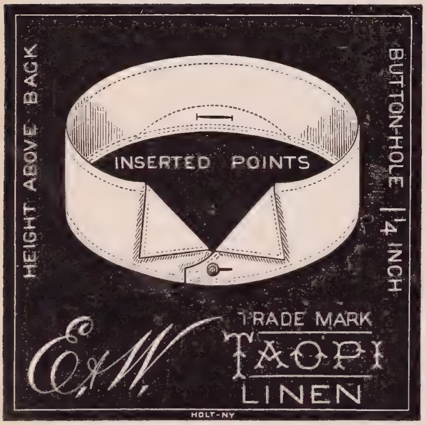
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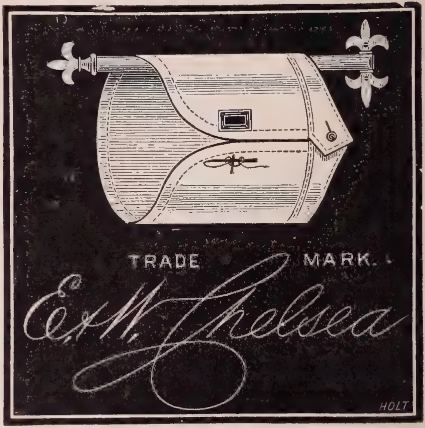
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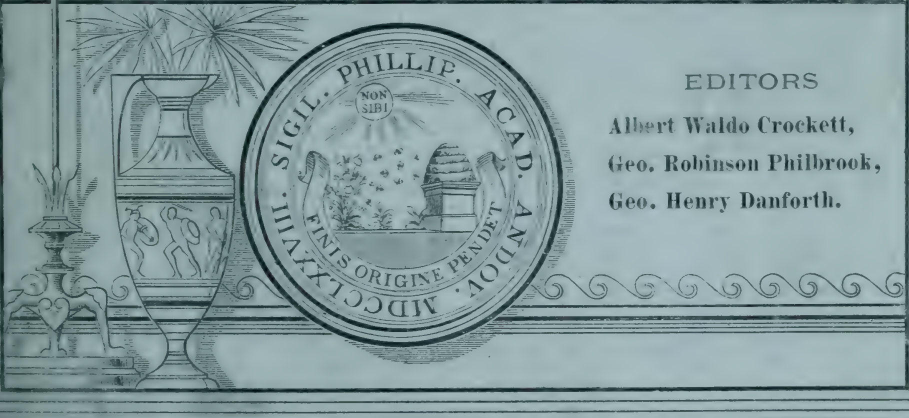
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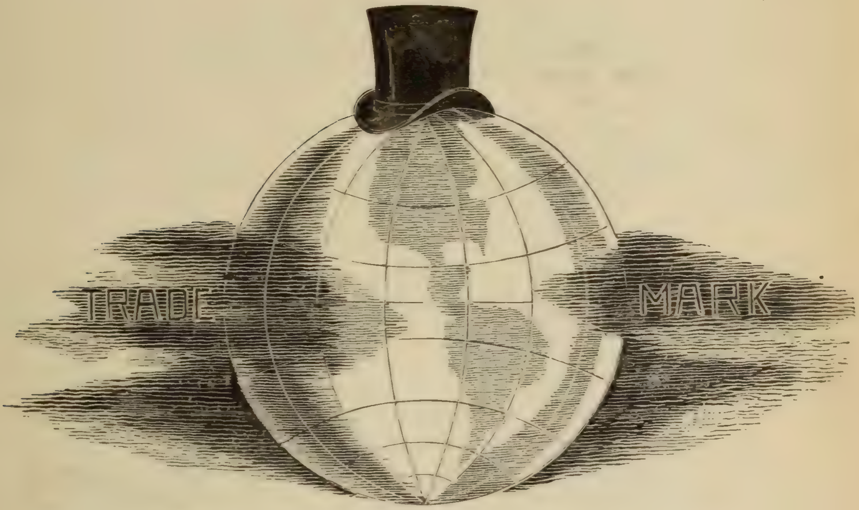

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Vol. XXXII. No. III.

Scire est Regere.

THE
PHILO. MIRROR.

JUNE, 1886.

* * *

Ψυχῆς φυλακτικον παιδεία.

* * *

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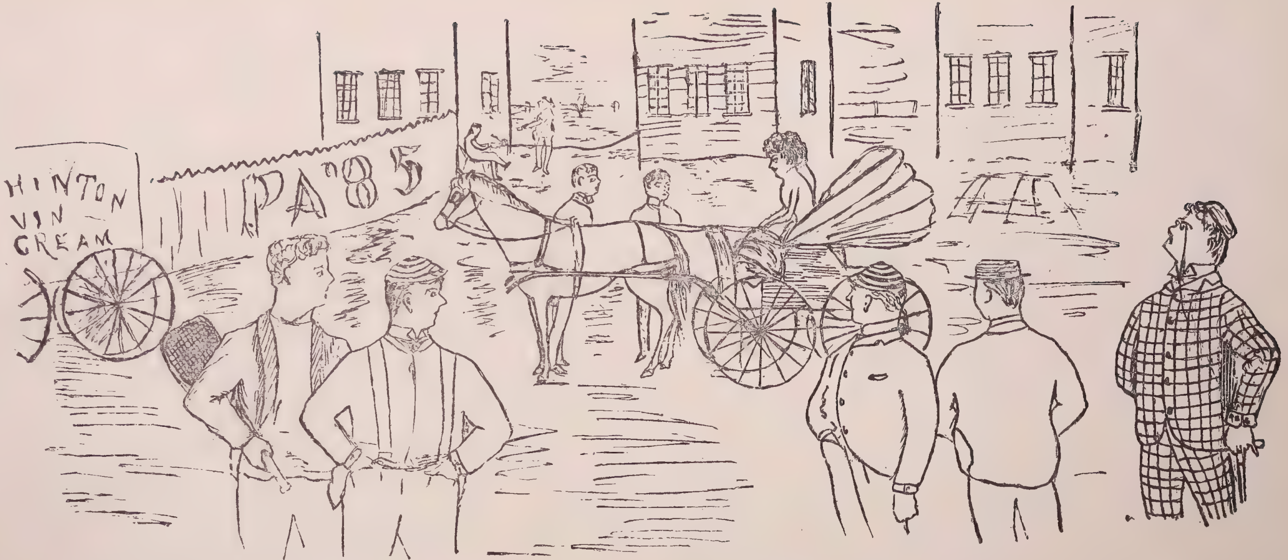
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THE MIRROR.

VOL. XXXII. JUNE, 1886. No. III.

PROMETHEUS.

At last, proud Zeus, thy vengeance is complete!
On these Caucasian crags fast bound I lie,
To endless torture doomed. Alas, my fate
For that bold deed of inspiration born!
O deathless horrors! pains each day renewed!
Olympian Gods, can ye no mercy show?
All night the cold blasts sting my naked limbs;
On me the stars unpitying glances shed;
Scarcely does sleep my suffering eyelids close
In sweet oblivion, ere again begins
Day's agony. The blazing noonday sun
Glares fiercely down. Blow, breezes, cool my brow!
High-sailing cloud, lend but a single drop
My parched lips to cool! Alas! vain cry!
E'en nature's powers arrayed against me are,
By will of him who rules Olympian heights.
Free was I once as ye, O wanton winds,
But on Olympus' peaks my bold foot trod.
Thence stole I fire for man my skill had wrought.
Behold my fall! O'ercome by envious Zeus,
In cruel chains I lie, exposed to scorn.
Ye heartless rocks, ye cliffs that tower on high,

Will ye not weep with pity for my groans?
Accursed fate! 'Round my defenceless form
Disgusting serpents wreathe their slimy coils;
With fiercely flaming eyes they stare at me;
And breathe upon me with their viperous breath.
Above me soar the screaming birds of prey.
Nearer and nearer on emboldened wing
A famished vulture glides in circling flight;
And now, down swooping with foreboding cry,
Upon my breast alights in greedy joy.
Fiercely, with ravenous beak he now assails;
His cruel talons tear my vitals forth!
Hell's torments! what are they! Compared to me
Happy are those to Stygian shades condemned.
From deadly pangs no ease, for me no death!
Farewell all hope, eternal horrors hail!

PETER THE HERMIT.

WHAT CONSTITUTES A GREAT NOVELIST.

First Means Prize Essay.

No literary work reflects so truly the manners and customs of an age as the novel. Indeed, thus to hold the mirror up to nature may be called one of the great purposes of all novel-writing. But a writer must be true to the characteristics of the age in which he lives. His characters must all be true to nature. As soon as one tries to portray characters ideal and unnatural, the true conception of the novel is lost. No graceful turning of the sentences, no striking metaphors or figures can supply the lack of truth. Truth must be the foundation of all literature.

To produce a great novel the writer must lend his own personality to his production. He cannot calmly relate the varying fortunes of his characters. He must enter into their lives, and himself sympathize with the sorrows and joys of the creatures of his fancy. The cool discriminating touch of the critic must be far from the true novelist's pen. It must be the kind, loving hand of the friend that exposes the faults and failings of his dearest associates. Nearly all great novels have been written for the purpose of correcting some flagrant social abuse, or bringing man to a realization of his own selfishness and the needs of others. It was the low conception that men held of chivalry and true manliness in the days of Cervantes that led to the production of "Don Quixote." It was the narrow and circumscribed notion of religion prevalent in Scotland that urged George Macdonald to give "Six Gibbie" to the world.

Great moral truths clothed in the form of fiction are ever more acceptable to the general reader than a long, convincing treatise would be. How few of us would have read with pleasure a prolix, logical essay on "Slavery!" But who could resist little Eva's sweet, pleading face, and Uncle Tom's outstretched, shackled arms?

Our own Howells has won fame for himself and deservedly so; for no novelist has a more refined taste and an acuter and subtiled sense of humor than he. As pictures of modern society his novels are unsurpassed. His characters are all true to nature and at once command our attention and sympathy; yet notwithstanding his fine literary style, and his keen insight into the follies of the day there is something wanting. We look in vain for some lofty ideal, some strong, noble purpose underlying the mere words. To be a great novelist there must be manifest not only the mind of genius but also the presence of a noble heart overflowing with love for all mankind.

For the elevated tone now existing in English society, England owes more to no two writers than to Dickens and Thackeray. Each of these two great masters of fiction had a different method of accomplishing his end. In order to illustrate his great moral truths, Dickens took as his principal character, a person of almost ideal virtues; while Thackeray did just the opposite. Thackeray thought that more could be done by exposing the vices than by extolling the virtues of mankind. Although he reveals wickedness and wretchedness in all their deformity, never does he sink into sensuality, never does he paint evil so as to allure. He relentlessly exposed all the falsity and shallowness of English society as it then existed, and infused into all a purer and nobler spirit. Thackeray's dust now moulders in Westminster Abbey, but his spirit lives in the heart of every true man and woman that has come into contact with his noble and truth-loving mind.

The advent of Victor Hugo marked a new era in the field of French fiction. Hitherto the French novel has been tinged with immorality and sensationalism,—the bane of all French literature. To the task of reforming the novel Victor Hugo applied himself. He rebuked the gross sensuality of Lola; he checked the subtiler but equally dangerous immoral sentimentality of Alphonse Daudet; and he exposed the falsity of the sensationalism of Alexandre Dumas and Eugene Sue. What George Eliot did for England, Victor Hugo has done for France. To the dying embers of French literature he applied the torches of truth and purity. In his novel, "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," he has shown us that under the most repulsive exterior there may dwell a heart of the truest nobility and manliness. In characters where one would think there was nothing to love or admire he has discovered the essence of truth and beauty. He has taught us that in every one's character, when it is purged of its dross, there are well-springs of purity and unselfishness. But Victor Hugo rises even higher than this, and through the depths of vice and degradation sees in a Jean Valjean, the hunted criminal and the outcast of society, the very image of the transfigured Christ.

Sir Walter Scott's task was no less difficult than Victor Hugo's. Before his day works of romance had been characterized by a stilted unnatural style and false sentiment. A skilful master of style and gifted with a mind at once sensitive and poetic, he quickly dissipated the mists that had till then shrouded the realm of romance. He showed romance in its true light. He taught men that moral courage was a truer and a nobler thing than physical strength, and that honor and rectitude were the real adornments of a man's character.

Thus we see that only those novelists can be called great whose writings have sought to inculcate some great moral truth and have been characterized by an underlying spirit of nobleness. In the future of literature as in the past, it must ever be true that loyalty to sincerity and purity is the source and secret of a great novelist's power when living, and his only claim to immortality after death. The word painter, be he poet or novelist, who has from the treasures of his own life-experience, his sorrows, his joys, his failures, his successes evolved a noble symphony whose every note finds a responsive chord in the great life of humanity, he alone shall live in the memory of men whose hearts he has read, whose tears he has dried, whose lives he has ennobled. With true inspiration the great Latin poet paints his picture of Elysium, assigning the noblest place to those who by their pure lives and unselfish service have won the world's remembrance.

Such a monument must outlast marble and enduring bronze, for its cap-stone and foundation are everlasting TRUTH.

GEORGE HENRY HOTALING.

PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.

THE POWER OF THE ORATOR.

Delivered before the Philomathean Society, June 18, 1886.

An address to be delivered before a body which devotes so much of its time to the cultivation of forensic speaking would seem to be particularly appropriate if confined to the essentials which pertain to oratory and the orator's power. While the purpose of oratory must necessarily be largely to please the hearer. yet this definition would be much more properly applied to eloquence. Notwithstanding the fact that the technical composition of eloquence is largely the same as that of oratory, yet the former can be used for any purpose however base, in behalf of any cause however contemptible, and still be eloquence. Catiline makes an eloquent appeal to his associates at Fesulae, Lysias delivered an oration at the Cheremicus. The one, strong, bold, audacious, vivid by the natural endowments of the man does not leave upon us a lasting impression; almost unconsciously our mind reverts to the man who delivered it. The other, clothed in fitting language, perfect as a literary production, appropriate, appealing to the most noble sentiments of man, truly it seems irreproachable. Therefore pleasing address, and brilliant eloquence are insufficient to constitute oratory. As the subject of an epic must be great and noble; so that of an oration must be commendable and grand. The oration must be stamped with characteristics of the orator. His personality, the tone and sentiment in perfect unison throughout. Catiline uttering sentiments appropriate to brave men in a worthy cause cannot but raise a question which diverts the attention from the thought to the man, much to the prejudice of the former. In the progress of civilization, the influence exerted by oratory is incalculable. What man that heard the oration of Wendell Phillips on Toussaint L'Ouverture did not find his sympathy and admiration aroused for the negro, and depart with a firm belief in the possibilities for the oppressed slave? The change which Phillips produced in public sentiment in regard to slavery, and that brought about by similar orators on the tone of society respecting other evils, has been mighty and lasting. A large per cent of the clergy who on every sabbath present to their parishioners a carefully prepared discourse expounding the truths of christianity, and by anecdote, precept and example, urge all to strive for a better life are eminently eloquent; and these together with the great reformers who hold thousands of people spell-bound are undoubtedly orators in the best sense of the term. Every commendable change, every advance in philanthrophy, and humanity has received its strongest support from oratory. In orations at fitting times, are celebrated the anniversaries of events of great importance to nations, the bravery and patriotism of great heroes are emulated, causing masses of people to swell with pride, and stirring up individuals to renewed strivings after manliness and nobility. Hence, it is evident that the attributes of an orator are manifold. His appearance, voice and bearing should be pleasing, his eloquence stirring, his subjects fit, and treated throughout with that fervid intensity which comes only from deep moral conviction.

Departing from the closely allied attributes of the orator, let us consider briefly some of the methods of obtaining oratorical power. One of the first things needful is a copious vocabulary. Nothing could be better adapted for the accomplishment of this end than a modern, classical education. The constant intercourse, and close study of the expression and style of the best orators for all time, the carefulness with which page after page of text books are perused, cannot be improved upon for storing the mind with an abundance of good words. Moreover from the incidental learning connected with the text, is derived a hoard of mythological story, points of interest in autobiographies of famous generals and statesmen, absorbing chapters in the rise and fall of powerful nations, which must necessarily increase one's stock of classic words, and give a poetic coloring to his thoughts. A vast amount of general, and scientific knowledge is required, that the orator may be conversant with every branch of the culture of his time. Nothing adds so much to the power of a good thought, as that the expression of it be in some pleasing form, which appeals to the poetry of ones nature, or excites his imagination. A clear appreciation and stolid expression of the desired facts, is insufficient. The training of his imaginative and poetic powers is of the utmost importance to the orator, that the repelling bones of the oration may be rounded with flesh and handsomely dressed. The orator in order to carry conviction with his argument must show that he believes his own statements, that they come from his heart and not from his intellect that they are spontaneous, springing from an overpowering sympathy with his subject, which can be obtained only by implicit obedience to conviction of the right and justice of his cause. It would appear that but one of the qualities of an orator is unatainable by artificial means. This quality is one which is invariably the attribute of all orators, the one factor which is inseparable from oratory, namely that divine gift of personal magnetism, that wonderful, incomprehensible force which transmutes itself from man to man and irresistibly controls him. But even the power of this heavenly endowment can be made flexible, its quality refined, and its volume vastly augmented by practice; that one means without which all the rest are void. While all the preliminary drudgery which has been mentioned is necessary, practice is absolutely indispensible. Finally let all who are willing to undergo every discouragement, and to struggle until they surmount all difficulties for the sake of the glorious influence of the orator take for their motto, that precept of Demosthenes "Action, Action."

William Odlin.

THE INDIAN.

On the 12th of Oct., 1492, as Columbus landed from his ships which were riding quietly at anchor off the island of San Salvador, there came from out the cover of the woods which skirted the shore, a numerous band of copper colored men, clad only in nature's garb. Columbus supposing he had touched the shores of India, called the natives Indians, and this appellation gradually spread to all races both of North and South America. Let us briefly consider the remnants of this race which once held sovereign sway throughout the length and breadth of our land.

Almost the first question which arises concerning the Indians is—Whence came they? Search the records of Herodotus, decipher the cuneiform inscriptions of the orient, examine the pages of most ancient literature, and all,—all are silent concerning them; their antecedents are lost. In very remote past, there dwelt in the valley of the Mississippi and on the banks of the Ohio, a people called the Mound Builders. The position of the works of defence which these people left, indicates that their enemies came from the north and northwest; and doubtless they themselves disappeared before hordes of Indians who migrated from the north.

With the advent of the white man upon this continent came a new era in the history of the Indian. Hitherto he had dwelt quietly on the lands of his fathers; there the product of the chase gave him sustenance; there were the bones of his ancestors, and all the sacred associations of his race. At last he must share his lands with a foreign race; nay, such is the greed of the intruders that he is driven at the point of the sword from his possessions; and the burning of his wigwams, the merciless slaughter of his kindred, fill to the brim his cup of woe. Is it strange, then, that he seeks blood for blood?

For two hundred years, our national history has been blotted with gross injustice and cruelty to this unfortunate race. As the wave of civilization rolled westward, before it vanished the Indian. His lands were purchased by special commissioners of the government who were instructed to misrepresent their value, at a few cents per acre, when they were known to be worth twenty or one hundred times as much. To all this public records testify.

When we were unable to fight the Indians, we treated with them as a sovereign nation; but of the hundreds of treaties we have made with the Indians in the last century, we have broken every one. In the first half of the present century, we entered into a solemn compact that no white man should settle west of the Mississippi, but the seal had scarcely been put upon the treaty, when our frontier line crossed the great river. What was to be done? The growth of the country demanded more territory. By sacred treaty the Indian was to have as his forever, a strip of country known as Indian Territory and extending to the Pacific Ocean. Thus it was thought, the vexed question of disposing of the Indian was settled. But how long was it before territories were cut from this strip?

Yet our abuse stopped not here. After we had taken away his hunting grounds—almost his only means of sustenance—

the Indian became the ward of the nation. Hours might be spent in relating the cruel treatment he has received since he came under the control of the government; but from one instance learn all.

Congress had determined to assemble all the tribes into Indian Territory. Accordingly, in 1878, a remnant of the Cheyennes, after being thus forced to their new lands, were compelled by starvation to attempt a return to their old home; being pursued and caught, they were kept in a Dakota prison, without food and fire, for five days, when the thermometer was below zero. Their chief, enraged by long suffering, attempted suicide; his wife finished the deed for him and then took her own life. The small number who remained alive escaped, but were pursued and overtaken in a narrow canon; and there they were recaptured or killed.

This is but one of many such deeds of one of the most enlightened nations of the world. And still we wonder that the Indian does not lay aside the bow and tomahawk, and practice the arts of civilization and peace.

But the gray dawn of better days is appearing. Our legislatures are discussing the welfare of the red man, our periodicals, and journals are devoting their columns to his cause, the Church is sending her missionaries to him, and public sentiment is asserting itself in his behalf. To make them "self supporting enfranchized citizens" is the only way to prevent the Indians becoming an extinct race. But there are some who say that the Indian cannot be civilized. An English writer has said that the Indian is "incapable of acquiring religious knowledge, or of being trained to the functions of social life;" and our writers have endorsed this sentiment. Of such I would ask, is there a soul which that Voice, reëchoing from Judea's hills, cannot christianize? But to christianize means to civilize. Recently there met at Crow Creek the representatives of thirty-six Episcopal churches among the Indians; and their meetings were very attractive. Although comparatively poor they have given during the past year $1800.00 to their own churches and the cause of Missions. Twelve years ago they were savages. Does this look as if the

Indians were "incapable of being trained to the functions of civil life?"

How bright stands out the Indians' present against the dark background of the past! Now 12,000 Indian children, exclusive of the five civilized tribes of Indian Territory, daily enjoy the privileges of the common school. Now, the Indian farmer goes forth to sow and reap, while his wife remains at home,—the opposite of past custom. Now, numbers of the Indians are possessing their lands in severalty, and little by little the hold of the "tribal relation" is being relaxed and the home, that sacred foundation of civilized society, taking its place. It is merely a question of time and patience; most Indians are ready for, aye, begging for, the opportunities of civilization.

The character of the Indian has been greatly misrepresented. There are in him many traits which should be acknowledged and cultivated. His devotion to what he thinks the cardinal virtues, no other people have ever shown. The christian martyr, with a steadfast trust in God, has gone calmly to the stake; but the North American Indian has endured the torture of the flames without the solace of the gospels. Civilized nations inspired by strains of martial music have faced the cannon's mouth; but the "warrior of the forest" needs not the drum and fife to inspire his brave heart.

The Indian has been called cruel and brutal. But his slaughter of captives is owing to his superstition; the manes of friends who have been slain in battle cannot rest in their eternal habitation unless soothed by the blood of their foes. And what Indian would permit the spirits of his friends to wander eternally, by omitting this sacred duty? He does not commit the sacrifice from the love of butchery; it is rather a pious duty.

To every careful and unprejudiced observer there appears beneath the Indian's cloak of stoicism, a warm, generous heart. A chief once pathetically said, "I appeal to any white man if he ever entered Logan's cabin hungry, and he gave him not to eat; if he came cold and naked, and he clothed him not." Here in a savage breast is a spark of that virtue which in the terms of Christianity we call brotherly love.

But has the Indian no faults? Yes, he is far from the ideal. Mistaken in his belief in the true god, wrong in his ideas of the social duties of life, doubly wrong in his conception of death and the future life, he yet commends himself to the "best sensibilities of the human heart, by the strong exhibition of those ties which bind father to his children," a whole forest of communities in the firm bonds of brotherhood. He tarries with affection, but in helpless ignorance, about the death bed of his friends; and his memory of the dead ends only with life itself. No costly monument marks his resting place, but he goes to the spot in silent solemnity. God has placed in his heart notions and feelings which only need to be guided and directed to reach noble ends. He is a brother; erring and benighted, indeed, in his ways, but nevertheless a brother.

What nobler achievement can crown the work of the nineteenth century than the restoration of this race to the paths of industry, virtue, progress!

ALBERT WALDO CROCKETT.

NIGHT ON THE HARBOR.

First Prize Poem.

Moored in the harbor near the quiet shore,
Whose woody banks loom up a mass of shades,
While here and there from nestled cottage stream
Rich, radient beams of light that quivering come
To me along the tide, but gently rocked
Upon the sluggish wave, the day's course run,
Alone I love to linger on the deck
Till fades away the burning crimson from
The west and on the tired world deep sleep
Descends. The long, full swell that from the sea

All day has troubled these calm waters now
Is gone. The ebbing tide just laps the bows
And slips astern in silence and is lost
In darkness. And the cordage now hangs loose,
That all the day the fresh'ning wing did strain,
And from its tightened strands shrill music drew.
But now 'tis quiet night. No movement sways
The idle pennant, save the gentle breath
That from the land the pleasant sound doth bring
Of distant voices coming toward the shore.
At last they reach the strand, and, all unseen,
They stand and chat and laugh while one casts loose
The waiting skiff, and one throws in the oars—
But even that harsh sound the darkness and
The distance into mellow music turn—
But now afloat, the measured dip and roll
Of oars against the thole, blend pleasantly
With merry laugh and snatches of sweet song,
Yet slowly, slowly now they die away.
  Hark! In the darkness list that plashing sound,
That grows and grows, and dies to grow again.
Some vessel working with the scanty breaths
Against the tide to reach her anchorage.
At last with heavy splash the anchor seeks
The sands. And now the dully clicking blocks
Release the idle sails which hurry to
The deck. The clatter of the seamen's boots
And shouted order both are heard. Though hid
From sight I almost see the work upon
The ship: the weary hands, with all the haste
They may, furl up the sails, set out the lights,
And place the watch, then hasten down below
Where well-earned rest awaits them. Still throughout
The quiet hours of the summer night,
The prow scarce parts the sluggish tide but swings
Around in vague unrest and now and then,
With dull impatience, like a tethered beast,
It slowly tugs its linked cable taut.

The nervous strokes of some ship's bell proclaim
The lateness of the hour. The evening mist
Is rising, too, and reaches higher up
Its clammy hands to blot the brightness from
The starry sky. The lights upon the shore
In turn go out. A lonely owl calls
In plaintive note, or from some barnyard comes
The distant crowing of a startled cock.
But silence quickly settles down again,
And quiet night her soothing hand doth lay
On land and sea—the conqueror of day.

GREEK, ROMAN, AND CHRISTIAN IDEALS OF EDUCATION.

First Prize Essay.

To pour into the mind a given amount of information is not education. Education rather includes all those processes which draw out and develop the intellectual faculties, so that they are capable of acting vigorously and intelligently upon any subjects or problems that may be presented. The degree to which these processes have been carried mark the steps of the advance of civilization. In the childhood of humanity, nature had the preponderance over mind, and life was a struggle to supply physical wants. But civilization reached a more advanced stage, when mind was developed and rose superior to nature, making her its servant instead of mistress. It was enough for the Persian youth to be taught riding and archery. But the Greek was not limited to these accomplishments only; he found time to impress himself upon nature, elaborating her inexhaustable supply of beauty. To the Indian in his canoe the Merrimac was an easy route to the sea, but the Yankee has bound it to the wheel, thereby to spin his thread and weave his cloth.

To the Greeks we must give the credit of having discovered the capacities of the mind. And they seem to have been so much delighted with their discovery, that they lost sight of its true end in their attempt to develop it with all conceivable perfection and beauty. The Greek knew that he had a soul and an intellect within him. He could distinguish the right from the wrong, the beautiful from the ugly. He was not only able to carry in his mind images of the impressions of nature, but he could form new and ideal images, and was conscious that this power belonged to himself. Nor did he stop with imagination. He was impelled to express his ideals eternally. He must paint them out on canvas, hew them in wondrous reality from solid marble, and erect them aloft in the form of massive temples. The Greek became a social being because it would lead him to the highest degree of elegance and ideal culture. He had no particular reverence for humanity as such, if only his own joyous Greek life could blossom in all its native beauty. His ideal of a man was a brilliant citizen. He must be developed in his physical energies, and instructed in the arts of music, poetry, and rhetoric, so that he might have the power to impel, to persuade, or to vanquish. His self-consciousness led him beyond the mere creations of poetry and art, to a system of ethics, as a practical science of life.

But when Greece had at length reached the highest grade of civilization which had been appointed for her to develop, another powerful nation grew up beside her, which was destined to become the mistress of the world. A nation founded upon a basis of practical intelligence, exhibiting a strength of purpose, a firmness of character, and an accumulation of power over mankind, which have never been equaled. In Greece everything was estimated with reference to the culture of the individual; in Rome utility was the main object of all education. The Greek studied mathematics as a means of mental improvement, the Roman, solely for practical purposes in warfare or commerce. While Greece sacrificed all for the individual, Rome sacrificed the individual for the state. So great regard had the Romans for the success of the state, and so clear an understanding of all questions of administration, that Roman law has ever since been the foundation of the science of government.

Although licentiousness had long been gnawing at the vitals of the Roman state, yet, even before she had begun to decline, Christ had already set forth those principles upon which alone it was possible for a state to stand, or a glorious civilization to build. Rome did not heed. Upon her ruins Christianity built.

Twelve centuries advanced; and the Reformation brought to light the great principles that all human truth must depend ultimately upon the acknowledged competency of the faculties of the human minds; and that the responsibility for every man's faith and practice must rest in the end upon the individual himself. It is not enough that men have been led by authority into the right, it must have been their choice. And with the universal exercise of private judgment follows the doctrine of universal education for those who are to employ it. Christianity is offering education to the whole mass of society, from the highest to the lowest. It combines the Greek and Roman ideals of education without sacrificing the essential truths of either; making both a strong system of government and a highly refined society. Our railroads and telegraphs, our schools and churches, our masters in every department of science, literature, and art proclaim that christian civilization is more than worthy to be compared with that of any age since the foundation of the world.

W. Banton.

THE INFLUENCE OF ENVIRONMENT.

Third Editor.

There is a common saying that circumstances make men. And true it is that the destinies of men are shaped, largely, by their surroundings.

But to the more careful observer, to one who seeks for the true inwardness of things, it will be evident that far more often it is true that men make their circumstances, and that there are few, whose positions in life have not been largely determined by themselves.

Still, circumstances do extend their influence over individuals, families and nations. They can be seen everywhere determining pursuits and accomplishments, moulding the language, thoughts and even character of nations.

Nowhere do we find so marked an example of this, as in ancient Greece. In what is left to us of the productions of that country, abounding in myth and fable, noble for its patriotism, rich in masterpieces of genius, in literature and art, can be traced directly, the influence of the Grecian scenery and the congeniality of the Grecian climate. The beauty of the verdant valleys, the granduer of the rugged mountains, Olympus itself, mysterious and cloud-capped,—must have influenced the Greek very much, in forming his ideals and his religion.

His reason taught the Greek that underlying all nature, there was a divine power ; so that in his search after truth, he fashioned for every fount and stream in his beloved country, a protecting deity. He thought of the rugged, pine-clad Parnassus as being the abode of Apollo and the Muses, and its dens and caverns as the retreats of the Satyrs.

Again the influence of surroundings can be clearly traced in the various dialects of Greece. The stern Dorians coming down from the North are haughty and conservative, and preserve the harshness of their language. The dialect of the Ionians in harmony with the enervating climate of their Asiatic home, assumes an easy and graceful flow, approaching even effeminacy. While the Athenians, by their pleasing combination of firmness and grace, bring the language of Greece to its perfection.

The country of the Greeks, intersected with lofty mountain ranges, favored individualism, independence, and an ardent love of liberty. In strong contrast with this was Persia, a country almost entirely level, which could be quickly traversed by an army, and consequently produced a nation of cowards and slaves to power, never knowing the love of liberty.

While therefore Greece was reaching the highest point of development and culture, Persia remained ignorant and barbarous to the last.

The influence of surroundings is manifest also in literature. We see it clearly defined, whether it is in Homer's majestic verse, in the sensitive touch of Sappho's pen, in Virgil's grand lay, or in Livy's pictured history.

It is the same in the works of modern writers. Robert Burns could never have expressed in verses of such rare beauty and humor, the feelings and passions of men, unless his early years had been spent in the simple, rural life among the Scottish hills. It was the influence of this Scotch rural life which produced such men as Sir Walter Scott and Thomas Carlyle. It was under the mild and genial influence of an Italian sky, that Dante wrote his musical verse, and dreamed his dismal "Inferno."

Most of our great American authors were born in the humble circumstances of rural life. And traces of those surroundings appear all through their writings. The quiet farm-life of Whittier, the seaside homes of Prescott and Hawthorne, the residence of Washington Irving on the picturesque Hudson, are unmistakably reflected in what they wrote. Local influences, whether they be favorable or not, have the same all-pervading influence upon our own lives and opinions. The difference between a man who is successful and one who is not, is, oftentimes, simply that one has made his circumstances, the other has been made by them. While some surmount their difficulties, others yield to them ; while some work their way to the desired end, in spite of surroundings, others give up and call it fate.

Let every one, then be guided by his circumstances, but not led by them; still remembering, however, that,—

> "There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
> Rough hew them how we may."

G. H. D., Jr.

SAINT AUGUSTINE.

Second Means Prize Essay (Poem).

In fair Italia, where the Lombard plain
Lies with its fruitful valleys, and the Po,
Stretching afar its liquid arms, seems loathe
To leave this land made fertile by its waves,
Stood ancient Milan—proud abode of kings—
Far from the turmoil of the city's din,
Upon the river's bank, where all around
All nature, mantled in her robes of green,
Displayed with lavish hand her bounteous gifts.
There lay beneath the grateful shade a man
With doubt and trouble written on his face.—
Augustine, learned in all the lore of Rome,
Hopeless he moans, and cries in deep despair:
"O Truth, from me no longer hide thy face!
Through human wisdom thee I vainly seek!
Man's spirit soars aloft in glorious flight,
But satisfieth not my soul's desire."
As thus his heart poured forth this bitter cry,
Wafted upon the summer's breeze, he hears
A child's sweet voice singing a simple song:
"Take up and read, take up and read." And then
Augustine from the ground the parchment caught,
And, as the page with eager glance he scans,
Light bursts upon that soul with doubts oppressed.

And now with happy heart he turns his steps
To where, amid its wealth of foliage, stands
An humble church in which at eventide
His saintly mother spends the hour of prayer.
Her gentle voice imploring heaven he hears:
" O God, give heed unto my prayer," she cries.
" Fill with thy light of love my son's proud heart.
Shall not a mother's prayer, a mother's tears
Avail with thee, O God! O answer now!
O take me not away until my eyes
Shall see the longing of my soul fulfilled."
She paused, and Augustine in rapture cried;
" Thy prayer is answered, mother, Christ has won.
God's love has swept away those blinding doubts
With which alone my soul once vainly strove."
The mother's joy, as had her grief before,
Now finds relief in floods of happy tears.
Her face seems radiant with a heavenly light.
And from the setting sun the latest ray
Lingers about them as they kneel in prayer.

* * * * * *

The scene is changed: 'Tis Easter, and the earth,
As though just fashioned by the hand of God,
In robes of beauty smiles beneath the dawn:
And, as Aurora from the rosy East
Appears in golden car, the gilded domes
Gleam with the brightness of her morning beams.
Now to St. Ambrose' church a ceaseless throng
With floral offerings hasten on their way,
To celebrate the rising of our Lord,
And hear the baptismal vows of Augustine.
Now up the spacious aisle with stately step
He and the good Saint Ambrose pass along.
Nothing of mortal form they see or hear;
With eyes upraised they seem to see God's throne,
And catch the strain celestial beings sing,
For from their lips inspired gushed forth that song,—

The grand " Te Deum," holy song of praise.

* * * * * *

Again the picture turns before our view :
At Ostia, where the Tiber's yellow flood
Through two-fold months finds passage to the sea,
Is Augustine, preparing to set sail
Unto Numidia and the Afric church.
But grief awaits him: death with stern decree
Summons away his mother, dear as life.
Briefly she speaks farewell : " Grieve not for this,—
That I am passing to my heavenly home !
My spirit seems to see the Christ of love
Gazing with tender glance upon me here ;
I hear the silvery songs by angels sung ;
My spirit longs to leave its house of clay !
Of me the world has now no longer need ;
My work is done, my happiness complete."
Thus closed that life so beautiful and pure.
And ever, through all time, her wondrous faith
Shall comfort many a mother's aching heart.

* * * * * *

Time flies on tireless wings ; and Augustine
Now lies awaiting death ; but not in peace,
For war with cruel hand had scourged the land,
Each morning ushers in the maddening strife ;
Each evening closes on a gory field.
And bitter wailing rises to the skies
From Hippo, mourning for her slaughtered sons.
" O God," he cries, " my day of life is o'er,
The setting sun is darkened by the clouds
Of cruel war ! O take thy servant home
Unto thy blest abodes of endless peace."
Thus parted to his rest that noble soul ;
Not in the arms peace departed he :
Mid storm, mid strife, mid thundering clang of war
Unto the silent land his spirit passed.

Samuel C. Lawrence.

THE USES AND ABUSES OF THE PARDONING POWER.

Third Means Prize Essay.

It is absolutely necessary that there should be some fundamental principles guiding and controlling the various and apparently conflicting activities of nature and society. These principles are called laws. In nature all things are passively obedient to physical laws, because there is neither the power nor the capacity of choice; but in the social and moral spheres, there is no such blind obedience, since to man is given the power and liberty of choice; he can elect for himself when he will, and when he will not, obey. If he chooses obedience, he finds himself allied with the power behind the law,—with the author of law. But if he chooses disobedience, he finds that penalty or the unavoidable result of broken law, has already begun to do its work. Thus does obedience to law lie at the very foundation of physical, social and moral order.

There is nothing more important, either for man or for nature, than adherence to law; and this not simply from fear of consequences, but rather because its roots run as deep and as wide as eternal truth, and lead up to a fruitage of glorious and immortal beauty. By following the precepts of law, man lives; by observing its requirements families, communities and nations dwell together in peace and prosperity. Now since law is so all important, since the welfare of the world depends upon the fulfillment of its demands, all things should be subservient to it, as the means by which alone order and progress may be guaranteed. Equally important is justice, the vindicator of law. Justice from above comes sure and swift; justice through human agencies is exactly as important although not so sure; and though the perpetrator of a crime may escape conviction, still the divine judgment rests upon him and he is miserable in life and in thought.

Society is made up of men with various temperaments, who are actuated by vastly differing principles. These differences naturally come into conflict, and it was necessary, therefore, that, in addition to natural laws, men should make for themselves such regulations as would protect the order and safety of communities. But in order to enforce these laws, some form of government had to be established, with power to arrest, convict and to assign penalties to offenders against the common good.

But to judge a man correctly, all his motives and circumstances must be known. No mortal man can judge another exactly, since there is only One who can read all our thoughts and purposes, or fully understand all our surroundings. Since man is hedged about with such limitations, while endeavoring to administer justice fairly, he may in reality too severely condemn one who is either comparatively or absolutely guiltless. This possibility has always been recognized, and consequently by common consent there has been vested in some duly authorized person, the power of setting aside the judgments of every ordinary tribunal and of granting full or partial pardon whenever it might seem consistent with the public welfare, and necessary for it. This is called the pardoning power.

This power is used aright, then, only when employed in the furtherance of justice. Since it is impossible to prescribe a penalty for a crime which shall fit every case, there is quite a margin left to the discretion of the judge. Circumstances so alter cases that, while one criminal merits the severest punishment, another having committed apparently the same transgression deserves a much more lenient sentence. Ignorant of extenuating facts, a judge may not give a decision strictly according to the offender's deserts; or a man may be unjustly convicted. In these cases, recourse to the pardoning power is right and necessary; for by thus appealing to equity, unjust decisions may be corrected, and the real end of law attained:

for the original purpose of law is the reign of order and of right.

Of course this power to pardon may be abused. And it is abused whenever it is employed for gaining influence, for making political capital, and for furthering one's private interests or pleasure in any way. To do this is to strike a blow at the very foundations of social and national existence; to endanger our safety as individuals, as communities, as states; to give strength and momentum to that feeling of discontent and anarchy, which to-day exists among a certain class of people in a more alarming degree than at any previous time in our national history.

Finally, appeal may be properly made to the authority of God himself, who, because He is as wise as He is just, pardons those whom pardon will save as readily as he executes the law against the impenitent or the incorrigible. Therefore, though the severity of the law's decrees may be mitigated, justice must not be tampered with. "Fiat justitia, ruat cælum."

S. C. Mead.

MUSIC.

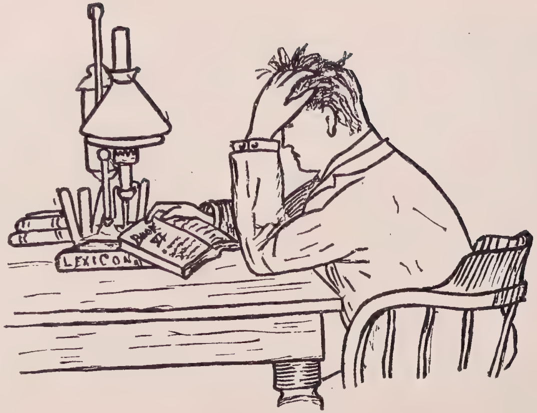
The term music is restricted to the art, which, by the modulation, succession and combination of sounds, seeks to imitate nature, and to affect the soul with every emotion of which it is capable. We daily perceive, in common life, the germs from which it grew up. Nature seems to have established an intimate connection between the emotions and the sense of hearing. Of the two higher senses, sight and hearing, the power seems to belong more particularly to the understanding. We owe to the eye, and the images which it presents, most of our general notions and ideas; while the ear appears to be more intimately connected with the feelings. Feeling expresses itself most readily in tones. Fear, joy, anger, have each a peculiar sound, understood by all human beings. Every musical production, to deserve the name, must be expressive of emotions, and, through them, of ideas. But though music exists wherever the human species are found, it does not follow that every good piece of music must please all men alike, or be understood by all alike; for music is an art, requiring cultivation of both mind and heart to appreciate it fully. Still, however, good music is generally enjoyed more universally than good performances in other arts.

Insensibility to music may generally be referred to a defective organization in the sense of hearing; but the whole nature of some men is probably much better fitted, than that of others, to enable them to receive pleasure from it. But a full appreciation of melody and rhythm may exist where the faculty of understanding complicated harmonies, is wanting; for Pope, Dr. Johnson, Sir Walter Scott, and Lord Byron, while they could not comprehend the mixed character of modern music, yet they were highly susceptible to rhythm and simple melody.

The effects of music are sometimes said to be merely sensual. It is addressed to the ear, indeed; but all influences from without are conveyed through the medium of the senses; and the tones of music often speak a language conveying more than any words. It will hardly be pretended that feelings which cannot be expressed in words are necessarily of a lower order than those which can be so expressed. The most elevated emotions are beyond the power of language. Nothing is merely sensual which makes a lasting impression upon the soul; and the one who denies such a power to music, has not heard the best strains, or has not the capacity to appreciate them.

From the period when the simple shepherds of old, heard with wonder and admiration the rude melodies which some pastoral swain drew from the panpipe, to our own time marked by the immortal symphonies of Beethoven and the harmonies of Mendelssohn, the power of music has manifested itself; and it will continue to do so as long as man has a capacity for any spiritual enjoyment.

Second Editor.



SENIOR AS RICHARD III.

"A HORSE! A HORSE! A KINGDOM FOR A HORSE!!"

ATHLETICS.

The Phillips Academy Boat Club has without doubt become a permanent feature in athletics at Andover. The zeal of the boating men, and the support of the school at large, which has been most hearty, has accomplished this result; and the time is at hand when many interesting racing events upon the Merrimack may be expected. The generosity of Yale, which has presented the club with two eight-oared shells, is sincerely appreciated; and it is confidently affirmed that an ample return will be made by the practised oarsmen which Phillips will send to uphold the boating standard of that college. Yale will not repent of the investment.

The P. A. boat club is installed in pleasant and commodious quarters at the boat house of the Lawrence Canoe Club, the courtesy of whose members has won the appreciation of the crew and the school. The crew has worked with a will thus far, the fellows devoting much of their time to regular practice; and under the efficient training of Mr. Scoville we may soon expect to have a crew which will compare favorably with any of its grade which it may encounter in a race. The men will not only have an elementary knowledge of rowing, but also a supply of muscle in the right place, and staying qualities which will gain them prompt recognition by the boating department of their college.

The games which the nine have played this spring have been more interesting than those of former years, in that the opposing clubs have, on the whole, been of greater excellence. But, notwithstanding this, the success of the nine has been almost complete. The defeat of the Lawrence League Club showed of what our players were capable. No such victory as this was achieved by the nine of last year; from which it is evident that the committee, consisting of Messrs. Knowlton, Johnson and Brainard, made their choice with commendable discretion. There has been a noticeable increase in the batting record of some of the players, owing, no doubt, to the practice before the screen. The zeal of Captain Knowlton in the best interests of the nine, as well as his own superb playing, deserves the highest praise of the school. All the men have played, with some exceptions, an excellent game. The fielding of Perry and Grimes is worthy of favorable mention; and it is the general opinion that Johnson has covered second base more acceptably than it has been done for years; while McNeil has played his usual strong game at third.

Although it is not our wish to express too sanguine hopes in regard to the Exeter game, or an undue confidence in the ability of our nine, nevertheless, we feel assured that the honor of the school is safe in their hands.

The following are the scores of the games which have been played up to the time of our going to press:—

PHILLIPS.

	AB	R	B	TB	PO	A	E
Luce, *s, s.*	4	1	0	0	5	6	2
Aldrich, *p.*	4	0	0	0	0	2	2
Johnson, *2b.*	4	1	0	0	4	1	1
Knowlton, *c.*	3	3	1	1	3	2	1
McNeil, *3b.*	4	0	2	2	3	4	2
Grimes, *r. f.*	4	0	0	0	0	0	1
Flemming, *c. f.*	4	0	0	0	1	0	0
Brainard, *1b.*	4	0	1	1	9	0	2
Perry, *l. f.*	4	1	1	1	3	0	0
Totals,	35	6	5	5	27	15	11

LAWRENCE.

	AB	R	B	TB	PO	A	E
O'Connell, *1b.*	5	1	0	0	13	0	2
Burns, *c.*	5	1	1	1	4	1	8
Kiley, *c. f.*	4	1	1	1	0	4	1
Beecher, *r. f.*	4	0	0	0	3	0	1
Leahy, *p.*	3	0	0	0	0	6	1
Burke, *l. f*	4	1	0	0	3	1	0
Donnel, *3b.*	4	0	0	0	2	2	0
Cox, *s. s.*	4	1	1	1	0	2	0
Pettee, *2b.*	4	0	1	1	2	1	0
Totals,	37	5	4	4	27	17	13

PHILLIPS.

	AB	R	B	TB	PO	A	E
Luce, *s. s.*	7	2	3	3	0	2	0
Aldrich, *p.*	6	2	1	2	1	16	1
Johnson, *2b.*	6	3	1	1	0	2	2
Knowlton, *c.*	6	3	4	4	15	0	1
McNeil, *3b.*	5	3	1	1	0	2	1
Grimes, *r. f.*	6	2	2	2	0	0	0
Flemming, *c. f.*	6	1	1	2	0	0	0
Brainard, *1b.*	6	4	3	3	10	0	1
Perry, *l. f.*	6	2	1	1	1	0	1
Totals,	54	22	17	19	27	22	7

PURITANS.

	AB	R	B	TB	PO	A	E
Howe, *2b,*	5	1	0	0	1	7	2
Welsh, *3b.*	4	1	2	2	2	0	0
G. Haughton, *c.*	4	0	2	4	4	2	12
Beals, *1b.*	4	0	0	0	15	0	2
Sawyer, *s. s.*	4	0	0	0	3	2	2
L. Haughton, *c. f.*	4	0	0	0	0	0	0
Presby, *l. f.*	4	0	1	1	0	0	1
Luce, *p.*	4	0	0	0	0	6	6
Bond, *r. f.*	4	0	0	0	2	0	4
Totals,	37	2	5	7	27	17	29

PHILLIPS.

	AB	R	B	TB	PO	A	E
Luce, *s. s.*	2	2	0	0	1	2	0
Aldrich, *p.*	5	1	1	2	2	9	0
Johnson, *2b.*	5	3	2	3	3	0	0
Knowlton, *c.*	5	0	0	0	9	6	0
McNeil, *3b.*	5	1	1	0	0	1	0
Grimes, *r. f.*	5	3	1	3	0	0	0
Flemming, *c. f.*	5	2	1	3	3	0	0
Brainard, *1b.*	5	1	3	3	9	0	0
Perry, *l. f.*	4	0	0	0	0	0	0
Totals,	41	13	9	15	27	19	0

MERRIMACKS.

	AB	R	B	TB	PO	A	E
Barry, *s. s.*	4	0	2	2	1	1	1
C. Godfrey, *l. f.*	4	0	0	0	0	0	1
Adams, *3b.*	4	0	1	1	1	0	2
Murphy, *c.*	4	0	0	0	6	4	8
J. Godfrey, *c. f.*	3	0	0	0	2	0	1
Hardee, *1b.*	3	0	0	0	10	0	1
G. Godfrey, *p.*	3	0	0	0	2	6	4
Shaw, *r. f.*	3	0	0	0	1	1	2
Hartigan,	3	0	0	0	4	1	0
Totals,	31	0	3	3	27	13	20

PHILLIPS.

	AB	R	B	TB	PO	A	E
Luce, *s, s.*	3	1	0	0	0	5	0
Aldrich, *p.*	4	0	0	0	0	7	1
Johnson, *2b.*	4	0	0	0	3	2	1
Knowlton, *c.*	4	0	1	1	6	2	1
McNeil, *3b.*	4	2	2	2	2	0	2
Grimes, *r. f.*	4	0	0	0	0	0	0
Flemming, *c. f.*	4	0	0	0	1	0	0
Brainard, *1b.*	4	0	0	0	12	0	2
Perry, *l. f.*	3	0	0	0	0	0	0
Totals,	34	3	3	3	24	16	7

BOSTON COLLEGE.

	AB	R	B	TB	PO	A	E
Kelley, *2b*	4	0	0	0	0	2	2
Sullivan, *s. s.*	4	0	0	0	1	1	1
Shehan, *1b.*	4	0	1	1	10	0	0
McLaughlin, *l. f.*	4	0	0	0	0	0	0
Calnan, *3b.*	4	1	2	2	0	0	0
Kelleher, *r. f.*	4	1	[illegible]	2	0	0	0
Falvey, *c.*	4	1	1	1	14	1	1
Meade, *p.*	4	1	0	0	1	17	0
Hooper, *c f.*	4	0	0	0	1	0	0
Totals,	36	4	6	6	27	21	4

PHILLIPS.

	AB	R	B	TB	PO	A	E
Luce, *s. s.*	6	2	1	1	3	3	1
Aldrich, *p.*	6	1	2	2	0	10	1
Johnson, *2b.*	6	2	1	1	7	0	0
Knowlton, *c.*	6	2	1	1	7	5	1
McNeil, *3b.*	5	4	3	3	1	3	0
Grimes, *r. f.*	6	3	2	3	1	0	0
Flemming, *c. f.*	5	2	1	1	0	0	0
Brainard, *1b.*	5	1	0	0	7	0	1
Perry, *l. f.*	5	1	2	2	1	0	0
Totals,	50	18	13	14	27	21	4

HARVARD '89.

	AB	R	B	TB	PO	A	E
Litchfield, *r. f.*	4	0	0	0	0	0	1
Bingham, *p.*	4	2	1	1	0	10	0
Morgan, *2b,*	1	0	0	0	2	0	2
Weaver, *3b.*	4	0	0	0	1	1	3
Downer, *l. f.*	4	0	1	1	1	5	1
McPherson, *c. f.*	4	0	0	0	2	1	0
Trafford, *1b.*	4	0	0	0	13	0	1
Young, *c.*	4	1	1	2	8	4	3
Clark, *s. s.*	3	0	3	3	0	4	1
Totals,	32	3	6	7	27	25	12

PHILLIPS.

	AB	R	B	TB	PO	A	E
Luce, *s. s.*	6	1	1	1	1	3	1
Aldrich, *p.*	6	2	2	2	0	12	0
Johnson, *2b.*	5	1	1	4	4	3	1
Knowlton, *c.*	5	4	3	3	11	5	2
McNeil, *3b.*	4	2	2	2	0	1	2
Grimes, *r. f.*	5	1	1	3	1	[illegible]	0
Flemming, *c. f.*	5	1	1	1	1	0	0
Brainard, *1b.*	5	2	2	2	9	0	3
Perry, *l. f.*	4	0	[illegible]	0	1	0	0
Totals,	45	12	13	18	27	24	9

BOSTON LATIN SCHOOL.

	AB	R	B	TB	PO	A	E
Wood, *s. s.*	5	1	1	1	3	3	0
Sargent, *1b.*	5	1	1	1	9	0	0
Codman, *l. f.*	4	1	0	0	1	1	1
Bates, *p.*	4	1	1	3	0	4	1
Wells, *3b.*	3	2	0	0	5	1	3
Twombly, *2b.*	4	0	1	1	2	4	0
Quinn, *c. f.*	4	1	1	1	1	0	0
Vila, *c.*	3	0	0	0	4	0	3
Dennison, *r. f.*	4	0	0	0	2	2	0
Totals,	36	7	5	7	27	15	8

PHILLIPS.

	AB	R	B	TB	PO	A	E
Luce, *s. s.*	6	2	2	2	2	0	0
Aldrich, *p.*	6	3	3	3	0	16	0
Johnson, *2b.*	6	0	3	6	3	2	1
Knowlton, *c.*	6	1	1	1	16	3	0
McNeil, *3b.*	5	0	2	2	0	1	0
Grimes, *r. f.*	5	1	1	1	0	1	0
Flemming, *c. f.*	5	2	1	1	0	0	0
Brainard, *1b.*	5	2	4	4	6	0	1
Perry, *l. f.*	4	1	1	2	0	0	0
Totals,	49	12	18	19	27	23	2

CHAPMANS.

	AB	R	B	TB	PO	A	E
Russell, *c. f.*	4	0	0	0	1	0	0
McKie, *3b.*	4	0	0	0	2	1	2
Lakeman, *c.*	4	0	1	2	5	3	1
McClaverty, *2b.*	3	0	0	0	3	2	4
Smith, *1b.*	3	0	1	1	6	1	2
Murphy, *l. f.*	3	0	0	0	3	1	2
Burke, *p.*	3	0	1	1	1	7	1
Gove, *s. s.*	3	0	0	0	3	2	0
Hadley, *r. f.*	3	0	0	0	3	0	0
Totals,	29	0	3	4	27	17	12

In Tennis there has been sharp competition, the Exeter tournament forming the great incentive. The play between Corliss and Breed, to decide the singles was especially interesting; and Breed again proved himself the champion. The sequel showed that his success was not ephemeral.

The following comprise the entries for the singles:—

Corliss vs. Brown,	6-1, 6-1.
McNeil vs. Schultze,	given.
Corliss vs. Seldon,	6-2, 6-3.
Breed vs. Powell,	6-1, 6-3.
Selden vs. Day,	6-1, 6-2.
Ethridge vs. McNeil,	6-1, 2-6, given.
Breed vs Ethridge,	6-4, 5-2.
Breed vs. Corliss,	2-6, 6-3, 6-2.

The contest of Breed and Shaw vs. Corliss and Weed was an exciting feature of the doubles. Breed and Shaw won the first set after hard work, but the next set was more easily secured.

The entries for the doubles were more numerous this year than last, they being as follows:—

Bond and Shaw vs. Ethridge and Hale,	6-2, 6-3.
Corliss and Weed vs. Hamilton and Gorham,	6-1, 6-1.
Selden and Congar vs. Davis and Ames,	6-3, 6-4.
Bradford and Schultze vs. Crofton and Flint,	6-0, 7-9, 6-1.
Shaw and Germer vs. Johnson and Coler,	6-3, 6-4.

Breed and Shaw vs. Selden and Congar,	6-1, 6-2.
Corliss and Weed vs. Day and Germer,	6-0, 6-3.
Bradford and Schultze vs. Shaw and Germer,	3-6, 6-0, 6-6.
Breed and Shaw vs. Shaw and Germer,	6-0, 6-3.
Breed and Shaw vs. Corliss and Weed,	9-7, 6-3.

EDITORS' REVIEW.

1st, ALBERT WALDO CROCKETT,
2nd, GEORGE ROBINSON PHILBROOK, } BOARD OF EDITORS.
4th, GEORGE HENRY DANFORTH,

As the term draws to its close the school looks to the Philomathean Society for the "Mirror" as a result of its literary work for the term. The editors have endeavored to sustain the standard of former issues; but how near we have come to it we leave the reader to decide. It is the opinion of the board that too much space has hitherto been devoted to that which only tickles the fancy for the moment and so we have decreased this matter.

It is with pleasure that the Editors present the result of their labors to the school; and, hoping that the reader will carefully peruse its pages, we submit them to their kind criticism.

The Winter Tournament came off too late to be entered in the last "Mirror." In spite of the rain, there was a large attendance of visitors, including the "Fem. Sems."

The first event was the Middle-Weight Sparring, between O. H. Keep and B. L. Winters. This was a very close contest and ended with Keep as winner.

The next contest, Heavy-Weight Sparring, between D. R. Hanna and E. L. Hamilton, was also very close, and was won by Hamilton.

The Light-Weight Wrestling was won by E. C. Schultze.

The Light-Weight Sparring was won by F. B. Walker.

The Middle-Weight Wrestling was a very interesting event as Clayton, the winner, was much lighter than Winters.

B. S. Coler won the Spring-Board Jump.

The Hitch-and-Kick was won by Brainard.

The Club-Swinging by Sheldon was very remarkable for its grace, and his performance on the Horizontal Bar was excellent.

B. S. Coler won in the Vaulting; and Sheldon with the Rings.

There were five enteries for the Feather-Weight Sparring the prize was given to W. G. Day.

The prize for the Horizontal Bars was awarded to H. W. Hamilton, and the first and second prizes in tumbling to Soverel and Odlin, respectively.

The pleasure of the entertainment was very much increased by some excellent playing by the Orchestra.

We congratulate Mr. Johnson and the other officers of the Athletic Association on their success, and the contestants on the interest they have manifested in these branches of athletics.

Philo. has been well attended this term, there being a quorum at nearly every meeting. At this time of the year, while there is so much going on outside to attract the attention, the literary work of the fellows is generally laid on the shelf. But in spite of this the society has been doing good work.

The declamations have been well learned and well delivered.

The order and good management of the meetings have been well preserved.

We are very sorry that so many of the fellows who attend, continue to leave just before the debate commences. They themselves loose a good deal by this, besides thinning out the house in a way which is not very complimentary to those who are about to take part in the debate.

We hope the fellows will improve in this respect next fall.

By this, they will raise the standard of Philo's literary work, and will develop that interest in the society which is necessary to its welfare and progress.

A few words should be said about one of the most important societies in school, Inquiry. With the approach of warm weather and its attractions, those who have been in the habit of attending regularly have neglected the meetings; but this should not be so. The beauties of the natural world around us should fill us with a desire for worship and bring us into closer communion with the Ruler of the universe. The average attendance this term has been forty-seven; the average number who have taken part, ten.

The teachers of the Academy have manifested quite an interest in its meetings by coming in frequently and giving the students a few words of advice and encouragement. Two chandeliers and two wall lamps have been put in the society's hall, thus adding greatly to the appearance of the room.

On the 16th of March a concert was given in the town hall by the Germania Quartette Concert Company, of Boston, assisted by Miss Emma Hayden Eames, soprano, and Mr. Leopold Lichtenberg. The former is a young and promising singer with a great range of voice, and her charming and graceful manners on the stage together with her sweet and flexible voice did not fail to hold the audience almost breathless. The latter is one of the most renowned violinists of the country, and he completely captivated his audience by his richness and breadth of tone. The rendering of his last piece "Mazurka" by Wienianski, fairly electrified the audience, and the execution was given in a manner worthy of that composer's favorite pupil. In response to a second encore he very fittingly played "St. Patrick's Day," as the following morning ushered in the day of that Saint.

The concert was gotten up at a great financial risk by two students of the Academy with the intention of giving to the people of Andover a first class entertainment and in this respect it was an unparalleled success and we hope that the company will visit Andover next season.

The Williams College Glee Club made its first appearance in Andover on the 13th of April, in the town hall. They gave the finest concert of its character which has been given in

Andover this season. Their selections were very finely rendered, and they introduced many new features into their well chosen selections. We regret to say there was a very small audience; yet we feel confident that should they appear next season, they would have a full house.

The annual competition for the Means prizes occurred on the evening of Tuesday, May 11, in the presence of a large audience assembled in Phillips Academy hall. The essays, of which the best three are reproduced in the foregoing pages, bear very favorably the comparison with similar productions of former years; and they demonstrate that the Academy is capable of literary work of a high order. The delivery was of equal excellence, showing not only the careful training of Prof. Churchill, but also oratorical talent of the speakers themselves. Rev. Luther H. Sheldon, Charles M. Sheldon, B. A., and Samuel V. Cole, M. A., constituted the committee of award.

The following are the subjects of the essays and the names of the competitors:—

1. THE USES AND ABUSES OF THE PARDONING POWER,
   Solomon Cristy Mead. *Third Prize.*
2. AGAINST ODDS,
   James Wilson Grimes.
3. WHAT CONSTITUTES A GREAT NOVELIST?
   Thomas Newton Owen.
4. THE EDUCATED MAN IN BUSINESS,
   Julian Hartridge.
5. AGAINST ODDS,
   Albert Waldo Crockett.
6. WHAT CONSTITUTES A GREAT NOVELIST?
   Arthur Lyman Greene.
7. THE EDUCATED MAN IN BUSINESS,
   Robert Gardner McClung.
8. ST AUGUSTINE,—a Poem,
   Samuel Came Lawrence. *Second Prize.*
9. WHAT CONSTITUTES A GREAT NOVELIST?
   George Henry Hotaling. *First Prize.*
10. TECUMSEH'S SPEECH BEFORE THE BATTLE OF TIPPECANOE,
    George Thwing.

The interest taken in the Boat Crew is clearly shown from the fact that, on the 18th of May, the students gave a benefit in its behalf. It was a concert by the Phillips Orchestra and Quartette, assisted by G. B. Van-Santvoord, flutist. The orchestra should be especially praised for its fine playing, and in fact it has the reputation of being one of the best we have had in school for several years. The flute solo and duett were also very finely rendered. The quartette, from its repeated encores, gave entire satisfaction, and in Mr. Evans possesses a very fine warbler. The banjo duett, by Messers Eyre and Williams, was very finely executed, and they responded to two encores.

Taken as a whole, it shows that there is considerable first-class musical talent in the school.

The occasion of two campus fires during this term, the one by members of P. A. '84, who came here from Boston the day following their reunion, the other by some of the students of the Academy on the evening following our victory over the Lawrence team, gives us an opportunity to express our opinions on this subject.

We admit that there must be some way in which the strong and robust can give vent to their buoyant spirits, and a campus fire properly conducted may be one of them, but stealing private property, pulling down fences, to accomplish such an end, and building it on private grounds, beneath valuable trees, is contrary to all laws of right and order. If the desire for a campus fire must be gratified, why not be straight forward and honest and purchase the materials for the fire. In this way there would be far more enjoyment, and the sentiment of the community would not be down upon it.

We are sorry to say that the competition for prizes offered by the editors for this issue of the Mirror was not as large as for the last term. We can attribute it to no other cause than that during this term school duties are more pressing, but we think more could have used the opportunity for literary improvement.

Messers Sheldon, Torry and Cole, of the Theological Seminary very kindly consented to act as judges, and the editors wish to extend to them their sincere gratitude for their kindness, and the interest they have shown in the Mirror.

In accordance with their judgment, the following prizes have been awarded.

For the best poem to the author of "Night on the Harbor," G. B. Hollister. For best essay to the author of "Greek, Roman and Christian Ideals of Education," W. Banton.

The prize cut was awarded to W. B. Graves, whose production is entitled "Witnessing a Ball Game." The second prize for a cut, "A Senior as Richard III" was also given the same gentleman. We have also made use of a cut by W. N. Fish. We wish to return our thanks to S. C. Lawrence for his contribution "Prometheus" and to all others who have had at heart, the interest of the Mirror.

SEVERAL years ago the need of a reading room in school was felt, and accordingly one was opened in room No. 1, and afterward transferred to Society Hall; but these places were found inconvenient in many respects. After the the new treasurer's building had been completed, last Summer, the old office was moved behind the Academy and fitted up for a wardrobe for the Athletic Association in one department, and for a reading room in the other. There may be found the following papers and magazines:

Yale Record,
Harvard Advocate,
Princetonian,
Yale News,
Brunonian,
Boston Daily Journal,
The Outing,
Cleveland Leader,
London Weekly Times,
Chicago Weekly Tribune,
New York Critic,
Century,
Life,
Daily Crimson,
Yale Courant,
Williams Fortnight,
Amherst Student,
New York Daily Times,
New York Sun,
Springfield Daily Republican,
Literary World,
Harvard Lampoon,
Puck,
London Graphic,
Harper's Weekly,
New York Weekly Graphic,

Harper's Monthly.
Boston Daily Advertiser.
New York Tribune.
Scientific American.
Forest and Stream.
Philadelphia Weekly Press.
Exonian.
Atlantic.
Willistonian.
The State.
The Nation.

We think that a few words about the present condition of reading would be appropriate here. No one will dispute the advantages of such a room when well kept, but we think greater benefits could have been derived from our reading room had more order been observed. It is needless to mention everything in detail, as probably everyone in school is acquainted with the facts.

There are always some who must display a certain amount of rowdyism ; but from such we would ask consideration for the comfort of others, and that they do not make the reading room the centre of their operations. We do not say who is at fault, but next year we hope to see more systematic arrangements.

The German play at the Abbot Academy afforded a very pleasant evening for all present. The German class of Phillips was invited, and nearly all put in an appearance on that evening. After some interesting remarks by Prof. Stein, and needless apologies for his pupils, the performance began.

The first play was from Schiller's famous drama, "Mary, Queen of Scots." The curtain stretched across the upper end of the hall, was drawn back to display the stately form of Queen Elizabeth, looking with scorn upon her proud suppliant, "Mary, Queen of Scots."

The dialogue was spoken with clearness, and excellent foreign accent.

The scene of the second play was a house in Germany. The mother of the family, having left for a stay in the city, has given the housekeeping into the hands of her four daughters. These young ladies, as is often the case, try to manage the household on a new plan, and are severely reprimanded by their mother when she returns to find things in this condition.

In this play also, the acting and speaking were remarkably good. The whole performance was very pleasing, and creditible to all.

We would like to express our thanks to our advertisers, for their patronage, and to say that we have tried to carry out their wishes in every particular. It is with pleasure that we present these to the school, and we hope that the students will patronize them. In doing this they will be sure to get satisfaction, as none but first class firms advertise in our columns.

JOCULARIA.

FIFTY young ladies were made bachelors last week at a Boston college. If this thing continues there will be a shortage in old maids.

EVEN if a boy is always whistling, "I want to be an angel," it is just as well to keep the preserved pears on the top shelf.

"YES," said Miss Penn, "I rejected Mr. Hogg. Nice fellow, but I could not have the announcement of the marriage appear in the papers under the headline, Hogg-Penn.

AN English paper reports that, during recent explorations at Nineveh, a petrified umbrella was found in one of the temples. Near by was the petrified man, who was about to make off with it.

A boy was asked if he ever prayed in church, and answered, "O yes, I always say a prayer like the rest do, just before the sermon begins." "What do you say?" was the inquiry. "Now I lay me down to sleep."

"GEORGE, what does *c-a-t* spell?" "Don't know, sir." "What does your mother keep to catch mice?" "Trap, sir." "No, no; what animal is fond of milk?" "A baby, sir." "You dunce; what was it scratched your sister's face?" "My nails, sir." "I am out of all patience. There, do you see that animal on the fence?" "Yes, sir." "Then tell me what *c-a-t* spells." "Kitten, sir."

She sits beside me in a square old pew;
  Two little gray-gloved hands devoutly held
Her dainty prayer-book and her hymn-book, too.
  Warm sunbeams fell aslant her head's bright gold,
The preacher's words sound very far away,
  The sweet-voiced singers chant unheard by me.
I watch my darling's upward look, and say
  Within myself: "Oh, I would I were like thee!
All else forgot: thy thoughts have flown above;
  Too pure, too high, for earth and such as I."
Just then, with troubled eyes, my little love
  Leaned close and whispered, with a troubled sigh,
"That girl in sealskin just across the aisle,
  Thinks I don't know it's plush! Well I should smile."
—*Omaha Herald.*

ADVANCE SHEETS OF A NEW DICTIONARY.

Absurdity.—Anything advanced by our opponents contrary to our own practice, or above our comprehension.

Advice.—About the only commodity which the world refuses to receive, although it may be had gratis, with special terms to those who take a quantity.

Ambiguity.—A quality deemed essentially necessary in diplomatic writings, acts of Congress, and law proceedings.

Appetite.—A relish bestowed upon the poorer classes that they may like what they eat, while it is seldom enjoyed by the rich, though they may eat what they like.

Bait.—One animal impaled upon a hook, in order to torture a second, for the benefit of a third.

Blushing.—A practice least used by those who have most occasion for it.

Box, Opera.—A small enclosure where the upper classes assemble twice a week for the purpose of hearing each other talk and seeing the music.

Breath.—Air received into the lungs for the purpose of smoking, whistling, etc.

C– –mbs.—A collection of indifferentiated and shapeless gall cells, the function of which, in the economy of nature, microscopists have not been able to determine.

Cottage.—Supposed to be the abode of happiness by all except those who live in it.

Ditch.—A place in which those who have too much wine are apt to take a little water.

Egotism.—Suffering the private I to be too much in the public eye.

Extempore.—A premeditated impromptu.

P. O. D.

On the hill.
Blizzard chill,
Lunar smile
To beguile ;
All things still.

Can there be
Mystery
On this night
Robed in white?
Hush! there might,
P. O. D.

Gravestones tall
Can appall,
But not me.
Still I hear
Verses queer
Of poetry.

Snowdrifts deep
Secrets keep.
Night rolls past,
Day at last.
What care we?
Health to the,
P. O. D.

PHILOLOGY.

BUCOLICA. Farm–r (translating "Sic canibus catulos similis, sic matribus hædos"): "Puppies are like dogs, kids like their matrons."

OLD GREEK LIFE. Prof.: "Jones, speak of the cattle of the Greeks."

Jones: "The most important cattle of that time was the horse."

THE student, who translated as follows, betrayed a high degree of poetic fervor, which was hardly equalled by his grammatical accuracy:

"Audire et videor pios
Errare per lucos amoenæ
Quæ et subeunt et auræ," etc.

"I seem to hear the beautiful winds and waters wandering through the devoted forests,—and there is a zeugma in there too."

Comment by Tutor: "I presume the idea is right, but the interpretation is necessarily wrong."

EPITAPHS.

Here lies my wife; here let her lie;
She's now at rest—and so am I.

At rest beneath this churchyard stone
Lies stingy Jimmy Wyatt;
He died one morning just at ten,
And saved a dinner by it.

THE MIRROR'S GRINDSTONE.

'86. "Farewell at once, for once, for all, and ever."

J–hns–n, S. B. "'Twas for the good of my country that I should go abroad."

C– –mbs. "No really great man ever thought himself so."

W–st, G. S. "What haste looks through his eyes."

C–x, "Who climbs the grammar-tree, distinctly knows
Where noun, and verb, and participle grows."

S–wy–r. "Fashioned so slenderly, young, and so fair."

Ev–ns. "His silver voice is the rich music of a
summer bird
Heard in the still night, with its passionate cadence."

H–nn–. "Blessings on thee, little man,
H–nn– boy, with cheek of tan,
With thy merry whistled tunes,
And thy half-filled pantaloons,
Blessings on thee, little man,
Built upon the flag-pole plan."

C–l–r. "Take the correction mildly, kiss the rod."

Fem. Sems. "Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear."

Orchestra. "This music mads me, let it sound no more,
For though it have helped madmen to their wits,
In me, it seems it will make wise men mad."

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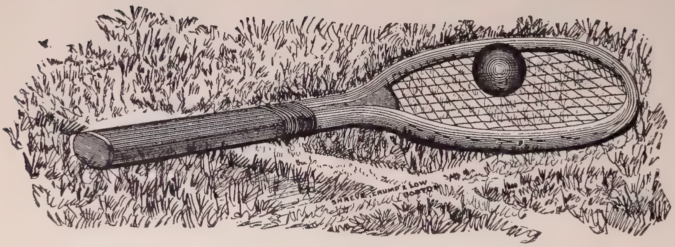

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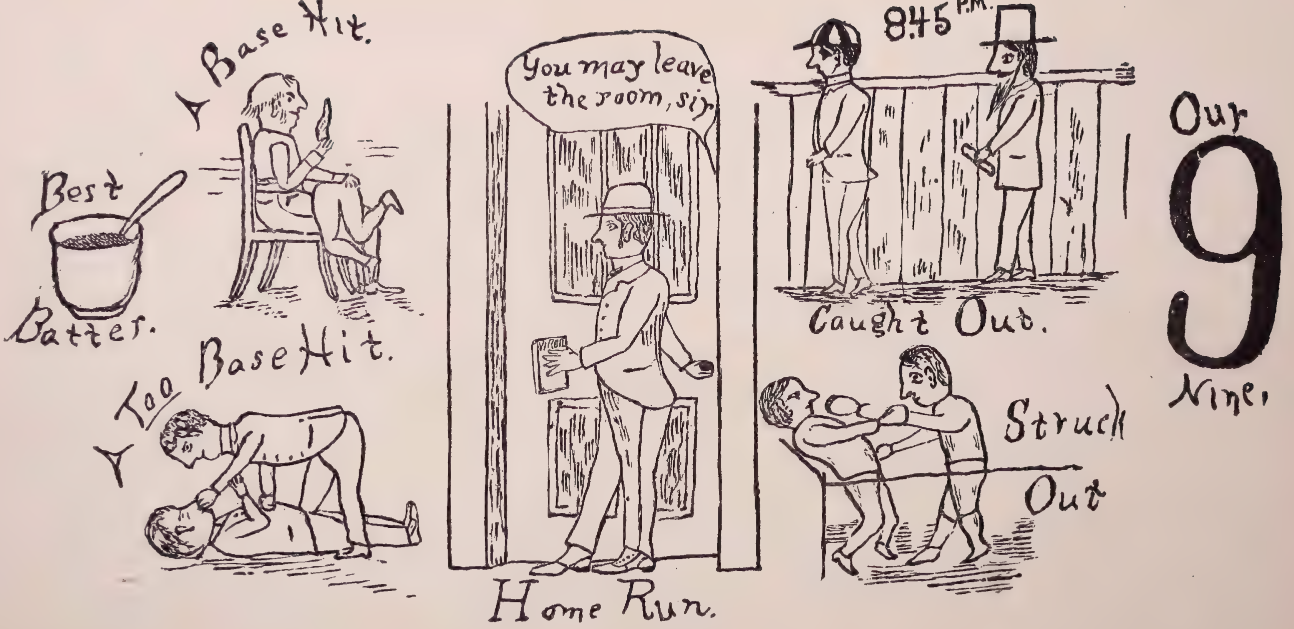
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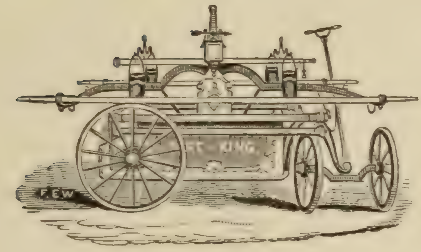

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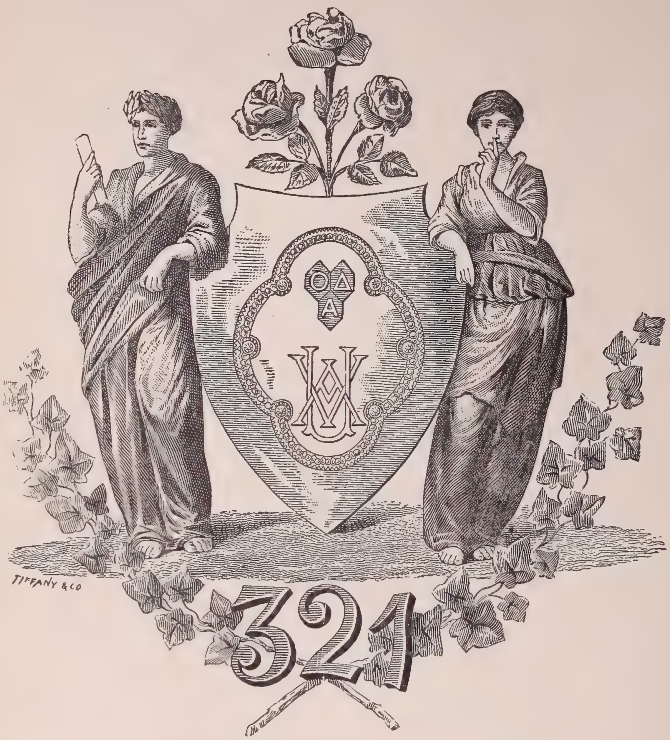
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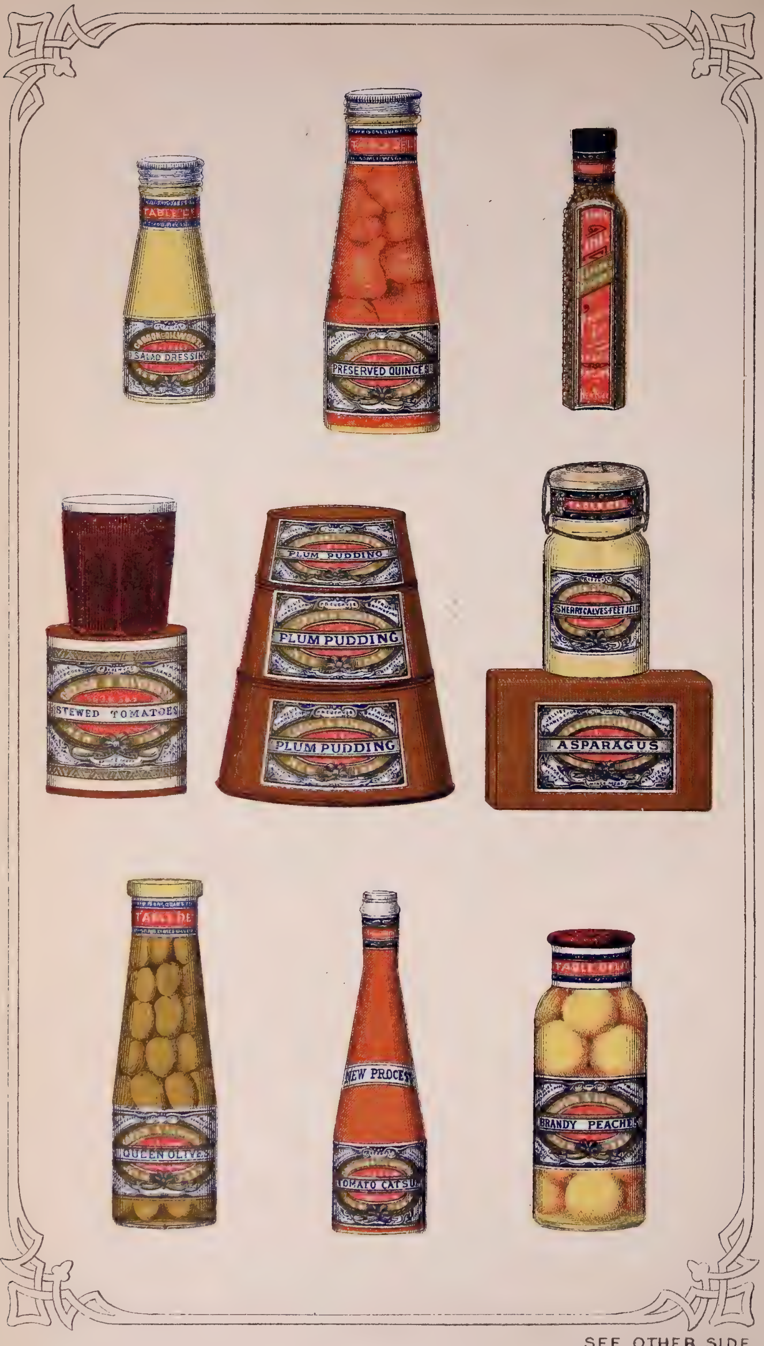
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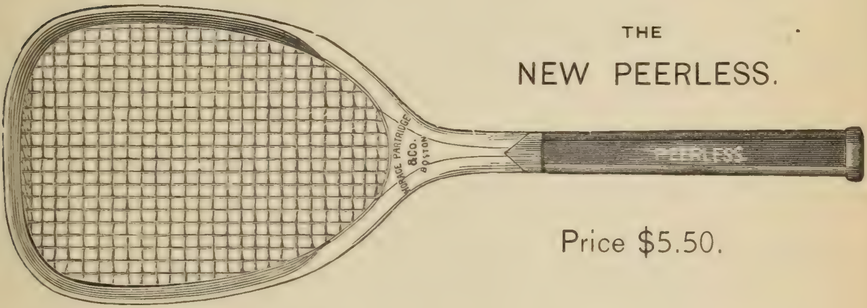

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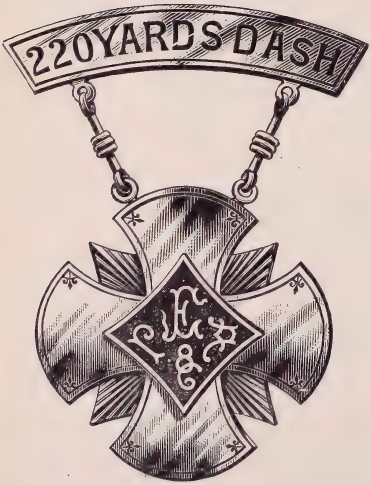

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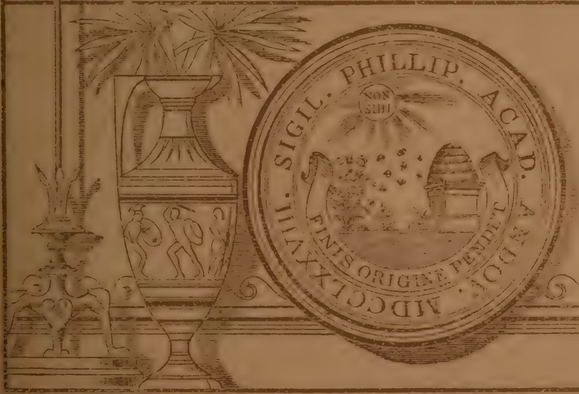
THE PHILO. MIRROR

FALL ◆ TERM ◆ 1886

PUBLISHED BY THE

PHILOMATHEAN SOCIETY

PHILLIPS ACADEMY, ANDOVER.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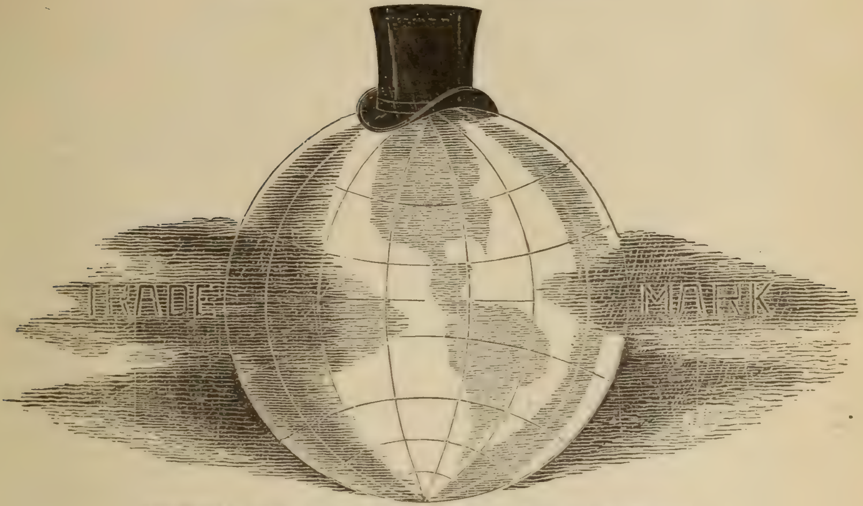

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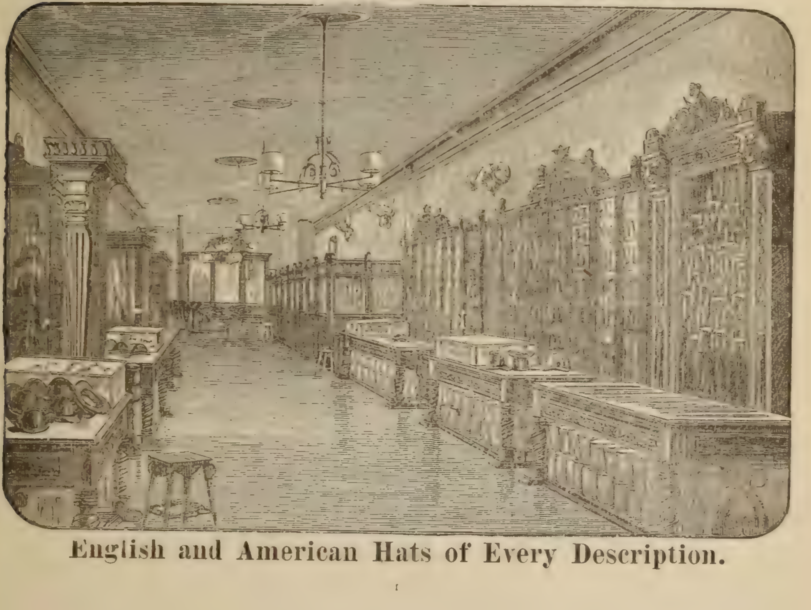

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Andover, September, 1886.

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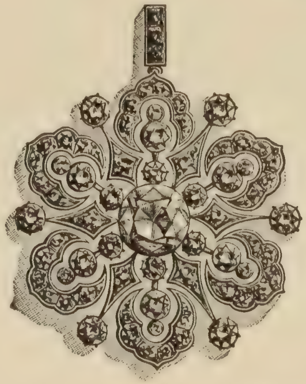

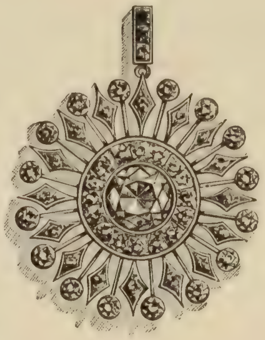

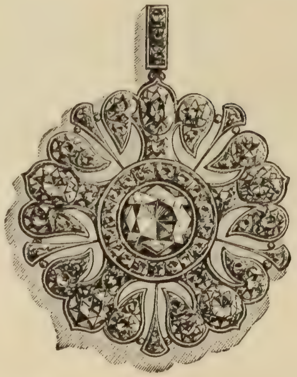

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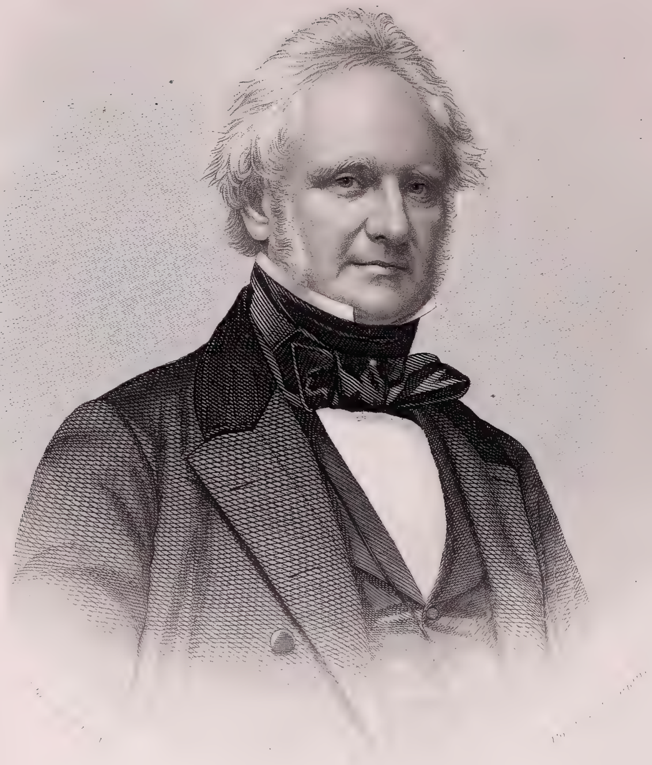

George Peabody

Vol. XXXIII. *No. I.*

Scire est Regere.

THE

PHILO. MIRROR.

DECEMBER, 1886.

◆

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FASHIONABLE CLOTHING

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To the Philomathean Society,

This Volume is sincerely inscribed by the Editors.

THE MIRROR.

Vol. XXXIII. DECEMBER. 1886. No. I.

GEORGE PEABODY.

The frontispiece of this issue of the Philo. Mirror is a steel engraving of the late eminent banker and philanthropist. Mr. George Peabody. of London. who in the year 1865. by the gift of twenty-five thousand dollars. endowed the chair of Natural Sciences in the Academy. which chair was first occupied. and is now occupied by Professor William B. Graves.

It is related that being present as the guest of the trustees at the anniversary. he stood in the trustees' parlor at the Mansion House after dinner. watching the approaching procession of boys, preceded by the brass band. which came to escort the trustees and their friends to the graduation. Moved by the sight of the long line of boys and the martial music. Mr. Peabody exclaimed to Mr. John L. Taylor, the then treasurer. "This is a noble school; I assume that it is well endowed?" To this the treasurer replied. that while the school was better provided for than most similar institutions. there was always room for the wise use of more money. Mr. Peabody inquired what the most pressing need of the school at that time was, and having learned that it was a chair of mathematics. he said he would like to provide for it. and the escort having meantime arrived he went out and joined the procession. It was all done in less time than is required to write it. Mr. Peabody carried out his purpose on his next visit to this country. At first it was called the chair of Mathematics, but soon it was transferred to the department of Natural Sciences, by which designation it is now known.

Mr. Peabody's interest in the Academy rested no doubt primarily on the fact that several of his nephews and other kinsmen had been its pupils. Besides this he had a great interest in the various educational institutions in Essex County, and he has left many memorials of his bounty here, notably in the Peabody Institute in Danvers — his native town — a portion of which when set off as a separate town was honored by being called Peabody. To this institute he gave $250,000, and the magnificent portrait of Queen Victoria which she sent him with an autograph letter at the time when he declined the offer of a baronetcy, which was delicately urged upon him by the government in recognition of his great gift to the poor of London — a gift amounting to more than $3,000,000. He also built a memorial church in Georgetown, and gave large sums to the Peabody Academy of Sciences in Salem and the Library in Newburyport.

In 1856 when the distinguished principal of this academy, Dr. Samuel H. Taylor, visited Europe and the Holy Land, he remained some weeks in London, and Mr. Peabody improved the occasion by giving a dinner in his honor to which were invited many eminent Americans and Englishmen. Mr. Peabody's bachelor dinners were for many years a notable feature of society life in London and did much to conciliate and maintain cordial relations between the two nations, even during the trying days of the civil war. For years he gave an annual banquet on the Fourth of July, the first of which was graced by the presence of the Duke of Wellington.

During the war Mr. Peabody was loyal to the Union, and uniting patriotic motives with business sagacity he purchased largely of American securities, especially in the bonds of the United States and the several states. The rapid appreciation of these investments under the successes of the union armies, and the immediate efforts of the nation, at the close of the war, to pay off its indebtedness, added immensely to his already large estate. Having never been married he resolved, like Judge Phillips, to make posterity his heir. He gave a million of dollars to the Peabody Institute in Baltimore, $150,000 each to Harvard and Yale, and three millions of dollars to trustees for the education of the young people of the south. He acted on his own famous motto — "Education: a debt due from present to future generations."

The poor boy beginning at eleven years of age as a grocer's clerk in a country store, struggling for several years to get employment and make a living, became the prosperous merchant of Baltimore, the rich banker of London, one of the great benefactors of mankind. The greatest of sovereigns called him her friend. Westminster Abbey opened to give him a splendid funeral. A British man-of-war conveyed his body to the shores of his native land, that his ashes might rest with his kindred. He acquired thirteen millions, and of these he gave nine millions in charity and distributed four millions to his relations. Well did Winthrop at his funeral pronounce him the "brave, honest, noble-hearted friend of mankind."

The reasons which he himself assigned for his success are very significant. He was always punctual, always polite and considerate even of the humblest persons with whom he did any business, and always frugal. Millionaire that he was, he lived in a simple, modest way, and he never lavished money on himself. It is said that he went to and from his business in the omnibus, while bankrupt youth swept by in carriages, and he has often been seen standing on the curbstone, waiting for the penny omnibus rather than take the two penny conveyance which was at hand. He was always public-spirited; at his own cost when our government was languid he provided for the exhibition of American industries at the World's Fair of 1851. He lived for forty years in wine-drinking London but he neither drank wine nor used tobacco. At the Danvers reception he said; "Though Providence has granted me an unvaried and unusual success in the pursuit of fortune in other lands, I am still in heart the humble boy, who left yonder unpretending dwelling many years ago. There is not a youth within the sound of my voice whose early opportunities and advantages are not very much greater than were my own, and I have since achieved nothing that is impossible to the most humble boy among you." "Steadfast and undeviating truth, fearless and straightforward integrity, and an honor ever unsullied by an unworthy word or action, make their possessor greater than worldly success or prosperity."

In room No. 5 in the academy is a cast of Powers's bust of Mr. Peabody, and at the head of the main stair-case a large photograph, to which Mr. Peabody added his autograph, They give the impression of a large, erect, kind-hearted man. a man of sincerity, benevolence, and power.

ARGAND.

DECEMBER.

Hail wild December! Welcome to the plain!
How Winter heaps his snow about thy way!
And how the frosty winds make havoc gay
Where forests wear their icy robes again!
From every wayside tree the crystals rain
Their gems upon thee, while the azure day
Pours over thee his beams that dance and play
Like fairies frisking in a golden train.

But stay, there is a sadness mingled here,
There is a minor chord in Winter's song
That knells the death of summer's tender cheer,
And sounds its grief the sighing woods along;
And yet it adds its charm and finds its place,
As pensive thought makes sweet a lovely face.

ERNEST W. SHURTLEFF.

AN INSTANCE OF SUCCESSFUL RECONSTRUCTION.

First Prize Story.

"And this is the South," I exclaimed involuntarily as Uncle George stopped the horses at the top of the hill, and, looking back, I beheld one of the goodliest scenes of any clime—that valley of surpassing beauty, with its fields of different colored grain, its regular forests, and, further to the right, the city built where the river first began to dream of the sea.

"It was from this hill," said my uncle, "that Sherman, in the winter of '64, first looked upon Savannah, and to the impression of perfect peace made at that moment on the rugged warrior, is by some attributed the leniency with which he treated the city."

"I never traverse this road," continued he, as we started on, "without thinking of a story—the story, in fact, of my life, and, as you northern relatives have never heard how I came to settle here, I will tell you the tale as we drive home. It was on the second day after the storming of Fort McAllister, that the company whose surgeon I was, entered Savannah by this very road. When I was about a half-mile beyond that farm-house you see yonder, I came upon a group of soldiers who had stopped a carriage, and were bent on taking it, together with its occupants, along with them. There were two persons in the carriage, but all my attention was fixed on one of them—a boy, a mere child, upon whose face was an expression, not so much of suffering, or the anticipation of it, as of that fearful indifference, which, in so many diseases, is the forerunner of death. I had flung open the carriage door, and was springing in, when I was stopped by the glance of eyes that thrilled and startled me, as a whisper heard in the dark from unknown lips. "He is beyond your help," said she, for the other occupant of the carriage was a woman, "to come near him may be death.' But I had recovered from my inexplicable surprise, and was laying my hand on the boy's forehead. I was indeed alarmed at the intensity of his fever, and was but little surprised to hear his companion say that she thought he had yellow fever. If that was the disease, I knew that he must have already entered upon the thirty-six hours of the forming period. A day, at most, would determine his fate. I asked the young woman to drive to the hospital. Quickly the horses' heads were turned, the soldiers scattering right and left as the supposed name of the disease passed like magic among them. For about an hour she drove rapidly, but before we had arrived at our destination, I began to doubt that the little sufferer had true yellow-fever. In addition to his displaying the torpor like indifference which I have mentioned, his skin, although highly suffused, had not that peculiar, light lemon color which it always assumes in children. The boy, as he himself afterwards told me, was a boot-black of Savannah. What a contrast, then, to turn from his rags and sufferings, to his companion, whose attire, though simple, was faultless, whose vigor seemed that of perfect health, whose rare beauty was a melody of nature! My wonder, that a young woman of her appearance should peril her life for the benefit of such a boy, was heightened by the respect which the matron of the hospital showed her. Further than this, she refused to leave the institution, but insisted on remaining as the boy's nurse. The disease continued with conflicting and more alarming symptoms. At midnight I left him, having given the self-appointed nurse explicit instructions, which were in accordance with the prescribed method of treating yellow fever.

When I sought my patient the next morning, I entered a room so quiet that I thought death must have already visited him. 'Twice in his delirium,' said the nurse, 'he became conscious and begged me for water; twice I refused, in accordance with your instructions; but the thire time I could no longer withstand his entreaties, and gave him all he wished. He is sleeping now.' 'Sleeping,' thought I, 'yes he must be!' Nevertheless, he was not dead, but slept quietly; his fever had decreased, his skin was moist. What a comment was this on the accepted treatment of fevers! His recovery was rapid. Within the next six days, four new cases were brought to the hospital. By arranging their treatment as in the case of the boy, and giving them hot water at the crisis, I brought them safely out of danger. My success was making me famous in a local way, especially, since two cases which were not brought to the hospital, resulted fatally. I had imparted the secret of my success to no one, since I regarded it as a mere experiment. But, alas! the evening of that seventh day found me prostrate with the same disease, and at daylight there began the ferocious whirl and dance of delirium. At about ten that night I came to, only to find strong men holding me, who were, of course, deaf to all entreaties for water. A second and more brief period of consciousness came to me just before daylight. By a sudden and well directed effort, I freed myself, and, leaping from the bed, seized a pitcher near at hand, but even as with anguish, I found it empty; my guards dashed it from my hands and overpowered me. With a despairing wish that she who alone was aware of my new theory of treatment, were present, I felt consciousness leave me. A third and last time I awakened from the demoniacal terrors 'of Namon's Land'—awakened to find an angel holding to my lips the goblet of life; an angel, I call her, for so seemed to me the dark eyed woman who beckoned back my fleeting spirit. I shall always maintain that there is everything in good nursing. How delightful it was to lie and hear my nurse read or tell me a story as though I were a child! But there was one story that she imparted with great reluctance—how she had found the little boot-black trying to open the gate at one of her friends' houses; how, just as she had noticed that he was very ill, she saw her friend hastening to meet her; how she had picked the little fellow up, placed him in the carriage and driven off, leaving her friend, no doubt, much amazed. The remainder of what had happened I knew myself.

In consequence of such good nursing, I was able to be about in a few weeks; and although the frosts of winter had nipped the incipient germs of the plague, I found that people were inclined to show the same confidence in my skill in curing other diseases, which they had begun to manifest in my treatment of the supposed yellow-fever. The war was virtually over; I must needs begin at the bottom to build up a practice, where ever I was. This place was as good as any, and I have found plenty to do; but here we are at home," cried Uncle George merrily, "and that chubby youngster you see hurrying from the style to meet us, is my son." Of course the carriage had to be stopped, and the pillar prospective of the family be lifted to an honored seat, entertaining, no doubt, shrewd speculations as to what was in papa's pockets.

With what pleasure did I for the first time behold a typical southern homestead! the two lofty Lombardy poplars, one on each side of the gate, bowing their stately heads and whispering to each other grave secrets; the clump of purple lilacs on the lawn; the holyhocks proud of their lineage; the house itself, low and irregular, with a veranda running along the south and east sides, and a great hall through the centre. Then there were to be seen the clustered farm buildings, whence came the sounds peculiar to early evening—the lowing of cattle, the cackling of hens, the farewell vaunt of the haughty gobbler, and the shrill voice of the guinea fowl, that luckless auctioneer who forever extolls his wares, and receives not a bid save from an occasional hawk. "This is the land the sun loves best," said Uncle George, interrupting my thoughts, "in ten minutes it will be dark," and he pointed to the fiery orb just sinking below the horizon. As a loving friend who must part from one dear to him, presses the hand, and giving one glance, hastes away, so the sun leaves the South." He now led the way to the library, saying as we walked, "I wish to show you a picture. It is that of the heroine of the little story I have related. None other of her, alas, exists, and you may imagine how I cherish this." He flung wide the blinds, letting in the odor of the lilacs and the radiance of the brief twilight, and as my eyes drank in the surpassing loveliness of the features that looked at me from the canvas, there came to my lips the words of Faustus when he has conjured up Helen of Troy:

> "Oh, thou art fairer than the evening air,
> Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars!"

Some one had noiselessly entered the apartment, and a merry voice behind me cried: "Be careful or you will make my husband jealous by your admiration!" I turned quickly, and, amid uncontrollable laughter from Uncle George over the success of his little plot,

> "Helen made me immortal with a kiss."

EDUCATION.

The subject of education has been so variously treated that a young man when brought to choose for himself, is at his wits end to know what path to take. With the nervous, energetic American there is a constantly increasing tendency to omit the thorough preparation, and take the short cut to fame, and there have been so many self educated men who have won success, and so many college educated men who have failed, that many a successful man, who has not enjoyed the advantages of an education, has become skeptical as it were, and many an educated man has seemed to regret his time spent in acquiring that education. Thus it is that you hear such current expressions from prominent men, which may, and perhaps do in many cases, decide the career of many an ambitious American youth. Charles Francis Adams not long since expressed the opinion that his Latin and Greek were a waste of time. While Andrew Johnson, who was a self educated man and who by his own efforts raised himself to the second place in the nation, thought in his own conceit, that if he could have enjoyed a liberal education he would have obtained world wide fame. On the contrary a prominent business man will tell you that he had rather have one boy with a common school education and sound common sense than ten collegians. Or a prominent lawyer will tell you that there are too many educated fools already. Is it the fault of the education? No: the fault is simply this. Fond parents have a son. The mother thinks he would make a good minister perhaps, and the father wants him to take up his profession of medicine. Of course he is sent to college. He would have perhaps made a good blacksmith or mason. The result is what is commonly called an educated fool. Many a horse goes lame and many a chimney falls simply because the wrong man has got in the wrong place.

Those who believe in an education will differ as to the form. One will urge the study of mathematics and will point it out as one of the factors in Blaine's success as an orator, while another says that Sumner's success as an orator was due to his love for Latin and Greek. Colonel Conway once in lecturing upon Daniel Manning said that a self-educated man was smarter than a college educated man, but immediately added the rather executive statement that he should send his son to college because he was not smart enough without. The Rev. Arthur Little in one of his addresses, in urging a college education said that if the Lord wished to make a squash he took a six months but if he was going to make an oak he took a century. But is not the squash as essential as the oak? If it were not for the oak it is true, many a good ship might go without a mast, but if it were not for the squash, many a good sailor might go with an empty stomach. There are too many squashes in the world trying to be oaks and the result is many a miserable failure. Didn't the apostle Peter perform his work as well as Paul? The Lord does not intimate that he would have performed it any better with the education of Paul. While there is at the present time a great demand for college educated men, yet the man who goes to college simply because he thinks he cannot succeed without and to gain a worthless piece of parchment to take him through life, is like a carriage made to order. Who ever saw a carriage made to order that suited? It is but a clumsy thing at best built upon somebody's whim: while in nine cases out of ten the person would have been better suited had he gone to the shop and taken his pick.

There is a prevailing opinion that the old system of education will be gradually thrown aside and people will confine themselves more to a speciality. This will probably be the case at no distant day, but amidst all of these various opinions the young man should test himself; remembering that success is not in the amount of education but in the man. Col. Higginson in his history of the United States, speaking of Andrew Jackson, says that he was untamed, untrained, but with a vigorous personality. The world wants few Andrew Jackson's. It does want men of Andrew Jackson's personality who makes every thing "sing" for them, but not men who strive to gain this personality by apeing Andrew Jackson. David Crockett, the famous hunter, and senator from Tennessee was a man of sparce education, but of sound common sense, and abundance of wit, and he made everything sing for him. Being persuaded by his friends that he ought to run for senator; he stumped his native state for that office. At one of the places where he spoke they were holding a shooting match, and as Crockett mounted the stump he observed at his side a cage of guineas. Now a guinea makes a peculiar sound and you may put various interpretations upon it. Crockett chose his. Said he, "Even my friends the little guineas say Crockett! Crockett!" and it is needless to say he obtained his election. These are the men whether they be college educated or not that succeed.

A TALE OF A BEAR HUNT.

Second Prize Story.

"Halloo! John where are you bound with that gun over your shoulder, this fine afternoon?"

"Where am I bound, good land! haven't you heard of the excitement yet? Why, a bear was seen last night by Hezekiah's boys, over here in his cow pasture, and the boys ran home, scart half to death, and left the cows in the woods."

"Jerusalem!" said Sam, "you don't say! hold on till I get my gun, and I'll be with you."

John waited, and in a few moments both of them were trudging along in the direction of the woods in which the bear was supposed to have been seen, brave and buoyant, with the full exuberance of animal life flowing through their veins, and conjecturing what they would do when they saw the bear.

Soon they had traversed the distance of about two miles, and were in the very heart of the forest, telling stories, and boasting of their former adventures.

"One evening last year about dusk," said John, "a bear came up to Jones' sheep pen, and the dog made such a racket that the men folks went out to see what was up. They took their guns with them of course, for they never dared to go out without their guns. Then they crept round the barn carefully, and when the bear saw them, he started for the woods. This scart the men half out of their wits, when they saw the bear pass them, and they all shut their eyes and fired, and then ran for the house for all they were worth. Ha! ha! ha! Now if I had been there, Sam, I would have took a good aim and put a bullet through his head.—Hark! what was that noise! hold on, Sam, did you hear that crash?"

"Yes," said Sam, "I heard something, mighty near too."

"Great Gods, Sam, I believe that's the bear, right on to us."

"I guess it is," said Sam, "did you hear that groan? What'll we do, John?"

John had no time to reply, for just then, an unearthly howl proceeded from the dark thickets, where the first noises were heard, which so frightened the courageous hunters, that they ran for their lives, without stopping to investigate the cause of the sound, or looking back to see whether the bear was coming or not.

CHAPTER II.

After Sam and John had gone a little way, Sam, perceiving that John was almost doubling his own speed in their flight, ventured to look back, and saw, instead of a bear, two men, one of them throwing up his hat, and the other rolling in the bushes, both unable to contain themselves on account of laughter. Sam saw through the plot and stopped running. He then shouted at John to hold on, that it was not a bear, but two men. It was of no use, however John apparently heard nothing, and only ran faster than ever until he was out of sight.

Sam, therefore, seeing the two men approaching, waited to see who they might be. He soon recognized their features; it was Henry Wilson and William Smith, the latter a famous bear hunter who was called Bill, and sometimes Buffalo Bill. They had come in by the other road; and when they arrived at the fork of the two roads, they heard John saying what he would have done in similar circumstances, and wishing to test John's fortitude, Bill and Henry concealed themselves behind the roots and earth of a great windfall, and Bill uttered the growl in imitation of a bear, in which Bill was an expert by long practice, with his natural gruff voice, which so terrified John and Sam.

"Halloo Bill — halloo Henry," said Sam as they met, "how came you in here? Was it you who made that confounded noise?"

"Yes," said Bill, "it was me. Ha! ha! ha! We heard John boasting, and we wanted to see what you and him would do when you heard the bear. Ha! ha! ha! butJohn must be home by this time, so you had better come with us Sam. We are going to have that bear before we put up to-night. Besides there's a company of students from Andover out here on our right, with their guns and two good blood hounds. Why you know those fellows we saw day before yesterday down on the square and at first took 'em for dudes, don't you Sam?"

"O yes," said Sam, "John and I saw them."

"Well, these fellows are out here camping. — Listen! hear the hounds, will you? I'll bet they're on his track! Come on, boys, here's fun for us, come on!" said Bill much stimulated with the prospect of finding the bear.

Bill led the way, and Sam brought up the rear less timidly than before, being somewhat encouraged by his brave leader. On they went, over stumps and through bushes, in the direction of the hounds, which were now barking fiercely and seemed to be close at hand, and coming towards them.

Bill was frantic with excitement, and in a few minutes he saw the bear, hotly pursued by the hounds which were worrying him by biting at his heels and then springing back when the bear turned on them.

"Hold on, boys!" said Bill, "here he comes! get your guns ready! don't get nervous! Here he is! all ready now, boys! aim for his heart and mind you don't shoot the dogs!"

Thus speaking all of them discharged their guns, but without very good effect. The bear, enraged by his wounds, rushed upon the hounds. The hounds, growing savage at the sight of blood, encountered the bear, and in an instant later they were rolling upon the leaves in blood and gore. The bear succeeded in getting one of the hounds in his mighty embrace, and hugged him most unmercifully. The dog relinquished his hold and begged for quarter, causing the woods to echo and re-echo with his excruciating yelps. At this moment the other hound seized the bear by the throat with a death like grip, thrusting his ivory teeth through his very windpipe. The bear becoming exhausted from the loss of blood, then relaxed his hold and turned upon his side in the agony of death. As soon as Bill and his companions had reloaded their guns, the bear lay upon the ground lifeless.

At this junction the "Cads" appeared upon the scene, running at full speed, and greatly excited; but just too late to witness the heroism of their hounds. However, they surveyed the arena with much pleasure, and gloated their eyes upon the bear.

It was now getting late, and the "Cads" invited Bill and his comrades to spend the night with them at their tent. They accepted the invitation, and after giving three cheers for Bill and his comrades, three cheers for the hounds, and then the "Long Phillips cheer," they all repaired to the tent, where they spent a very enjoyable evening.

CHAPTER III.

We will now return to John at the place where he got frightened and left Sam.

John had presence of mind only to grasp one thought, and that was, what was the nearest house from that quarter.

As it happened, the nearest house was that of Mr. Fisher, where John was accustomed to visit, not so much for the purpose of hunting a bear, but because he was unable to endure the haunts of Jane, when absent.

At the rate John was running, he soon found himself at Mr. Fisher's house, and Jane rushed to the door to ascertain the cause of his unusual speed and excitement.

"Why John," said Jane, "what's the matter? You are all out of breath, — sweating like a butcher — all tired out — who's hurt?

"No one — no one," said John, recovering himself somewhat as he turned round, and saw neither the bear nor his companion. "Nothing is the matter, Jane, o-n l-y, — well, I'll tell you, Jane, Sam and I were out in the woods hunting this afternoon, and when we got ready to come home, I said to Sam, says I: 'Sam, I'll bet the cigars that I can get out of these woods quicker than you.' Sam took me up, so we went in."

"But where's Sam?" interrupted Jane.

"Sam," replied John looking about, "O he struck for home, when he saw that I was getting the best of him, and as I was pretty hot, I kind of kept up a dog trot for fear I'd catch cold."

"Well, come in, won't you, John? and take tea with us, pa has gone to the city, and ma and I were just wishing you'd come over this evening."

"Thank you, Jane, I don't care if I do," said John.

John took tea with Mrs. Fisher and her daughter, and enjoyed a very pleasant evening, until it was about time for him to think of going home, when the whole scene of the bear hunt began to float before his vision, and great forebodings of evil cast a shadow over his mind which obliterated his jovial reception, and rendered him exceedingly uncomfortable and nervous.

"Well, Jane," said John, "I guess I'd better be going, its pretty nigh ten, and you must be getting sleepy."

With great courtesy, John took his departure, and was soon on his way home. The croaking of the frogs, the startling screech of the owl, and the melancholy notes of the whip-poor-will, brought forcibly to bear upon the mind of John that it was night; while dark clouds passed rapidly over his head towards the east, an indication of clearing up after the summer shower. However, John met with no serious obstacle until he reached what was called the Ohio Bridge.

Upon the other side of this bridge, he saw something move. The object, whose eyes flashed like balls of fire, seemed to be facing him; John's heart sank within him. What should he do? His first impulse was to return to Mrs. Fisher's; but that would never do, Jane would call him a coward, and that to him would be worse than death itself. Therefore, mustering all his courage, John soliloquized thus with himself:

"It is nothing but a porcupine, anyway. How the boys would laugh at me, if they knew that I was afraid of a porcupine! If I can only get over this bridge, I will then have a clear path, through Levi's lot, to the house. I cannot go back to Jane's again. No! I *must* go on." Thus resolving, John made a desperate plunge, and as he was passing the formidable object (which proved to be one of his neighbor's hogs), it uttered a violent guttural sound which caused John to jump so high in the air that he began to wonder when and where he would land.

Now, the rest of John's course lay through a pasture adjoining his own farm, in which were pastured young cattle that were not taken to the barn during the summer nights.

John had gotten well under way again. and was nearly at his journey's end, when, under the tall pine trees that bordered upon the south side of the pasture. he suddenly collided with something lying across his path, which from fright arose instantly. and sent John over its back. turning twenty somersaults to the second.

"O Jane!" he cried, "O Jane! he's got me! he's got me! help!! help!!"

But no help came. So John collected himself as quickly as possible, and scrambled over the fence, and up to his own premises. and there between the barn and the house. trembling and exhausted from fear and fatigue, he stopped.

As he stood there under the clear light of the full moon, which had managed to dispel the clouds and darkness, silence reigned supreme in every quarter. The family had retired, and the lights were extinguished. The cattle in the barn-yard near by were quietly chewing their cuds and breathing deep draughts of peace and contentment under the clear canopy of heaven. The only sounds distinguishable were the merry chirping of the crickets and the buzzing of the dorrbugs, which proclaimed a beautiful night in June.

John tried the door; but it was locked. How could he enter the house without disturbing the peace? At length a happy thought occurred to him.

There was, on the back side of the house a large hogshead, which was placed there for the purpose of catching the rainwater from the eaves, and was directly under John's chamber window which was open. John immediately went round the house and quietly proceeded to mount the hogshead. After he had accomplished this feat, he stood erect upon the hogshead, and was just on the point of creeping stealthily into the window, when the head of the cask gave way, and in went John, up to his neck, splashing and gasping for breath.

Thereupon, an elderly lady thrust her head out of a window of an adjoining room, and cried: "Who's there? What do you want?"

"It's m-e — mother, It's me," replied John, lifting himself from his sudden bath, and dripping like a drowned rat.

"Why, *John Annis!* is that you? what on earth are you doing around there, at this time of the night? I thought you were in bed long ago. Where have you been? you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"Hush! mother, hush! you'll wake up the whole house. Say, marm, don't give it away about me falling into this hogshead, will you? Pa would kill himself laughing, if he knew it, and Isaac wouldn't give me a minutes peace. I've only been out to spend the evening, and since it was so late, I thought I would just crawl in the back window, and not disturb you."

John's mother accordingly let him in, and both retired to their respective rooms. John was soon in bed; but before closing his eyes in peaceful slumbers, he had some serious meditations, and with himself he made many firm resolutions, among which was this one. Resolved: that never again, as long as he lived, would he go bear hunting.

CHAPTER IV.

The next morning was clear and delightful. The little company at the tent were up at sunrise, and began to make preparations for conveying the bear to the village. They cut a pole, tied the bear's legs together, and then swung him upon the pole. In this way they could carry him conveniently by taking hold of each end of the pole. After eating their breakfast, they started with the bear, with great glee and merriment, for the little village of Zancle. As they proceeded Bill told bear stories, and the "Cads" sang all the pretty songs they could think of, such as: "Nut Brown Maiden," "Nellie was a Lady,"

> "I want to be a Fem. Sem..
> And with the Fem. Sems. stand,
> A Fem. Sem. by my side, too,
> And a Fem. Sem. by the hand." etc. etc.

Of course Bill did not know what a Fem Sem was; but he thought that the boys sang "ripping."

Finally, they reached the village, and all of the villagers, upon hearing the news, congregated to see the bear. Sam's first thought was to find out what had become of his friend John. So Sam went to his house and knocked at the door. John's mother met him with a hearty welcome.

" Good morning, Mrs. Annis," said Sam, " is John in? "

"Yes," she replied, "but he is not up yet. He says that he does not feel very well this morning."

" May I go up and see him," asked Sam.

"Certainly," replied Mrs. Annis, stepping to one side.

Sam went up stairs, where he found John in bed staring around the room in a sad and bewildered manner.

" Halloo, old boy! what's the matter with you," said Sam grasping him by the hand, as if he had not seen him for ten years. "Where did you go to when you left me, I tried to stop y—"

"I must confess, Sam, that I was awful scart. I thought likely you took the other road and went home, so when I got out of the woods, I just went up and called on Jane, and spent the evening there. But how did you get out of it, Sam? "

Then Sam related how the joke was played on them, and the whole adventure, as to how the bear was killed, and how they had brought him to the square in front of the Town Hall.

" Thunder and chain lightning," said John, " don't give it away abont us getting scart at nothing."

" There is no help for it, John, probably Bill and Henry will tell it all over town. We might as well laugh as cry over it; for its too good a joke on us for them to keep. — But what's the matter with these clothes? Why, John, they are wet through, and your boots are half full of water, you didn't come home from Jane's in that shower we had last evening, did you?'

" Well," said John, "you know a fellow never can tell when it is going to stop raining. It was a mighty heavy shower, wasn't it, Sam?

"I got drenched all through — But Sam how big is the bear?"

"O come on down and see it," said Sam, "what's the matter any how, did your run make you sick?"

" Not exactly that, Sam, but when I was coming through Levi's pasture on my way home, as I was walking along pretty smart, I stubbed my toe and fell down. It hurt me awful.

Sam, and I feel all broken up this morning; but I guess I'll get up and go down to see the bear; I might as well face the music first as last."

Accordingly John dressed himself, and he and Sam went down town, where John quite forgot his troubles in looking at the bear.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

Years have passed, and the little village of Zancle has changed wonderfully in many of its features. John and Jane are united in holy matrimony, and many times John has told the story of his bear hunt to his litttle children and friends, with as much pleasure to himself as to the company. He says that he sees the ludicrous side of it now, as he did not once.

THE WRECK

Way down at the end of the wave-washed beach,
  Where the rugged cliffs begin to rise,
Where scarcely a human hand may reach
  Or foot may climb, the old wreck lies;
Musty and moss-thatched, — nobody knows
  How long it has lain and mouldered there;
But about it the tide still ebbs and flows,
  And through it the restless sea-breeze blows,
And brightly above it the sunlight glows
  When the skies o'er head are clear and fair.

By day it appears as some skeleton vast,
  This lonely and stranded child of the sea,
Washed up by the waves from the realms of the Past;
  Wherein the mermaids wont, with glee
To laugh and sport; as the suns bright rays
  E'en now, through the yawning crannies and chinks,
Play hide-and-seek on the bright spring days;

While plain to the curious strangers gaze
O'er its massive hulk the wild vine strays,
And to it its clinging tendrills link.

By night it seems like some phantom grim,
Born of the darkness that veils the strand;
And in shadowy outlines, weird and dim,
The shattered spars and mast-heads stand.
And then, as the moon with her mellow light
Looks down, and kisses the landscape wild,
Through its cracks and crannies the moon-beams bright,
Like elfin fairies, with rare delight
Their dance prolong, till the warning night
Foretells the birth of the dawning mild.

And thus, through the years, when skies are fair,
When raging tempests the heavens fill,
'Neath midnight gloom, 'neath noonday glare,
The old wreck has lain and lies there still.
What secrets the crumbling, moss-bound frame
Might to a curious eye disclose
Of its unknown past, no tongue may name;
Perhaps 'twas some cruiser, known to fame
In naval strife; or perhaps the same
Was a peaceful merchant-man;—who knows?

S. N. P., P. A. '85.

THE CHARACTER OF LOUIS XVI.

No man should be judged out of his time. For it is an abiding truth that the character of the times to a great extent shapes the character of the people and especially of the rulers of the people. For instance, some rulers with no noble traits of character in themselves but with the fortune to rule in a time of peace and prosperity, have been encouraged in well doing and kept from showing their evil characteristics. We must, therefore, before passing a sentence too severe upon the character of Louis, which we are to treat here, consider the state of the times and what he had to battle against.

The condition of France at this time is difficult to picture. Oppression had been, for many years, the ruling motive of both monarch and nobility, and under their rule the country had become morally and financially depressed.

Dickens gives us some idea of this in "The Tale of Two Cities," where all unite to plunge France in a deep abyss of woe. Thus we see that the condition of affairs when Louis, young and innocent. ascended the throne of France was indeed gloomy.

Louis had been brought up at the court, free from care, but now we see him burdened with responsibility and beset on the one side by the nobility and on the other by his wretched subjects; he knows not which side to favor. There are few who would not have adhered closely to the side of the rich and forgotten the poor; but he, with true sympathy, tries to better the condition of his subjects by distributing money with his own hands. Nay, he even denies himself for the people. But the distribution of a little money at such a time as this is as a drop of water to a man dying of thirst. The will was not lacking to Louis, but the power was. It was too late to try to bring about reform by any mild measures. Centuries of monstrous wrong had brought France to a state of desperation and of absolute corruption within and without, which only a revolution could cure. Louis exerted all his energies at first to relieve his people, and *not* until he found that the people would be satisfied only with his own ruin, did he call in foreign aid.

The opponents of Louis naturally blame this seeming act of treason, but who would not in order to gain power, accept foreign aid when it is willingly offered? The fault with Louis was that he was too easily influenced; he lacked not quality but strength of character. Had he taken a strong stand on the side of the nobility, or on that of the people, he could perhaps have put off for a time the impending crisis. Yet we must remember that his predecessors, great as their resources were, during their short reigns, kept back the threatening resolution with difficulty. The crisis which they had stayed but for a short time, now fell with redoubled fury, crushing not a guilty but an innocent and unfortunate king.

At the end of his life Louis shows the true manliness of his character. Torn from the bosom of his family, before a vast assembly, he boldly faced death. His last words were: "I die innocent, I pardon my enemies."

THE UNFORTUNATE ACADIAN.

Nova Scotia, previous to the year 1755, was inhabited mostly by Acadians; but in that year the Acadians were seized and removed to different parts of the United States. Certain of them sought their way down the Mississippi, and settled in the alluvial lands of Louisiana. The rapid stream of the Mississippi, flowing from the northern portion of Minnesota and Wisconsin, forms in those regions, by the annual overflow, due to the melting of the snow and ice, a strip of fertility unequalled in the United States. The river, by its mud deposits, every year renews the soil, so that with little difficulty a great variety of products are raised.

Seventy miles west of New Orleans is the enterprising town of Houma, named from the Houmas, an Indian tribe, situated in the Parish of Terrebonne, which, by the way, describes fully the nature of its soil; *terra bon(n)a.*

Wandering down the bayou Terrebonne, leaving the little town of H— to its merchants, we suddenly enter the gates of the Garden of Eden. All along the stream Acadians are settled, raising their small crops of potatoes, corn, peas, cotton, and sugar cane. Continuing our way further, at a distance of fifteen miles from H—, we halt in front of an old deserted place. Marks of prosperity can be traced, although the brambles and bushes have outgrown themselves.

Before the building you are attracted by the greenness of the orange and magnolia trees exhibiting their fragrant flowers in Spring. Cypress trees and large live-oaks spreading their mighty arms like giants, partly concealed by the subtle Spanish moss, loom up and form a background that adds to the rustic scenery, giving it a majestic appearance.

Connected with this place is the sad story which I intend to relate, of a man, Jean Baptiste by name. Thirty years ago he was employed in amassing a little fortune. By hard work and economy his small plantation was enlarged from five to twenty acres, and a little store of ready money was also laid aside. Moreover, his place has been known to this day as one the most fertile in the country.

On Saturday evenings, after having completed their daily toil, the Acadian settlers gathered for miles around to enjoy a little dance and meet their friends. Although these people are ignorant, yet how sparkling are they chatting their *patois* and skipping their *contredanse.* Usually Jean Baptiste found himself among his gay friends on these occasions. One evening he was enjoying his cigarette under an orchard of orange trees, gayly talking to his comrades and participating in their slight refreshments. His attention was suddenly attracted to one of the young damsels who had just made her debut into their little simple society, a girl of perhaps sixteen summers. The expression of her features was remarkable for its integrity and honesty. Enough was done in that look to mark out the young man's future. He became altogether infatuated with her. Every Saturday evening, although tired, he found time to spend a few moments with her. His visits grew more frequent, and, unable to wait longer, he plucked up enough courage, and with her consent and that of her mother the wedding was decided to be celebrated after the winter season. The news spread like a flash of lightening for miles around. Although the houses were somewhat distant from each other, still the rumor was widely circulated, and the interest in the coming wedding was intense.

At the country stores, on Saturday afternoons, the Acadian settlers were accustomed to congregate for the purpose of enjoying their usual carousing and euchre playing. One afternoon it was whispered, "Keksekca! Jean Baptiste is expecting to be married to Corinne." Readers, who may be tempted to see into this word, are warned that it is one which the Acadians employ daily. According to Victor Hugo, it is a contraction of "*quest ce que c'est que cela*"—what is this!

Time rolled by, and Corinne, as fickle as she was beautiful, had always a sweet smile for her lover, who blessed God for having given him two prizes which men in his circumstances often want, labor, which made him free, and the love of Corinne. The crops were harvested; his anticipations of making a good year were well rewarded. Previous to the day of the ceremony, on his way to procure a license in the town of H—, he engaged the good old priest of that section to officiate at the union.

The day arrives. How happy and proud he is! Jean Baptiste is there in the small parlor used as a bed-room, waiting with his friends, who shower congratulations and blessings upon him. The hour approaches, and although happy in the thought of leading Corinne to the hymenial altar, still his strong nerves are about to give way. But where is Corinne? A half hour rolls swiftly by, and still she has not made her appearance. Thinking that some delay in preparation has kept her from coming, the mother goes to her room. Opening the door, she finds her daughter is not there, her quick eye perceiving the note on the bureau telling her that Corinne has fled and married another. The shock is too much for the poor man. Language cannot express his sorrow. Leaving the room, staggering like a drunken man, but intoxicated with the deceitfulness of Corinne, he seeks his dwelling alone. Visionery dreams of the past oppress him, and when finally the crash comes he is insane.

* * * * * * *

Twenty-five years have rolled quickly by. Today alone in the woods, in his shattered home, Jean Baptiste is to be found in the same spot we attempted to describe. He roams about the woods with no garments except his blanket, thrown over his shoulder, like the *toga* that the ancient Romans were accustomed to wear. His food is the flesh of dead animals, such as snakes, frogs and cattle found in the woods. His old clock is still in the same position as it was that fatal day, except it has never since ticked. Dust has taken possession of it, and it is supposed that when he returned home, he stopped the pendulum and left the door open. Troubling no one except those who trouble him, he spends his life in the solitude of the forest. His bed is made of moss strewn on the floor, and since the fatal day he has never left the farm. School boys often go to tease the "wild man," as he is called, and in his turn, he chases them away, it is said, with a dagger. He never knows any sickness. Visitors go there, bringing him cakes and crackers, but he always spreads his portion around the house, after reducing it to crumbs, for the ants, "little souls," as he calls them.

Non Plus.

A MISUNDERSTANDING.

For the "Mirror."

How comes it, Jack, that you and Maud
No longer can agree?
You used to be such friends, you know;
I'm sore perplexed to see
Whence this late coolness has arisen;
Are you to blame, — or she?

"'Twas thus; — reclined with her one night,
Beneath a summer moon.
Within a hammock; banjo songs
I played; — when all too soon
A blasted string must up and snap,
Which spoiled our little tune."

But Jack, you do not mean to say
The maiden was offended
Because a banjo string had snapped,
(For that could soon be mended)
And for that silly reason wished
Your friendship to be ended?

"Oh, no indeed! Not that all;
You fail to comprehend.
'Twas not a *banjo* string that snapped,
As you suppose my friend,
But that by which the *hammock* hung
Suspended at each end!"

S. N. P., P. A. '85.

ADVERSITY

There is nothing better than adversity to develop strong character and true manhood. There may be implied in this subject two possibilities: failure and success; but I will treat of the latter endeavoring to prove that the battle of life is not to the lucky or petted child of fortune, but rather to the industrious, for "Diligence is the mother of all good luck."

Let us refer to the author of this proverb as a conspicuous example of it.

Benjamin Franklin, a printer in early manhood, holding in after life many public and private trusts, arose from a most obscure position only by industry.

Our two martyred presidents, with few friends and less influence, arose from obscurity itself simply by diligence.

Lincoln, a rail splitter and flat boatman in youth, afterwards conceived the idea of studying law, and by dint of his own exertions and persistency, finally occupied the highest office in the gift of the American people, at a period of our nation's history when the land was torn asunder by civil war and discord, performing his various and arduous duties in such a manner as to win the approval of all.

Cut down in the prime of life by the cruel bullet of the assassin, he carries with him not only the respect of his enemies, the gratitude of a thankful people, but also the undying love of four million bondmen.

James A. Garfield, the first christian minister ever raised to the presidency, arose from the tow path to the White House by hard, persistent effort.

Though struck down in the prime of life, yet not until he had endured eighty days of great physical suffering did his great and noble spirit ascend to the God who gave it.

These faithful patriots whose early lives were a continual struggle against adversity, are taken as illustrations from a nation teeming with examples of men who have accomplished great ends, under adverse circumstances.

The moral is that those who are struggling against adversity must work if they would have success, for it is upon this that the world sets its seal of approval.

Whatever be our life's work, either writing articles for the paper or reaching out to the great moral, questions of the day; whether it be with the pick or the pen we must work.

May we not be afraid of overwork — does any one, forsooth suppose that the young man of our day is killed by overwork? — or is it not the interval between six in the evening and the early hours of morning.

It is the interval that kills, not overwork.

Some one has said that labor originally designed as a curse to the human family has indeed become man's greatest blessing.

Let us then choose life's work now, never putting off for to-morrow what can be safely done to-day.

Faithful and diligent in our chosen pursuit, for sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labor wears.

There are fields fresh and green for him who will perseveringly strive and endure in adversity; for as Poor Richard says, "Learning is to the studious, riches to the capable, power to the bold and Heaven to the virtuous."

* * *

TWO CHIMNEYS AND A FIRE ESCAPE.

or Six in One and Five in the Other.

In the early part of the nineteenth century, one of our puritan ancestors, filled with a desire to benefit learning, and mankind in general, and whose purse was meek but whose heart was large, conceived the bold plan of building Six in One, and Five in the Other. Tradition says that when this immortal plan was carried out there were six in one and half a dozen in the other, but from some unfortunate and unaccounted for reason, number six in one disappeared, leaving the present number.

These structures are claimed to have been reared in the nineteenth century, but from their architecture it would be difficult to assign them to any period, unless perhaps we assign them to the Saxon.

The remaining eleven of these time-honored ruins may still be seen standing with bold and forbidding outlines on "Zion's Hill." The plan seems to have been original with the founder, to comply with the unities of money, space and convenience. To make the scructures as convenient as possible, no sewers or drains were provided, but by an exceedingly ingenious device of the author, numerous apertures were formed in the rear, through which all the waste matter miraculously disappeared from view. These noble ruins have resisted all of the advances of civilization and now pose in silent dignity. Through them we learn the lesson never to despise small beginnings, for out of these antiquarian bee-hives have issued statesmen, orators, scholars, and divines innumerable. We have the story that once upon a stormy night two youths were landed bag and baggage at the spiral entrance of one of the sixes; their minds not having been prepared for the vastness of the scene that awaited them, one despised his surroundings, and eft by the next coach, the other, who was more of an antiquarian turn of mind, was immediately enraptured, and successfully lived through till graduation, and afterwards triumphantly walked the senate chamber of his native state, while his companion might weekly be seen carrying his basket of eggs to market, the modest proceeds of his chicken yard. The occupants learn to love the sight of their dwellings, and in time to call them home; and years afterward many of them return to revisit the scenes of their boyhood and refresh the memories of their youth. About a year previous to the year 1886, on a hot June day, an occupant of one of the fives sat with his feet raised upon a piece of furniture that served for a table, his head canted back, laboriously trying to study. He heard a heavy step upon the spiral between the chimneys, and a moment later a knock at the door, and in response to the customary summons of "come in," the door opened, and a tall, hearty stranger was exposed to view. He was dressed as a divine, and immediately introduced himself as a former occupant. He seemed disposed to talk, and after commenting in a good natured way upon the appearance of the room, his eye fell upon the lounge, one of those pre-historic lounges, and he remarked that it was the same old regulation lounge of three legs and a broken back. He tried the ceiling, saying that it was no higher than formerly, and growing bolder, he asked permission to look inside the coal closet. Yes, there it is, and sure enough there was his name, Jim. Fuller, '67, and side by side the name of Sharp. "Poor fellow," said he, "I haven't seen or heard of him since we parted twenty years ago." He then seated himself, and the old days passed again before his vision, and he saw in the dilapidated entrance door the same panel that he had kicked out twenty years before. How he laughed, as if that too had a history, but which he did not disclose; and then he recounted the first night of his arrival; how homesick he was; how he went home and his father sent him back; and how ashamed he felt when he had to beg back his furniture; how, as every true disciple of learning, he gradually became acclimated; but he did not seem to have formed any endeared attachment for his instructors, and he laughed the old times over as he related some anecdote refreshed in his memory. There was one instructor whom he thought was sincere; but as for "Uncle Sam," he never did like him, and always thought he lied. He would tell you he had seen you somewhere; you of course would think he knew all about it and would manfully own up, when you would find out that he had simply laid a trap foryou to fall into.

But the school bell was ringing. It was time to go; and the schoolboy of '67, whose life was determined and whose memories dwelt in the past, and the schoolboy of '85, to whom the past was present and the future lay extended, went down the stairs together.

PRESIDENT'S ◆ ADDRESS.

PARLIAMENTARY LAW.

Delivered before the Philomathean Society, Dec. 17, 1886.

The importance of parliamentary law will be fully demonstrated when we attempt to realize the importance of the civil liberties we enjoy and when we understand how much we are indebted to it for these blessings.

The history of parliamentary law extends back to the begining of the British parliament in 1265. From that time until the present it has governed the English commons, and the commons have ruled the British nation. No business can be transacted in parliament unless it is done in strict accordance with parliamentary law, and as these laws were passed by parliament for their own use and guidance they were naturally jealous of their rights and defended themselves whenever their rights were encroached upon by the king.

As the nation grew and the minds of men changed and broadened with the lapse of time these laws were changed from the few which were the authority of the first parliament to those which guide the parliament of to-day.

We can easily imagine how few and crude were the laws of that first parliament which was itself but the beginning of the long line of great parliaments which have made the British nation what we see it to-day.

Law in any of its branches has been called a necessary evil. But no one will think so who is a lover of peace and order. The phrase, "necessity is the mother of invention," is true nowhere more than in the forming of laws in any or all of its branches.

We must not think that any body of men met and compiled code of parliametary laws. Nothing is more the result of a long and steady growth. A code of parliamentary laws to-day is those rules brought together in a compact and convenient form, which long usage has proved to be the most useful.

When we come by natural descent from the British parliament to our own Congress we find parliamentary laws enforced which were in a measure copied from the English but revised to suit our own ways of doing business.

In a nation like ours more than in other nations, a knowledge of parliamentary law is of great practical importance, for if we faithfully perform our political duties, we must attend business meetings and conventions where such a knowledge is necessary to every one who desires to be more than a mere tool or figure head. Watch carefully, and you will see that it is an almost invariable rule that the man who has the most practical knowledge of parliamentary law is the leader in any convention or assembly and the person who can not be tricked to vote against his opinions.

How many of our statesmen owe a great part of their influence in Congress to their ability to put into practice the essential parts of parliamentary law at just the right moment. Thos. Jefferson, who was the idol of his party was an authority on parliamentary law and wrote a treatise on its use.

Henry Clay and Schuylar Colfax seemed to have an intuition for deciding disputed points in Congress without any hesitation, and thereby gained for themselves a host of friends. In studying this law one must remember that the reason for every fact lies in usages which have been proved by long practice, to be the best. In looking for our authority on any disputed point we should first look up the authority which is founded on practice in our congress rather than the practice in the British parliament. Those authors who quote British authority may have been excellent authority to follow years ago, but congress and the different state legislatures have established an authority which should be followed as the guide of all American assemblies.

As Philo. was organized for the purpose of making its members more competent to take up life's work and especially such duties as we find in an assembly, would it not be to the interest of the society if more time was spent in studying the fundamental principles of parliamentary law?

If a certain member was appointed each term to study up and report on different branches of the law it would not only be a great benefit to those who studied it, but ought to be of great interest to the rest of the members of our grand old society of Philo.

JAMES WILSON OSBORNE.

EDITORS' REVIEW

1st, J. W. Grimes,
2nd, Lincoln Pierce,
3rd, E. C. Bartlett. } Board of Editors.

> "We knew not what was before us,
> And we know not what shall succeed."

The editors of the Mirror, in presenting their modest production to the criticising eyes of Philo., and the school at large, feel that it needs no introduction; not from any merit of their own work, but from the merit of the work of those who have gone before, by whose means the Mirror was long ago recognized as an important element in Philo., and we trust that it has won its way in the esteem of the school. We claim no superior merit over whilom issues, but have striven to make the Christmas number of '86 as acceptable as any of the year. In so far as we have succeeded, we ask your patronage. In so far as we lack, we ask your sympathy. In making our debut we wish to thank the editors of former Mirrors, and friends of Philo., for the aid and encouragement we have received, and we take pleasure in wishing you all a "Merry Christmas," and a "Happy New Year."

PHILO.'s work for the opening term of the year has been marked by many changes both in membership and character of the work accomplished. Though the progress of the society has been retarded by out-door sports, nevertheless the support has been generous and the attendance fair. The most important measure has been the effort of the fellows to establish a senate. The aim of the organization is obvious, namely, the study of parliamentary law and national questions. It also varies the exercises and relieves the monotony of the debate. In conclusion the MIRROR urges the fellows to do what they can to make old Philo. a success.

THE work of Inquiry may be compared to that of a strong and vigorous tree, whose roots reach far into the soil. The good work commenced on the first day of the term has surely and steadily gone onward. There is, at present, a bond of sympathy uniting the different members, and a manifest determination on their part to press on to the mark of the prize of the high calling in Christ Jesus, our Lord.

With the approach of the winter term, we hope to see a still larger attendance.

IN PAYING our respects to our neighbor the *Phillipian*, we wish to say, out of respect for the editors, that we, in as much as we are capable of judging with our mortal minds, think it in good hands. To say that there are no mistakes would be impossible; but it is evident that the editors one and all are influenced with a desire to be impartial, and to represent the school to the public in as favorable a light as is consistent with the truth. On the whole we think it a wise measure when the *Phillipian* was started as a personal venture, and we hope the end of the year will find the editors well repaid for their pains.

THERE has been in progress this term a course of lectures at the Town Hall, commencing Monday evening October 4, and continuing each successive Monday down to December 13. It has been the object of the committee to offer to the public a first-class series of lectures so cheap that none need absent themselves, and in this we think they have succeeded remarkably well. Tickets for the course, consisting of eleven lectures, including such lectures as Prof. Winchester, Dr. McKenzie, President Carter, of Williams, Rev. E. N. Packard and others, were placed in the reach of all at the unique sum of fifty cents. The tickets were sold as soon as offered, and many were unable to obtain seats, so that the Rev. Mr. Makepeace, the prime mover of the lectures, considered it advisable to organize a series of four afternoon lectures, which, although we were unable to attend, we presume were equally good.

We wish to express our heartiest thanks to Messrs. Cox, Bierwirth and Lloyd, who so kindly consented to act as judges of the competition. They have acted in this capacity before, and the competitors, from a knowledge of the men, cannot but feel that they have been treated with equality and justice, and although some must necessarily be disappointed, we hope they will not give up their literary aspirations, but be spurred on to renewed exertions in the coming Mirrors.

Believing from experience that the Mirror essays are seldom read, except by a small portion of the school, we, the apostles of experience, deeming ourselves capable of writing articles dry enough to satiate the warmest desires of the most philosophical, not to say theological element of the school, have departed from the straight and narrow way, offering but a small sum for essays, while our largest prize we offer for stories, and *original poems.* We were gratified with the number of stories contributed, but sorry to think that so many must have their hopes trampled in the dust. The prizes for stories were awarded by the Judges, Messrs. Coy, Bierwirth, and Lloyd: First to the author of "An Instance of Successful Reconstruction," R. L. Weeks; second to the author of "A Tale of a Bear hunt," H. E. [illegible]; and the story of "The Unfortunate Acadian," by a modest gentleman, "Non Plus," was deemed worthy of publication. But alas for poems! The school either lacks original geniuses in the poetical line, or else they are of too high a character to be attracted by glittering lucre. The prize for the best cut is awarded to Mr. Lyman, who sketched '88 and '89. We have made use of two other cuts obtained from an outside party.

ALTHOUGH we have not been so successful in athletics as we hoped, yet it may be of interest to here give a brief review. At the beginning of the term, more interest was shown in tennis and base-ball, and a game was arranged with the Lawrence Stars. The score stood 6-4 in favor of Andover. Five who played were on the nine last year, and the prospects for base-ball for the coming season is not at all discouraging. We may be unwise to speak discouragingly of the boat club, hoping that it may still prove a success, but experience has shown, that unless strong interest is taken, an interest strong enough to out balance the many disadvantages to be overcome, boating can here never be made a success.

The preliminary tournament took place during the second week in October. There were five contestants in the singles and fourteen in the doubles. Shaw and Ethridge were the two left to play Exeter. The tournament came off Oct. 16. In the singles Valentine won two successive sets, 6-4, 6-4, thus giving the singles to Exeter, and in the first set of the doubles the score was 6-2 in favor of Andover, in the second 6-2 in favor of Exeter and in the third set, when the score stood 4-3 in our favor, Exeter refused to play longer on account of the darkness, thus leaving the doubles with Andover. Shaw and Ethridge did some excellent playing and we have good prospects of winning the cup. In foot-ball the gods did not smile upon us; we will make no excuses, but brave defeat; still we claim to have a team which played with strong teams and suffered defeat but twice. The list of games are as follows:

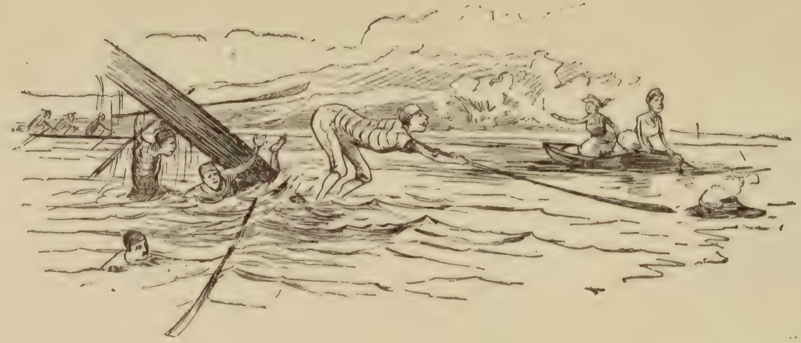
Oct. 8,	Andover	vs.	Tufts College,	20–4.
" 13,	"	"	Technology,	18–16.
" 23,	Harvard	"	Andover,	86–0.
" 29,	Andover	"	Dartmouth,	18–11.
" 31,	"	"	Harvard '90,	18–4.
Nov. 13,	Exeter	"	Andover,	26–0.

THE management of the reading-room in the past has called forth much criticism, yet if the fellows could understand how difficult it is to please everybody, especially with so many papers in so small a room, they would be more lenient.

If those who make use of the reading-room privileges would put the papers on the rack when through with them they would do much to secure their own comfort and that of others.

Our experience has been that those who contribute least to its support are the ones who abuse the reading-room privileges. A reading-room properly used is a source of great enjoyment and comfort. The present committee have on file nearly thirty papers and magazines, in addition to the college exchanges, thereby furnishing an ample list and catering to the tastes of all.

We hope that all the fellows, and especially the members of Philo., will avail themselves of this opportunity.



In Memoriam to the Boat Club.

MIRTH.

"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the wisest men."

The house of correction: The printing house.

"Dying in poverty," mused a needy student, "is nothing; it is living in poverty that is hard on a fellow."

"Johnny," said an editor to his hopeful, "are you in the first class at school?" "No," replied the youngster, "I am registered as second-class male matter."

"Milkman, why does your milk always look so blue?" inquired the housewife. "My cows came from Boston, mum," proudly replied the milkman, "and they're blue-bloods."

A gentleman once asked Dr. Abernethy if he thought the moderate use of snuff would injure the brain. "No, sir," was Abernethy's reply, "for no man with a single ounce of brain would ever think of taking snuff."

"Aren't you almost boiled?" inquired a little girl of a gentleman. "No, little one, I can't say that I am. On the contrary, I feel quite comfortable." "That's funny. I should think you would be." "Why so, daisy." "Oh, because I heard mamma say your wife kept you in hot water all the time."

"Mrs. ——away, while cleaning house, asked her husband to nail up some [ ]; he refused; she looked † † at him, told him his conduct was without a ‖, and beat him with her ☞ until he saw * *. He now lies in a (,)tose state, and may soon be a subject for dis§." A man must be an * his life and limb in such a way as that.

A judge, in remanding a prisoner, called him a scoundrel. The prisoner replied:—"I am not as big a scoundrel as your honor"—here the culprit stopped, but finally added—"takes me to be."

"Put your words closer together," said the judge.

"Is there any opening here for an intellectual writer?" asked a seedy, red-nosed individual of an editor.

"Yes, my friend," replied the man of quills, "a considerate carpenter, foreseeing your visit, left an opening for you. Turn the knob on the right."

"Miss," said an old man in a crowded tram-car yesterday, "miss, I'll get up and give you my seat if you'll swear before these witnesses that you don't consider it an offer of marriage."

"Really, my dear," said poor Mr. Jones to his better half, "you have sadly disappointed me. I once considered you a jewel of a woman, but you've turned out a bit of matrimonial paste."

"Then, love," was the reply, "console yourself with the idea that paste is very adhesive, and will stick to you as long as you live."

"I guess you must be better to-day," said Farmer Hodges to a sickly neighbor, whom he found rusticating in his strawberry patch.

"Oh, I'm picking up a little," was the reply, as the invalid bent over to gather a red nugget or two.

"Which of these roads leads to the village of Wilton?" inquired a Yankee traveler, as he came to a place where the road he was traveling forked in different directions, of an urchin who sat upon a log near by, and whose appearance indicated that he was evidently a specimen.

"Any one on 'em sir," answered the boy.

"Which is the best, my lad?" inquired the traveler.

"Ain't nary one on 'em best."

"Which is the nearest?"

"Ain't much difference."

"Which do you think I had better take?"

"You may take any one on 'em; and afore you get half-way thar you will wish you had tuck t'other one."

As a late professor was one day walking near Aberdeen, he met a well-known individual of weak intellect.

"Pray," said the professor, "how long can a person live without brains?"

"I dinna ken," replied Jemmy scratching his head. "How auld are ye yersel?"

Robinson (after a long whist bout at the club): "It's awfully late, Brown. What will you say to your wife?"

Brown (in a whisper): "Oh, I sha'n't say much, you know; 'Good morning, dear!' or something of that sort. She'll say the rest!"

At a negro wedding, when the minister read the words "love, honor, and obey," the groom interrupted him and said:—

"Read that agin, sah; read it wunce mo,' so's de lady kin ketch de full solemnity of de meaning. I'se been married befo."

"Will you pay me this bill, sir?" said a tailor to a gentle masher who owed him a pretty long bill.

"Do you owe anybody anything?" asked the youth.

"No, sir," said the tailor.

"Then you can afford to wait!" and off he walked.

A day or two afterwards the tailor called again. The masher was not at his wit's end yet; so, turning to his creditor he said:—

"Are you in debt to anybody?"

"Yes, sir," said the tailor.

"Well, why don't you pay?"

"I've not the money."

"That's just my case, sir. I am glad to see you can appreciate my condition; give us your hand."

Said a wild boy to a lecturer: "You'd make a splendid martyr. You'd burn well, you're so dry."

A man who had a scolding wife, being asked what he did for a living, replied that he "kept a hothouse."

"Does yer kape nothin' but dry goods here?"
"No, ma'am."
"Thin where will I be afther goin' for a watered silk?"

"O yes," said Johnny, "Daisy's feller is a rising young man. I put a bent pin in his chair last night, and he rose so fast I thought he'd bump his head on the ceiling 'fore he got through rising."—*Philadelphia Times.*

HE WANTED A REST.

"Don't you want to go to a better world, Tommy?" asked the Sunday-school teacher of the new scholar,

"No, mum," promptly replied the frank little fellow."

"And why not, Tommy?"

"Oh, when I die I want to go where a feller can rest."

"Well, my boy, you can rest there."

"Well, in that song we sung it said we'd all shine there."

"Certainly; don't you want to shine there?"

"No, mum. I get enough of that here. I'm a bootblack mum."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

When a city woman is ready to pot her plants she "wants the earth."

Anxious Mother—It was after nine o'clock when Clara came down to breakfast this morning, and the poor girl didn't look well at all. Her system needs toning up. What do you think of iron? *Father*—Good idea. *Mother*—What kind of iron had she better take? *Father*—She had better take a flatiron.

NOT A BORE.

Some prospectors in West Virginia found signs of natural gas on a farm belonging to an old man, and they went to the house and asked permission to bore and make further development.

"What's the gas good for?" he asked.

"To take the place of fuel."

"Will it take the place of wood?"

"Oh, yes."

"Then you can't bore a darn bore around here. I've got five slapping big sons who are too infernal lazy to do anything mor'n cut 'nuff wood to warm their shins, and if we had natural gas to burn I'd have to hire a nigger to help them draw their breath."—*Wall Street News.*

Current fun—Going through the rapids.

Wholly uncalled for—A dead letter.

If there is anyone who should be "rapped in slumber" it is the man who snores.

SOME ABUSES OF ENGLISH.

A widower, while paying a visit to the grave of his wife, thus remarked to a friend: "I think I shall erect a handsome tableau (tablet) to my wife."

A NEW USE FOR A CULPRIT.

"An old man walking along the street observed the water gathered by the roadside and addressed the workmen with the words that he should think they would put a culprit in to drain that water off."

LITERARY.

Prof.—How many wives had Milton?

Student—Three.

Prof.—Which one was the most interesting?

Student—The one that lived fifty years after his (Milton's) death.

HIS RECOLLECTION OF THE SERMON.

A lady, being unable to attend church, asked her husband to go and report the sermon to her. Text: "An angel came down from heaven and took a live coal from off the altar." As reported: "An angel came down from New Haven and jerked a wild colt right out of the halter."

"The Associated Press—A lover's squeeze."

A gentleman driving along a country road was accosted by two Irishmen who demanded a ride. "Well," said he, "I can carry but one of you, and the one who gives me the best piece of original poetry shall ride." Pat immediately struck out:

"I love to hear the brazes
Playing amid the trazes," and stopped,

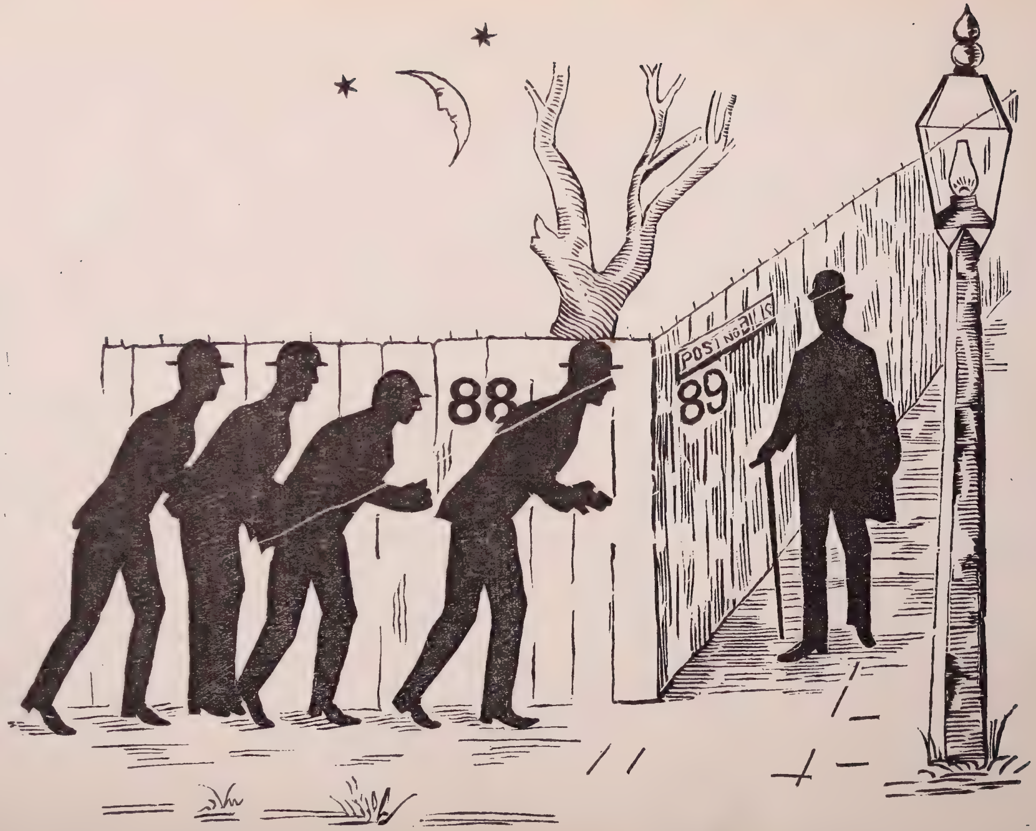
when his companion suddenly had an inspiration:

"I love to hear the brazes
Playing amid the trazes,
Pat may do as he plazes,
But I'm going to ride begorry,"

and he got the ride.

Patient—What do you think of a warmer climate for me, doctor? *Doctor*—Great Scott! man, isn't that just what I am trying to save you from?

"Is gum chewing recognized as a regular course of study in our schools?" asks a New Orleans paper. Certainly it is. A course in jawgraphy.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POST NO BILLS
89

BRIC-A-BRAC.

**“ Think truly, and thy thought
Shall be a fruitful seed.”**

“ After much research and investigation, we are convinced that the boarding house chickens are hatched from hard-boiled eggs.

He that swells in prosperity will shrink in adversity.

Every real thought, on every real subject, knocks the wind out of somebody or other.—*Holmes.*

“ A head properly constituted can accommodate itself to whatever pillows the vicissitudes of fortune may place under it.”

Memory is not wisdom ; idiots can rote volumes ; yet what is wisdom without memory ? A babe that is strangled in its birth.—*Bovee.*

Music is the only sensual gratification which men may indulge in to excess without injury to their moral or religious feelings.—*Addison.*

“ The golden moments in the stream of life rush past us, and we see nothing but sand ; the angels come to visit us, and we only know them when we are gone.”

Think of your own faults the first part of the night (when you are awake), and of the faults of others the latter part of the night (when you are asleep).—*Chinese Proverb.*

Carlyle, meeting a young man walking alone, asked him with what his thoughts were occupied. "Sir," said the young man, pompously, "I am speaking with myself!" Take care, always, young man, that you do not talk with a bad man," quietly rejoined the philosopher.

FRIENDSHIP.

"Too near the fire, you burn—
Too distant, freeze in turn.
As fire regard your friend,
Lest friendship have an end."

A COQUETTE.

"Her pleasure is in lovers coy;
When hers, she gives them not a thought;
But like the angler, takes more joy
In fishing than in fishes caught."

THE UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE.

"As time draws to an end, 'tis plain,
  Languages must diminish.
Till, at the last but one remain,
  And that must be the Finnish."

SILENCE.

"And silence like a poultice comes
To heal the blows of sound."

PRECEDENTS.

"A precedent? It is a fish
That makes the other fishes
Their caudal fins exactly swish
Just as the first one swishes.

A precedent? 'Tis a busy bee
That never can be wiser
Than bees who buzzed in Adam's time—
A bee is still a miser.

Did wisdom die with George the Third?
Or, worse, with Julius Caesar?
Shall he whose uncle was a mute
Restrain his Ebenezer?

The Minuet was well enough
When people rode in stages;
A dim religious shaker dance
It seems to modern ages.

No two birds sing the self-same song;
No eyes are of twin color;
No rose bud tells its sister rose,
"Please bloom a little duller."

Each serves a law hid in itself;
Please, sticklers, stand from under;
Two cases never were alike,
No more two peals of thunder."

THE THEOLOGUE.

Like an Emberom King,
Or some other sort of thing,
Such as poets love to sing,
Doth he come.

With his carpet bag held tight,
And his face so fresh and bright,
And his pants so very tight,
Like a bum.

How the "Fem. Sems." laugh in glee
As the Theologue's form they see
Stalking down so gracefully
To the post.

But their faces sadder grow
When his time has come to go,
And they think of him alone
Off in some torrid zone.

EPITAPHS.

“ Stop dear friend as you pass by,
As you are now so once was I;
As I am now soon you will be,
Prepare for death and follow me.”

“ Sacred to the memory of Johnny Head,
Once he was kicking, but now he’s dead;
He figured in not less than twenty shoots,
Then got it in the neck, and died in his boots.”

June 27, 1883.

GRINDS.

"There *may* be greater men than myself, but I don't believe it."
Dryden.

"The greatest man of all the world."
Wadsworth.

"He was so fresh that the new blades of grass turned pale with envy as he passed."
R. G. Eaton.

"I go, I go. Look how I go, swifter than an arrow from the Tartan's bow."
A. R. Davis.

"And he whoops out his song and he laughs at his jest."
Hotaling.

"Innocence abroad."
Titcomb.

"We think too many such men are dangerous."
Samuel Campbell Wilson Irwin, '89.

"I am somewhat of a liar myself.
Bliss, '89.

"Many a wild colt has turned out a noble steed."
Pease.

"Thou art a sharp wag at least, if not a pretty one."
Cartwright.

"Hell trembled at the hideous name."
Honore Guishard Gerrodette, jr., '87.

"Ye Gods what cunning little siders."
G. B. Hollister, '88.

"Chums with his stove." *Hicks.*

"Thy soul was like a star and dwelt apart
Cox. '87.

"The world knows nothing of its greatest men."
Cowen.

"There is a sweet little cherub that sings up aloft."
Evans.

"We are tired now and sleepy too."
Bronson Brothers.

"Too Familiar." *Elmendorf.*

"The fame of this gentleman has never reached my ears."
Coffin.

"Why should we look one common faith to find,
When one in every score is color-blind?
If here on earth they know not red from green,
Will they see better into things unseen?"
Andover Theology.

WE FEEL OBLIGED TO STATE.

That Cox, "flunked;"
That Lazear made a "rush;"
That Eddy finds his place in French;
That a cane looses Dryden, '89.
That Snowden needs a shave!

That deLancey graduated from the choir with the degree of G. B.

That Hanna instead of going to the Mansion House goes to Inquiry!

That Cowen is engaged.

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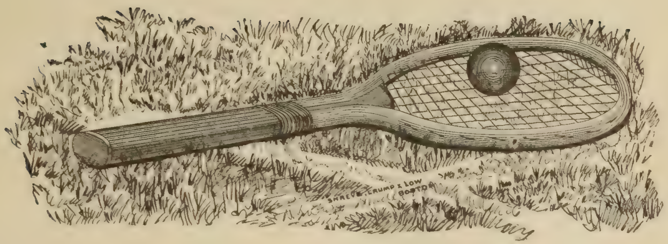

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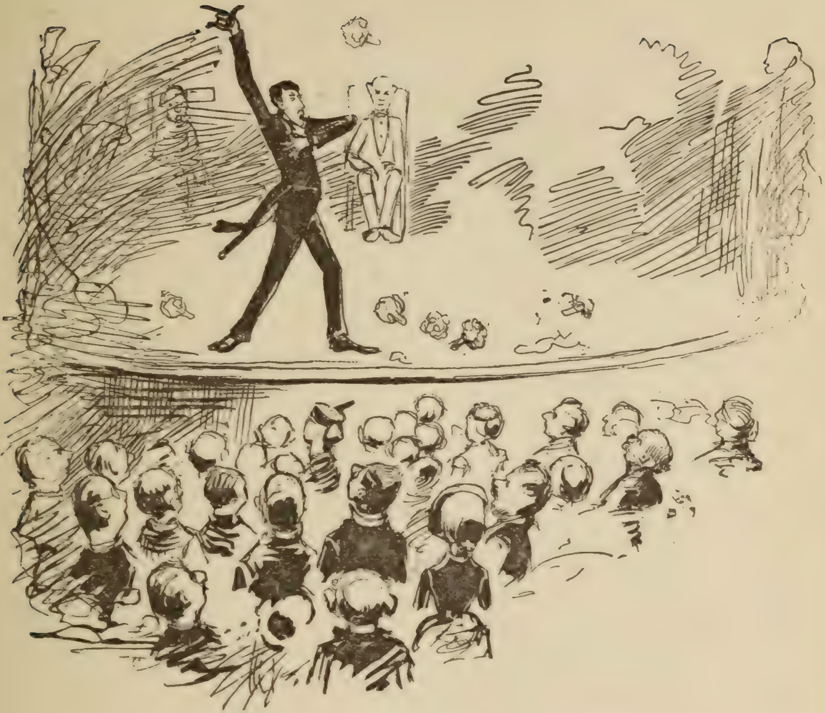

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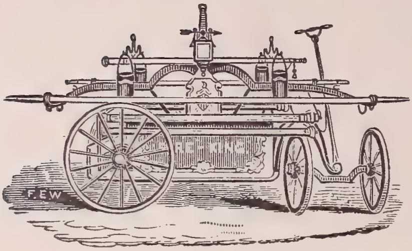

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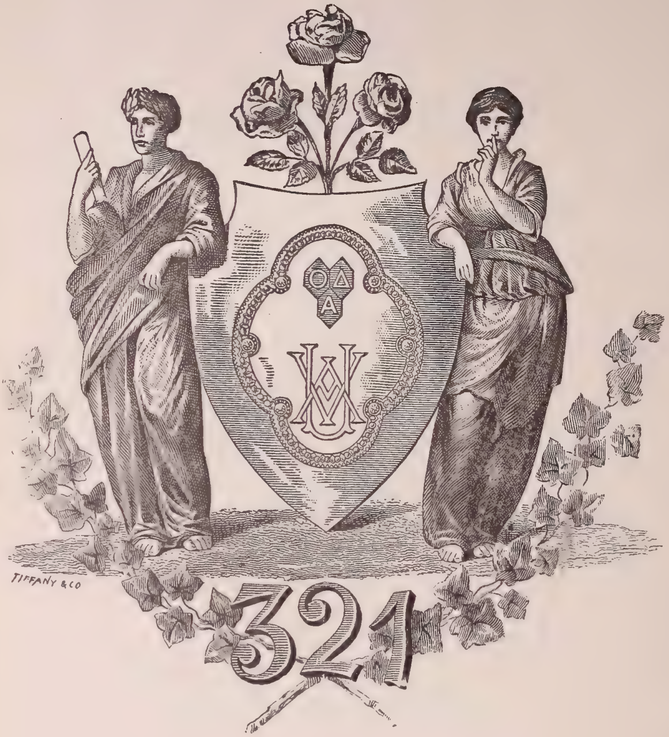
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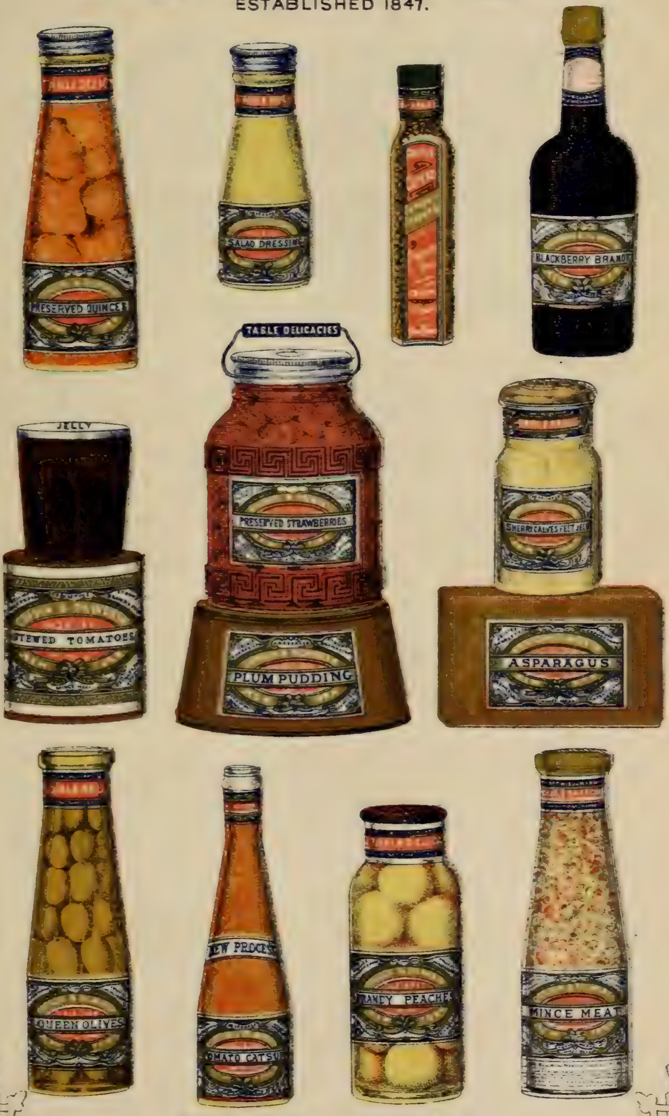
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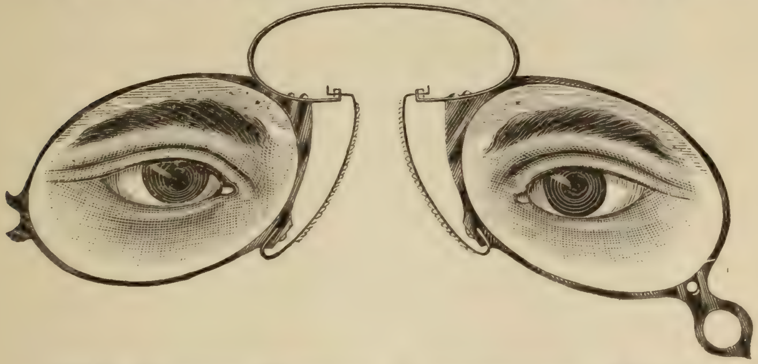

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7.46	12.29	7.30	2.30
8.09	2.09	9.30	3.20
8.33	3.18	10.25	4.02
9.47	4 24		5.00
11.10	5.44	NOON.	6.00
......	7.09	12.00	6.35
......	9.39	......	7.00
......	......	......	11.00
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SUNDAYS.

A. M.	P. M.	A M.	P. M.
7.49	12.20	8.00	5.00
8.33	4.32	......	6 00
......	5.53	......	7.00
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THE
PHILO. MIRROR

Winter
~~SPRING~~ TERM • 1887

PUBLISHED BY THE

PHILOMATHEAN SOCIETY

PHILLIPS ACADEMY, ANDOVER.

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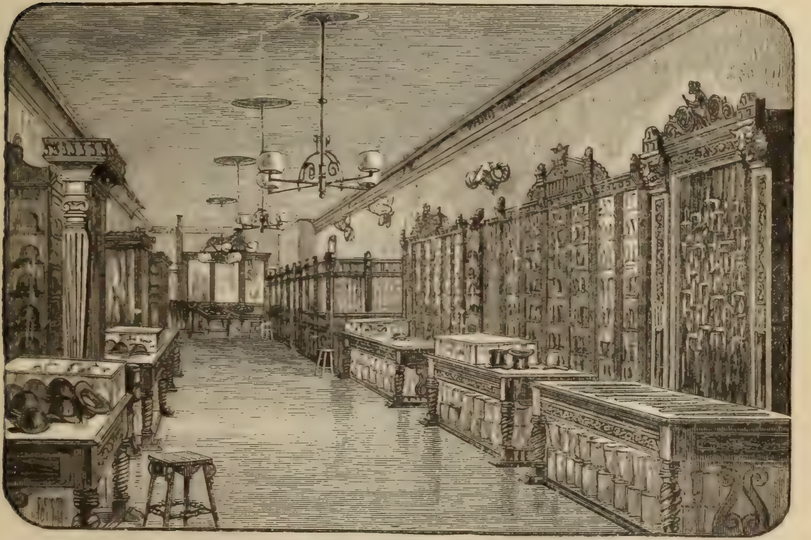

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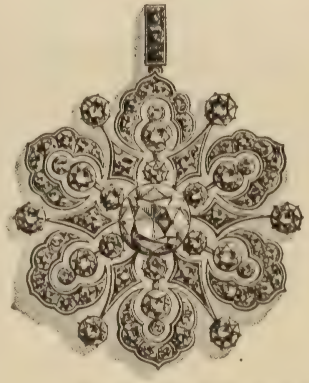

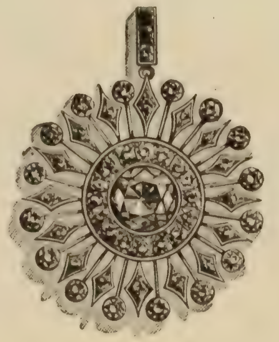

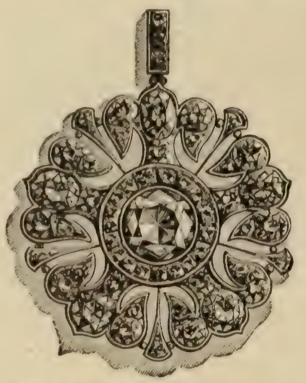

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Vol. XXXIII. *No. II.*

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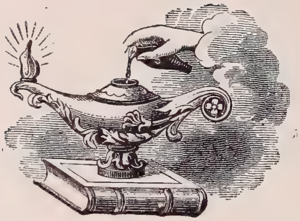
THE

PHILO. MIRROR.

MARCH 1887.

Ψυχῆς φυλακτικον παιδεία.

ANDOVER:
PUBLISHED BY THE
PHILOMATHEAN SOCIETY OF PHILLIPS ACADEMY.



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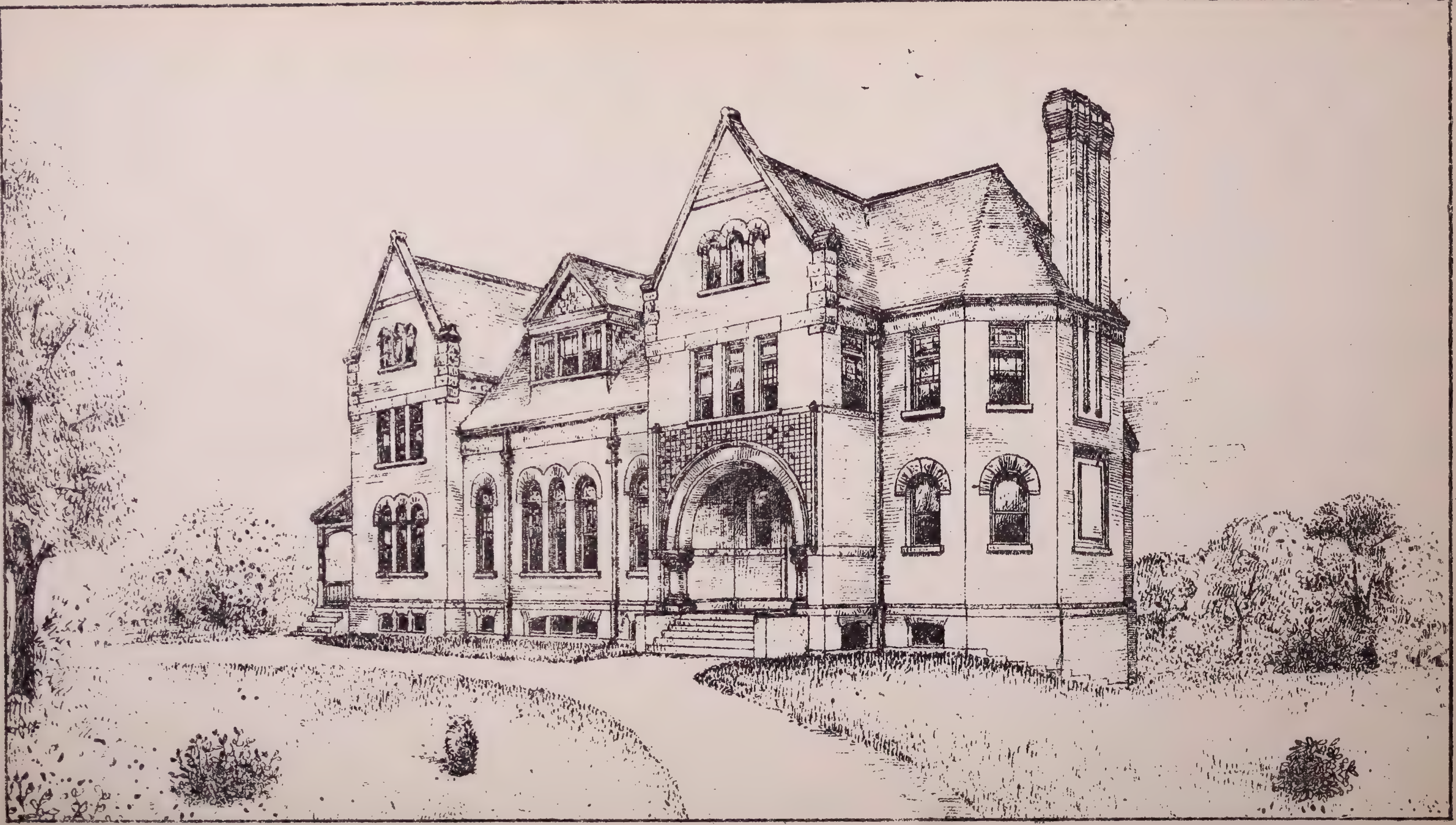
To the Philomathean Society,

This Volume is sincerely inscribed by the Editors.



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PROPOSED ALUMNI DINING HALL BUILDING, PHILLIPS ACADEMY, ANDOVER, MASS

THE MIRROR.

Vol. XXXIII. MARCH, 1887. No. II.

THE NEW DINING HALL.

We present as the frontispiece of this issue of the Mirror a reproduction of the architect's perspective drawing of a proposed building for the accomodation of students rooming in "Commons," who are required at present to board at one of two places provided by the Trustees. The building will be erected as soon as funds for the purpose are in hand.

When the Academy was started over a century ago the students were all lodged and boarded in private families and this continued to be the practice for many years, Families were annually "licensed" by the Trustees to take boys, and much pains were taken to provide suitable homes. Judge Phillips, Rev. Mr. French, and other leading residents set the good example, and in 1830 over fifty families were "licensed."

When a "commons" table was started for boys lodging in private families does not appear. The erection of the dormitories in 1833-1835 of course made some such plan necessary. At first there were twelve cottages, or dormitories, built at a cost of about $1500 each, mainly at the expense of the generous Treasurer, Esquire Farrar, or of a fund which he began in 1807 and enlarged from time to time. One of these houses was burnt about 1850, leaving the historic eleven of to-day. After a time a system of "eating clubs" was organized, officered by the boys but under the immediate direction of the Trustees. As the plan developed and the boys showed their capacity for management and their willingness to keep the expense of board at a low figure, the supervision became almost nominal, such as there was being lodged with the Treasurer and the Principal. The "Secretary" of these clubs was the chief executive officer, engaging the steward's family, purchasing the material, keeping the accounts, collecting the money, and managing the bill of fare, which last was the occasion of frequent and sharp debate, so that some of the best training the boys ever obtained in parliamentary tactics and ready argument was the result of post-prandial struggles over eggs, and coffee, and sweet potatoes. Three or more clubs were sometimes running at the same time, with great rivalry between them, so that new boys were electioneered with all the persistency employed by the Greek-letter societies of a small college on the incoming Freshmen. The secretary bent his energies to two ends, to swell the numbers at his tables, and to keep down the price of board,—below what it was last term, or below what his predecessor in office had made it, at all events below the rate in the other clubs. It is said that under this system "plain but substantial board" was at one time furnished for eighty cents a week! In the Fall term of 1838 board in "the Dieletic Asssociation" was $1.32 a week. But this was possible only because the Trustees furnished parcels of land which the boys cultivated in their spare hours, mainly on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, the products being turned in for the supply of the common table. This plan was kept up as late as 1865. Indeed in the constitution of the Academy (1778) it is made a part of the "duty of the Principal to encourage the scholars to perform some manual labor, such as gardening or the like, so far as is consistent with cleanliness and the inclination of their parents, and the fruit of their labor shall be applied, at the discretion of the Trustees, for procuring a library, or in some other way increasing the usefulness of this seminary." But this agricultural feature was at last out-worn, and the club system itself was abandoned in 1879, when the present plan of board at a fixed price, with a choice between $3.00 and $4.00 a week, was provided for the commons.

The house now occupied by Maj. Marland, as one of the Commons boarding houses was standing at the time the Phillips brothers made the original purchase for the school, and young Judge Phillips occupied it as his residence till he built the Mansion house in 1784. It was afterwards used by the principal of the Academy, and when the theological school was developed in 1808, it is said the first theological lectures were given by Professor Woods in what is now the east dining room. The house is of course at least one hundred and ten years old, and probably much older. For an unknown number of years, probably more than fifty, it has been used for the boys, and if all who have boarded there could fall into line, the procession would be a long and notable one.

It is not necessary to say that the school has reached a point calling for still another change, a larger and more suitable refectory. Nature has lifted a slight eminence on the west side of the campus, admirably adapted for the site of a new dining hall. The view to the front would command all the school sports, and the outlook toward the west over the Shawsheen valley as far as Mt. Wachusett is as fine as any on the western slope of Andover hill. The opportunities for grading and drainage are perfect. When the drive is continued from English commons 5 to Phillips St., the building will be almost equally accessible to both commons. The proposed building includes on the main floor a noble dining-room, seating seventy-five persons, with a smaller dining-room which will serve for a breakfast room, or for an overflow, or for vacation purposes, or for a group of seniors, or for the steward's private dining-room. There is a cosy vestibule, an ample entrance hall, and on the left a waiting-room which would probably be fitted up as a reading-room. A toilet-room, pantries and closets, apartments for the family in charge, the kitchen, will occupy the remaining space. Above is a suite of rooms—study, bed-room, bath-room, for a teacher, and at the opposite end other apartments for the household. The basement will be high, dry, and well-lighted, with all the arrangements required for heating, and abundant cellars, store-rooms, and laundry.

The building can be made an ornament to the hill, and provide for some of the most pressing wants of the academy. It should be built to last, of good material and thorough workmanship. It might well be a gift of the Alumni to their old school, and at the dinner of the Alumni in Boston last spring a good degree of enthusiasm was shown in regard to it. It must be specially adapted to the purposes for which it is required, and must not be built in a way which will increase the cost of table board. Commons were devised to make it possible for persons to come to Andover without any large expenditure of money. It must be a building which will heighten the self-respect of every boy practicing economy, and invite every boy to order, decorum and refinement. It must have about it the air of comfort and good cheer. Twenty thousand dollars ($20,000) is required to carry out in full the architect's matured plans in a way to answer all the ends proposed. The Academy, with its present very large attendance, requires many things, especially in the way of room and rooms, but no demand is more urgent than this for a suitable, substantial, and, if it may be, a beautiful Dining Hall.

ARGAND.

LINES ON REVISITING LINWOOD.

Prize Poem.

Thou sacred vale where childhood's years were passed,
How swift, at sight of thee, return those days
When lengthening shadows all too soon were cast,
And all too late uprose the morning's rays,—
But why is all so still, the birds so wild
As if they feared me now that loved me when a child.

Let now, as long ago, thy feathered band
Sing forth life's happy lot upon the breeze,
And give again the power to understand
The gentle converse of thy whispering trees,
Until I dream, as once they made me feel,
That life is joy alway and sorrows are not real.

Here is the stream, that with imperious tide,
Confined the wand'rings of my childish feet,
And, as I sported by its sparkling side,
With more than ocean's volume dashed and beat
And sung its glories in triumphant tune,
While stately forests stooped and blessed it as their boon.

Although it seems a woodland brooklet now,
Far grander is to me its simple strain,
Than is Niagara, where with deep spoke vow,
Her waters curse the walls that still restrain,
Or Genessee, swift plunging to the shock,
Tossing her veil of mist o'er her unyielding rock.

And here, through water-cresses' dark-green maze,
The ancient spring pours forth its bounteous streams.
And lo ! the spring itself, the same always,
Just as of yore its dark, true mirror seems :—
But when I last stood here at day's decline,
From out these silent depths, bright eyes looked up to mine.

Oh thou, the spirit of this deepening wood,
With whom my boyhood's happy lot was cast,
Art thou grown sadder with the solitude ;
Coulds't thou at evening go where we have passed,
And, bending o'er this spring that waveless lies,
See but one face within, yet feel no mem'ries rise?

As Autumn's storm-torn leaf down falling slow
Above the bosom of this little lake,
Calls up an answering leaf from far below
And when they meet bright ripples round them break,
So would my prayer might widening circles start
Upon the pure, untroubled waters of thy heart!

But all too late! Beneath low sweeping boughs
In this dear vale, would mine were dreamless sleep!
No mem'ries then would come of broken vows,
And none of human kind would o'er me weep,
But only Twilight when her hour is spent
And her sad spirit stills my waving monument.

R. L. Weeks.

DOCTOR JEROME.

First Prize Story.

By George Greenwood.

Doctor Jerome had a class of students on lung disease, and he drove one afternoon to the Palais de Justice to procure the dead bodies of some criminals, for dissection. When the bodies were being put in the wagon M. le Docteur was informed that one of the prisoners had died of fright in his cell just before the time of his intended execution. M. le Docteur arrived at his apartments in about an hour, and proceeded, with the help of his valet, to carry the bodies to his dissecting room. Having laid them on the table, he ordered his valet to retire, while he himself prepared the bodies for work.

Opening the box he put on his gloves and removed one of the corpses to the table. He then placed the box in a closet and got his instruments. Taking a lance in his hand he began the operation. He must open the chest so as to expose to view the lungs, heart, and bronchial apparatus. He was just going to cut when he noticed a slight, almost imperceptible movement of the nostrils.

Doctor Jerome had heard of a strange disease called Catalepsy, but he had never seen it. At that time it was very little known and so is now. It has baffled all the researches of science and remains a mystery to us still. The doctor placed his hand upon the heart of the body and the flesh was as cold as ice.

Sure this must be death! Then he pressed his hand on it tighter and rubbed it till the flesh was moderately warm. A faint flutter could be felt, the doctor stood as one deprived of all mental faculties. Before him was the body of one now supposed to be dead, the body of one sentenced to die a felon's death, but in it was life. If he wished he could fully restore him to life.

Should he, or should he not? In ten minutes a body of students would be there, he must decide quickly. The good doctor put away all scruples he had about the law and decided to save the man. Calling his valet, he ordered him to tell the students that he was engaged with important matters and would be unable to see them that afternoon. Monsieur le Docteur then set about his task. Shutting all doors and windows he turned on the heat, thereby raising the temperature of the room to almost blood heat. Then by alternately pouring water over the face and rubbing all parts of the body he had almost entirely restored the action of the heart. He now poured spirits down the throat and continued the rubbing. In about thirty minutes the eyes opened and a visible action began over the whole body. The Doctor administered more spirits, and left nature to complete the restoration. By this time the good Doctor was very much fatigued. Taking the man, he placed him on a sofa and covered him with a robe. After he had considerably diminished the heat of the room, he took some refreshments. His nerves were well-nigh unstrung; in fact, the good man was in quite a predicament. If the man whom he had saved should be recognized, then the Doctor must send him away to the Palais de Justice, and this was a very unpleasant thought; nevertheless, he was determined to save the man if it was in his power to do so.

He then betook himself to the dissecting room. The man opened his eyes as Doctor Jerome entered, and gazed upon him in wonder. The Doctor walked to the sofa and took a seat by the side of his patient. I will not repeat the tale of woe, vice and sin unfolded to the physician's ears. It will suffice to say that it was a falling away from a high station into the pit of vice. The unfortunate man was at last arrested for the murder of a woman. While in the solitude of his cell, all the atrocities he had committed came back to horrify and torment him. He remembered the balmy days of youth, and mixed up in his thoughts was the figure of a lovely young woman, with whom he was to have been united in marriage. Finally, he thought of that terrible death which he was about to die, leaving only a name which would always be accompanied with a curse. His feelings overcame him when he thought of the future life in the unknown world, and he fell foaming on the damp floor, from which the turnkeys thought he was never to rise again.

It is needless to say that the good Doctor elicited vows of repentance, and he consented to save the criminal only on the condition that he would never again deviate from the paths of virtue. The man swore by all that was holy, never again to do a dishonorable act.

The Doctor managed to hustle him off to Prussia, where he afterwards heard he had joined the army.

Chapter II.

The arms of Napoleon had been carried to the frontiers of Germany, and brought to the outskirts of Paris. Paris was now in a state verging on starvation. The city was surrounded by the Kaiser's troops, and the shells of Von Moltke were falling in the streets. Marshall Bazaine was in the west of France collecting a large force which was to attack the Kaiser, thereby drawing his attention from Paris, and then the army would make a final attempt to free Paris from the hands of the invaders.

The dispatches must be got to Bazaine soon or half Paris would be starved to death. Who was to take them through the German lines?

There is a gallant captain in the service, his brow whitened by the snows of many winters, but nevertheless any one could recognize Doctor Jerome. Our old friend the Doctor was sipping some vile wine in his quarters, when the orderly entered, saying, "A dispatch from the General, Monsieur." "Bring it here, Justin," said the Doctor, suspecting some unpleasant duty. Justin laid the dispatch on the table and departed. The Doctor tore it open; it ran as follows:

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY OF FRANCE.
Oct. 15, 18—.

TO CAPTAIN JEROME, 4th ARTILLERY:

DEAR SIR:—

A dispatch of vital importance must be delivered to Marshal Bazaine before the 20th inst. The bearer will undergo the greatest risk, but it is a mission which can only be intrusted to the old and the experienced. I desire you to undertake it. If you decide to do so, come immediately to me after you are prepared to start.

By order of
General ———,
Commander of French Forces in Paris.

The good Doctor reflected. He thought of France, the sunny France for which he was now fighting, and then he thought of an old grey-haired mother, who would be heart-broken at the loss of her son. But he decided to go, so he had Justin make ready.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

The Doctor had met with remarkable good fortune; only one more day and the dispatches would be given to Baizaine, and the name of Jerome would be among the heroes of France. He was riding along a road, attired as a peasant, and in company with a farmer whom he had met, an unsuspecting, quiet chap, as the Doctor thought.

The day was cold, and the shrill wind cut them to the bone. As they were passing a tavern the Doctor proposed to go in and warm up; accordingly they alighted. A roaring fire was blazing in the old fire-place, and the Doctor sat down by it and ordered his spirits. "Come, come, take another my good friend," cried the peasant when the glass was emptied. The peasant walked over to the bar and mixed the drink, putting in unobserved a few grains of some white powder. Yet those grains of white powder were destined to deliver Paris to the Germans. The Doctor drank the glass without suspicion, and bye and bye his head began to nod, his eyes closed slowly but surely, his head sank on his breast, and the good man was far away in the land of nod. As soon as he was fairly asleep, the peasant crept up to him with a stealthy step, and, while the inn-keeper went out to the kitchen, he thrust his hand into the Doctor's breast. There was a rip of cloth, and the peasant flourished above his head the dispatches which were to save Paris from the Germans.

The peasant disappeared through the door, but in a few minutes he returned accompanied by a squad of soldiers who bore away the still slumbering Doctor to the tent of their commander. Just before they reached the tent the Doctor awoke. As soon as he opened his eyes he saw that all was known, and that he must be prepared to die the death of a man. The squad halted at the door of the colonel's tent and a voice that sounded strangely familiar to the Doctor's ears gave the command, "Bring the prisoner in." The good Doctor walked into the tent, accompanied by a guard and the treacherous peasant. At the sight of the colonel the Doctor acted very strangely: his face first glowed with joy and then turned ashy-white. The colonel would have fallen at the sight of the Doctor, but the peasant caught him. He quickly recovered himself, and ordered the man to retire.

Who was the colonel? Can you not guess? He was the murderer whom the Doctor had restored to life. "Oh God! thy will be done," cried the colonel; the Doctor fervently responded "Amen." Then suddenly the colonel cried, "Oh Doctor, I cannot;" but the iron response was, "Do your duty, my lad."

* * * * * * * * * * * *

As the sun-set was shedding its mellow glory over the vine-clad hills around the Meuse, a dull report was heard, and Doctor Jerome was no more.

France still lives: but among her heroes you will not find the name of him who gave his life to save her. Although he did not succeed, he surely should be remembered.

PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.

CONCENTRATION OF THOUGHT.

Delivered before the Philomathean Society, March 25, 1887.

Charles Dickens in his novel " Bleak House " tells us that without concentration and application we can accomplish nothing.

It is to the former faculty that I would direct your attention.

Youth, we know, is the time of growth and development. Therefore it is most important to future success that those qualities are developed in early life which strengthen and ennoble the character.

The power of a man to pursue an uninterrupted line of thought directed toward one subject only, for any length of time, will prove a most important factor in the shaping of his career.

Ambition to excel in any particular work is one of the requisites to success; but just as a ship must have a keel to enable it to keep its course toward its destination, just so important is it that the mind have this aid to keep on in a steady course, and at last to reach the longed-for goal.

Note the character of a man who is renowned for his wonderful discoveries, and you will find he has the faculty of bending his whole mental force to the work before him. As an example of this, Roman History relates that Archimides at the capture of Syracuse was slain while studying a mathematical problem, being so absorbed that he took no notice of the approaching soldier, except to warn him not to disturb his drawings in those well known words, "*nole turbare circulos meos*."

In another place we read that Julius Cæsar, while being carried in his litter during some of the campaigns in Gaul, could read and write and dictate to four and sometimes to seven amanuenses at once; from which I infer that he could turn instantly from one subject to another and concentrate his mind on that subject to the exclusion of all others. It requires a steady storm of shot and shell directed toward one point to make a breach in the ramparts of the enemy; and just as necessary is it that we should gather our thoughts, and keep them fixed upon one subject if we would penetrate the mist which surrounds the unknown.

In school life, the knowledge which we obtain from our text books is far less in importance compared to the value of the training which the proper use of these same books give to our minds.

And lastly, since to every achievement, no matter how great, a beginning must be made there is no place where we may make a better start than in this society. The constant practice of concentration of thought by the members would not only raise the standard of its literary productions, but would also enable the Philomathean Society to send forth those who would in time become logical thinkers and accomplished speakers.

JOHN LOCKWOOD DODGE.

O POET OF THE DAWN.

I.

O POET of the dawn, awake,
The world is waiting for thee,
For thee the frowning night-clouds break,
The morning light streams o'er thee.

Come, new born-bard with mighty song,
The host of God assembles,
Thunder thy song the peaks along
Till high Parnassus trembles.

II.

Ye lesser bards with pain distraught,
That wander in the night,
Ye have not grasped His wondrous Thought
Who robes the spheres with light.

Ye have not touched life's deepest note,
Whose song is Love and Death,
Your strings with feeble touch ye smote,
Ye sang with faltering breath.

Low, low your eyes have holden been,
Faith's pinions all untried,
Death for your Loves was endless Sin,
And Hope with Beauty died.

Then sing not, poets, if your song
Hath nought of cheer for man,—
To him that grieveth life is long,
However brief its span.

III.

We wait, O poet yet to come,
Thy voice tempestuous, tender,
Thine eyes filled with the night's deep gloom
And the golden mid-day splendor;

Thy soul new born with pain's fierce throes,
And yet despairing never,
Thy heart all torn by life's deep woes,
Yet healed and strong forever.

Come, great-souled poet-priest of God,
With mighty faith and vision,
Turn mortal sight from earth's deep sod
Unto the fields Elysian.

The morning light smiles on our eyes,
Night speeds the world forsaking,—
O poet of the dawn, arise,
The glorious day is breaking!

Charles T. Sempers.

Cambridge, Mass.

OUR LAWS AND LITERATURE.

By First Editor.

The laws and literature of a country are without doubt the most potent factors for good or evil in society. They are the standards by which a nation is judged after it has ceased to be a nation and become a part of history. What do we know of the nations of classic times, and what are they worth to us to-day as a power for good or evil? Their value to the people of to-day is in proportion to the knowledge the people have of their laws and literature.

A few may find pleasure or profit in digging among the ruins of ancient Rome or searching for the remains of some of the heroes of fallen Troy, but to the great majority Rome of Cæsar's time, or Troy, or ancient Greece are not valuable or interesting because of their ruins, but because of their great store of laws and literature.

When the Romans copied Grecian laws they also took with them Grecian literature which had such a great influence on Roman society.

As it was in classic times so it is to-day; when law and literature act together they exert a powerful influence, for good or evil. The one with the persuasive and convincing power of the teacher and the other with the authorative tones of the master. Literature pries into and finds out man, and law judges him.

How necessary it is then for us to keep both pure; for without a pure literature perfect laws are impossible. And if by accident they should be enacted they would be powerless among a people who have been poisoned by impure literature.

When any reform is needed the best way to bring it about is, not to enact a code of new laws, but first, to show the people through the channel of literature what is needed, for when the people are convinced, the laws enacted can be enforced, because they have the power of the people behind them.

We have some very good illustrations of this in the history of our own country. After the British had surrendered at Yorktown, and New York had been evacuated, the country was in many respects worse off than it was before the war. The states were more jealous of each other as states than they were as so many colonies and congress was powerless to enforce its laws. Something had to be done at once. Alex. Hamilton and Jas. Madison saw the danger and, through the channel of literature, they showed the people what was wrong and wherein lay their only means of safety. But their opinions had no authority until they were embodied in the constitution, and the constitution would have been powerless had not the people been convinced that the opinions of Hamilton and Madison were right. Then consider the work which was done to abolish slavery from our country. The good work done through the channel of literature was a great and necessary work. The amendment to the constitution abolishing slavery could never have been adopted had not Mrs. Stowe and other writers convinced the people by their literary efforts that slavery was a curse and should be abolished from the country. In view of these facts it seems reasonable that intemperance — the greatest curse of the age — must be met and overcome in the same manner. To precede public opinion and pass prohibitory laws where they cannot be enforced will only hurt and hinder the reform, for an imperfect law enforced is much better than a perfect law which remains a dead letter on the statute book.

* * *

TEMPERANCE AT THE WEST.

An occurrence of 1886.

Second Prize Story.

As I was riding slowly over the rolling prairies of the West one summer's day, I dreamily noticed the wild flowers and the "illimitable" plain stretching far away to the horizon. Then I thought of the might and power of Him who created all the beautiful things of the universe. Thus the time passed quickly. Near sunset I reined up my tired horse before the only lodging house of which the small village of Alton boasted. Here I intended to stop some days. I procured the best room I could, which was not equal in size or comfort to what the average Eastern hotel offers. The fare was simple, but it was acceptable to me after my long journey. The proprietor of the house was a shrewd restless looking man with black eyes. His name was George Benson.

I did not like Mr. Benson from the first. He seemed quite like a gentleman of leisure since he had apparently nothing to do but to run the house and entertain his guests. He had no scruples in making his clerk, John Andrews, do what he himself was above doing, namely, "tend the bar."

Mr. Benson was certainly a queer philosopher. John was an honest and refined looking fellow, who made you wonder how he came to be in such a place. The next day I asked one of the men who was loafing about the premises, some questions about John. The reply was short and true: "That chap came from the East to get his fortune, and I rather guess he's got about all he wants of this part of the country."

Not satisfied with this, I began a conversation with John, when he had a little leisure:

"I hear you are from the East, Mr. Andrews."

"Yes, I am from Massachusetts," he replied.

"Why, that is my native state. Old Massachusetts is a state to be proud of, isn't she?"

"She is that."

"Well, how do you like the West?"

"I confess I am sick of it. I have about made up my mind to go home and stay there."

"Haven't you had good luck?"

"No, I haven't. Five years ago, I took what money I had and left home, full of hope and eagerness, to seek my fortune. First I went to Nebraska. One of the first acquaintances I made there was a rascal, as I afterwards learned to my sorrow. He was called Smart Tim by his companions, and he proved too smart for me. Smart Tim was very anxious to sell me a claim that he had taken a short time before. He pretended that he was obliged to go to California, and would sell me the claim cheap to get rid of it. Like a fool I took his offer and paid him three hundred dollars down. Smart Tim cleared out the next day and I guess he has reached California or some other place by this time. Then I bought some young cattle and farming tools and went over my claim to find the best place to build my shanty. I found a spot that suited me, built my shanty, and settled down to work. In about a month, when everything was running smoothly, a man stopped to see me. I was at work digging a well, and he asked me if it wasn't about time for me to be moving off from his claim. I was surprised and told him I expected to stay on *my* claim as long as I chose. He ordered me off, and then brought witnesses who said that the claim was his; so I had to go. I sold my cattle and tools and went on to another place to try my fortune. I wandered about in several states, till my money was nearly gone. No work could be found, and at last I was compelled to take this situation for fear I could not find another."

"You have been unfortunate indeed!" I said, deeply interested in his narrative.

Just then John was called to attend to some men who had come with their horses, for luncheon. I thought over his story and determined to help him if possible, as we were from the same state.

During the afternoon I heard the report circulated through all the vicinity that Mr. Benson had decided to have a "grand saloon opening" within a week, and intended no other than John Andrews to sell the liquor. Of course the "opening" would be a great thing for many of the rough neighbors; there was sure to be a good crowd present.

John and I met directly after dinner the next day, and he said:

"I suppose you have heard about the saloon opening."

"Yes," I said, "why don't you give it up and go away from here?"

"I can't," he replied. "My name is spread all about here and besides, Mr. Benson will not let me go."

"Do your best to leave and I will help you all I can."

Really I had no right to interfere with Mr. Benson's private affairs. After thinking it over, I decided to say nothing to the proprietor, unless John wished me to.

John avoided me a day or two so carefully that I feared he was really intending to keep on in his place. However, he appeared to be ill at ease. Meantime, as the day of the "opening" drew near, the expectation increased among the men.

The morning of the "opening" came, clear and beautiful. All the forenoon men and women, many of them in rough clothes and with rough, weather-beaten faces, flocked into the village on horseback or on foot; in all sorts of vehicles, in two-horse wagons and in one-horse wagons. One poor fellow did not have any good luck with his donkey. He was hurrying the donkey along in order to catch up with his "pardner."

At last the donkey was tired of being urged along so fast and waited for his master to dismount over his head (that is the proper way to get off a donkey's back) and rush on as fast as he chose. The man dismounted, but, instead of going on as he should, began to beat the donkey. The donkey tried to keep his temper and so began to play "Yankee Doodle" on the nearest object, using his hind legs as drum sticks. The man happened to be the drum and after the tune was finished did not feel well enough to go to the village. Probably he had a slight attack of sun stroke.

John appeared pale and haggard, but a new determination shone on his face. He had fought manfully all night long between the tempter and his conscience. God and the righ gained the victory and a grand victory it was. John had resolved to sell no liquor, cost what it might. He addressed the expectant crowd and told them in clear ringing words that thrilled them through and through of his struggle and his purpose.

At first the effect was doubtful. Some hissed, but the applause finally came loud and long. That noble speech did more for the cause of temperance in the place than anything else could have done.

Since that night John has lived a christian life.

THE CADS.

By a "Fem. Sem."

A stands for Aldrich for with A we begin,
Who brought from Grand Rapids a syrupy grin.

B stands for Brainard so English and slim,
With his double up bow and his siders so trim.

C is for Carter of musical fame,
Who lost all his flowers, oh! ain't it a shame.

D is for Davis, a sweet little "kid,"
Who always does just as his mamma has bid.

And E is so airy so airy you know
With that hood on his coat which he whisks to and fro.

F is for "Funkie" a small blunt house pill,
Whom the catalogue says comes from Shirley town Ill.

G is for Grimes who is dying to meet,
A beautiful Fem. Sem. upon a side street.

H is for Hanna so slim and so tall,
Oh! why did you go to that great Dixey ball?

I is for Iwaya who is next on our list,
And to quote the "Mikado" "would never be missed."

J is for Jenkins who has a nice sleigh,
Oh! won't it be nice to go sleighing some day.

K stands for Kimball a little day scholar,
Who carries a bag and wears a high collar.

L is a donkey, perhaps this sounds queer,
But I know you'll forgive me when I name him Lazear.

M is for Mac with the I to his name
Who thinks "he can mash" but he can't just the same.

N is for no one of whom you have heard,
His name it is Norton a tres-funny bird.

P is for Pond's extract, the horse doctor's cure,
And Evans will tell you 'tis all very pure.

Q is a question whom shall we put down,
We can't find a Q in all this big town.

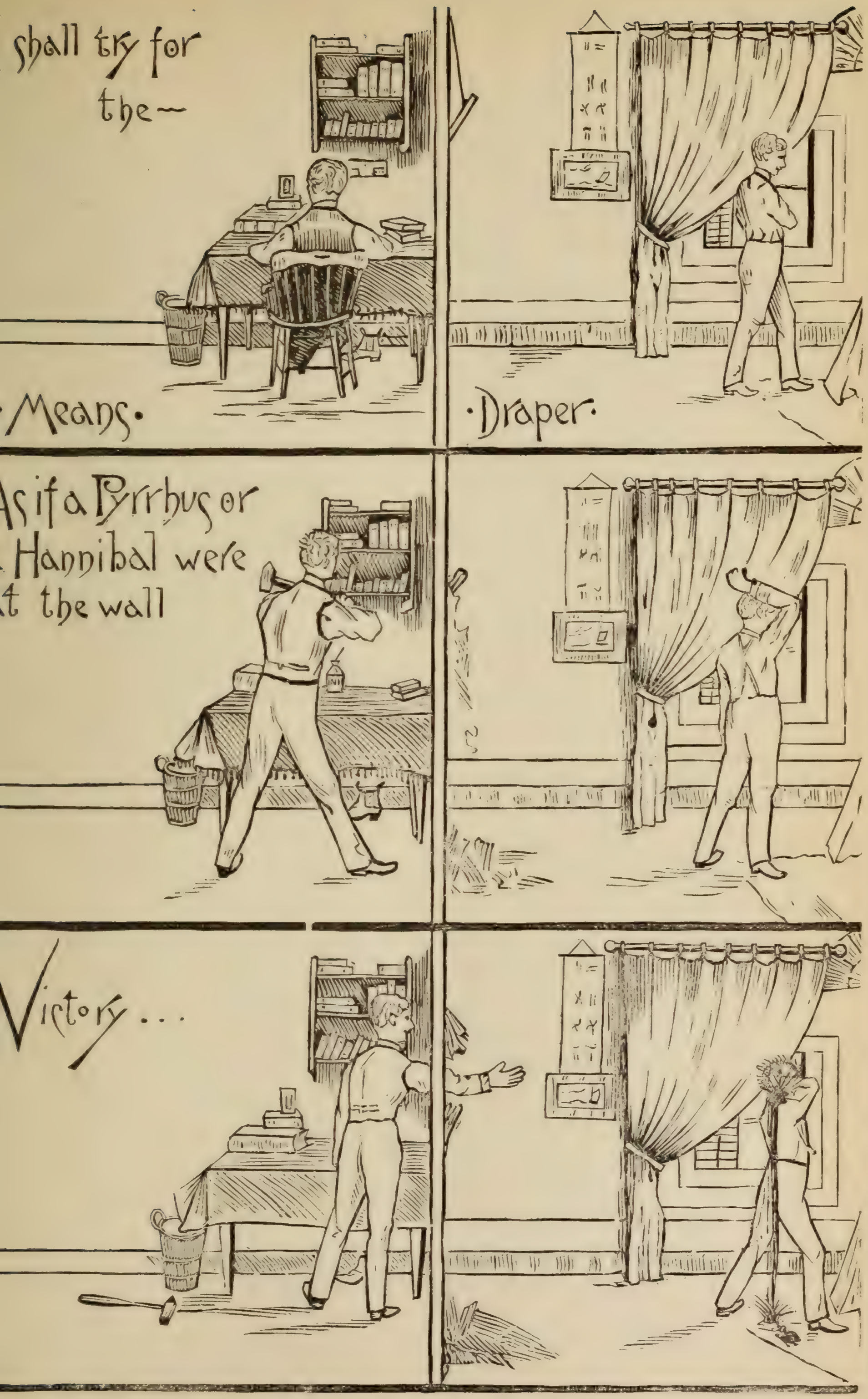
R is for Russell from Oswego, N. Y.
No one knows who he is so we'll just pass him by.

S is for *Sampson* the Strong *man* we mean,
In a suit of jet black he is generally seen.

T is for Thayer the swell fellow you know,
Who into the lectures in dress suit does go.

V is for Van R with his moustache of tow
And his amble so English "quite English you know."

W F Weston must have a new coat,
And trim it with seal and not with goat.


shall try for
the~
Means·
·Draper·
As if a Pyrrhus or
Hannibal were
t the wall
Victory . . .

MAHOMET.

By Second Editor.

Mahomet was born of poor but noble parents, at Mecca, in the year 569 A. D. It is said that, at his birth, numerous signs and prodigies appeared, that the room in which he was born was illuminated with a heavenly light, and the new-born infant exclaimed, "There is no god but God, and I am His prophet." The Tigris also overflowed its banks, and the sacred fire, which had burned for a thousand years, went out. Little is known of his youth except fables like these. He could walk at the age of five months, and speak intelligently at seven months. When three years old Gabriel appeared to him and opening his breast without injuring him took out his heart and wrung from it the dark drops of original sin which had come down from Adam. His father and mother both died before he was eight years old, and he was confided to the care of his uncle. As a young man he became a merchant, and travelled considerably with the caravans, thus becoming acquainted with the Jews and Christians in whose religions he became much interested. He was thus employed till twenty-five years of age, when a rich widow offered to him her hand which was accepted. He was now rich and could give himself up to reverie and religious meditation, for which in his earlier years he had shown a tendency. While in one of his moods, he was resting in a cave, when the angel Gabriel appeared to him and showed him a cloth on which were written the commands of God, and which became the basis of the Koran. He related this incident to his wife and brother-in-law, and, the former believing it and the latter urging him on, began secretly to teach his doctrines. Naturally he encountered considerable opposition, but the doctrines found favor with the common people,especially among the women.

Mahomet claimed that his mission was not to found a new religion, but to restore the old to its original purity; and that he was the last, and also the greatest of the prophets whom he ranked in this order, Adam, Noah, Abraham, Moses, Jesus, and Mahomet. At different times and as the occasion demanded chapter after chapter of the Koran was given out purporting to be divine revelation. The Koran was to supersede the Bible which had superseded the law of Moses, and its doctrines were similar to those in the Bible and the Jewish Talmud. The points emphasized in this book are the unity of God, charity, prayer, pilgrimages, and the denunciation of idol-worshipers.

The great obstacle that Mahomet had to meet was the demand for signs and miracles. Mahomet replied that God had sent Moses and the gentle Jesus to work miracles, but the people had not believed, that now God had sent him to compel them to believe not by faith but by the sword, and that the Koran, written by him, an unlearned man was of itself a miracle. The demand for a miracle became so great that he invented one. He said that in his sleep Gabriel appeared to him and carried him to heaven which was of solid gold and from which the stars were hung by golden chains. After meeting many of the inhabitants of heaven he heard a voice bidding him bow to his creator, and beheld a mighty throne on which was written, "There is no god but God, and Mahomet is his prophet," and which is the cry of the Mahometans of to-day. He then received praise, instruction, and privilege from the Most High, and was carried home. Though not exactly a miracle, yet, as Mahomet intended, many foolish persons believed in it, considering him no ordinary mortal who had undergone such an adventure.

While Mahomet was thus gaining converts he was also making enemies, and shortly after was driven from his native city, Mecca. The date of his flight, called Hegira, is the date from which the Mahometans reckon time. He was received in the city of Medina, and soon had it under his power. He now commenced the policy of using the sword to advance his cause, forbidding the use of argument and reason, and ordered his followers to arm themselves, and to kill all who did not believe in him as prophet unless they paid a yearly tribute. War was now carried on with varying success against the enemies of the cause, and after many bloody conflicts, he succeeded in surprising and capturing Mecca. Two false prophets appeared at this time, but were soon put out of the way. Mahomet next planned an expedition against Jerusalem but just as it was to start he was taken violently ill and died in a few days. On his dying bed he freed all his slaves and gave his parting commands to his followers. He was buried in the house where he died, and the mosque near by was enlarged to cover his tomb.

The life of Mahomet divides itself into two parts: In the first he appears as an imaginative and enthusiastic genius; in the last he appears vindictive and ambitious. It is difficult to reconcile these two characters but he was probably influenced by his imaginative dreams into a mental delusion. We cannot deny that the man was a genius, yet it seems as one writer has said "That his schemes grew out of his fortunes, not his fortunes out of his schemes."

THE GHOST; OR MY FIRST ACQUAINTANCE.

Third Editor.

It was in the summer of '84 that George McGlaflin, Henry Smith and myself started upon a pleasure trip for a small town on the coast of Maine, situated not far from Eastport, to rest our weary minds, after nine months of hard work poring over Mr. Comstock's "First Latin Book," and "Coy's Greek Mayor."

Those of you who have visited any of the famous summer resorts along the coast of Maine, may conceive the relaxation of mind and repose we experienced when we reached our destination, and breathed the pure and refreshing breezes which are prevalent on that coast through the hot summer months of July and August.

As soon as we arrived, we pitched our tent and commenced to form plans of hunting and fishing for the ensuing days. When we entered upon our anticipated pleasures, they were fully equal to our expectations. Not many days after, it was our good fortune to make an acquaintance with a young man who rendered us a great deal of assistance by way of telling us where we could find the best hunting, fishing, etc. Sometimes Wallace (for Irwin Wallace was his name) would attend us, when he was not too busily engaged.

One day as we were returning from the millfield in company with Wallace, ladened with handsome trout, we met a young lady of rare beauty. Her large brown eyes sparkled like gold leaf set in diamond, while her silver hair flowed in waving locks upon her graceful shoulders. As an evidence of her rural modesty the scarlet blood tinged her pretty cheeks as she met our gaze of wonder and admiration. After the spectre had passed, arousing as if from a dream, I exclaimed to Wallace: "Who was that?"

"O that is the accomplished Miss Annie Carter," replied Wallace, "but her father is a stiff, crabid old deacon, he is the sternest man that ever walked the face of the earth; set as a hog on ice. Sometimes the people threaten to depose him from his office on account of his stubbornness in church councils. And he won't even so much as let a fellow look at his daughter, if he can help it. I really believe, if he should catch me at his house in company with his daughter, that he would be the death of me. I shun him as I would a grizzly bear."

"Are you much acquainted with Miss Annie?" I ventured to ask.

"O yes," replied Wallace, "I have a standing invitation to call on her whenever I can do it without peril to my life, which means of course when the old man is absent. Mrs. Carter herself is a very amiable woman, and she grieves much over the narrowness and bigotry of her worthy husband as she calls him. I often call on Miss Annie, when her father is not at home, and of all my acquaintances, there is no one of them that entertains me more agreeably than she. Her voice is musical even in conversation, and her manners are bland and conciliatory. But she almost hates her father."

"Would you give me an introduction to her sometime if she is willing," I asked.

"Certainly," replied Wallace. "I think Miss Annie would be pleased to make your acquaintance; for she is very fond of company, and as to the fact that her father tries to keep her isolated from society, it only makes her the more anxious to receive attentions from gentlemen."

It was getting late, so I dropped the subject for the present, bid Wallace good-night, and with my companions returned to our tent.

A few days later, as we were strolling leisurely along the shore road in company with Wallace watching the sails pass by, and listening to some curious stories of adventure which Wallace was relating, a carriage appeared in sight.

"There is the old Deacon with his wife," exclaimed Wallace. "He is on his way to Eastport to that convention which was announced in church last Sunday, and probably wont return until to-morrow. He has left Miss Annie, undoubtedly, with express orders to lock all the doors, and if anyone comes not to let them in. I will go down to the house at once and see if I can make arrangements for a little spread this evening.

"But," interrupted I, "it would not be very pleasant for her alone to entertain four of us."

"Don't be concerned about that," said Wallace, "she has two pretty cousins who usually stay with her on such occasions, who are old enough to be interesting, and who are not far behind herself in agreeableness. Prepare to call at my house promptly at seven and I will guarantee you a good time this evening. Good-day.

Thus speaking Mr. Wallace departed, and went down to Miss Carter's where he found everything as he had predicted; the three beautiful young ladies were there whose charms almost overpowered him. After a few preliminary remarks, Wallace made known his errand. Miss Annie seemed quite delighted with the project. Moreover her father was not expected home till the morrow. She invited Mr. Wallace and his friends to take tea with them at 7 : 30. After which there would be miscellaneous amusements in order.

It was now about five o'clock, so Wallace went home to prepare for the evening.

At seven o'clock I and my companions dressed in our *best Sunday* clothes, called for Wallace who was already waiting for us. Forthwith we repaired to Miss Annie's, where we met with a cordial reception, and found very convivial company. Tea passed off pleasantly, and soon we were engaged in the amusements of the evening. I and my companions rendered some of our most popular college songs, to which the young ladies responded with a few selections of both vocal and instrumental music which were highly appreciated by us. While we were conversing upon various topics, the subject of school life perchance entered our conversation. Miss Annie made the remark: "I presume all the boys in commons take their meals at one grand building, where everything is tidy and attractive."

We smiled. I replied: "The trustees are talking of building such a house; but at present there are two principal boarding houses where most of the boys board. We take our meals at a real *Paradise* boarding house, but the other house where more of the boys board is almost exactly opposite in its nature, where everything is very crude, and the boys so forget their table manners that the proprietor deems it necessary to appoint a monitor to report undue rudeness. One evening the monitor brought a dog in with him. They offered the dog bread and milk, but he could not be induced to eat it under any considerations. I have a poem somewhere about the house, which one of the boys wrote who boarded there."

"Please read it!" the young ladies exclaimed.

After searching my pockets through I produced the article just as it was cut from the paper, and began to read:

"You've heard of boarding houses gay,
You've heard in countries far away
That many customs there prevail
To make one handsome, also hale.
Perhaps you've never heard of ———,
How they manage there to dine,
How they try with pain and strife
The grub to eat to save their lives.
Perhaps it's not yet got around
How the food is cooked and ground
At the palace of the king,
Where courage to eat is no trifling thing.—
How we are all nicely seated,
Always welcomed, always greeted,
Enough to eat, and some to spare,
Of horse-meat hash prepared in the (h)air.
The atmosphere is *warm* and *light*,
The conversation does delight
Our hearts, in summer and in fall,
In summer and *Winter(s)* most of all.
One of our number has not arrived,
We really hope he has survived.
Tonight the monitor is late,
Who on our tender feelings grates.—
Ah! here he comes to take his place,
Walking in with stately grace:
He scans us with his piercing eye,
He forms conceptions low and high,

He notes the dudes, the lady charmers,
And with them all the rustic farmers.
He brings along with him a dog,
Who is not half so big a hog
To gobble up the cakes and pies,
And gloat upon the kitchen wines.
The dog we offer milk and bread;
But brains he has within his head:
Although he cannot laugh nor talk,
He knows good milk from water and chalk.
The soup comes in with fowl, meat,
Potatoes, bread, and chickens' feet,
The puddings, butter and the cake,
With o(r)dors which one can't mistake.
The bill of fare we'll not prolong,
But simply state the butter is so strong,
If on your bread 'tis piled too high,
The sure result is that you'll die.
One fellow shouts, 'Why is this gem
Like calling on a Fem. Sem.'
We think, we scratch, we look at him,
Who says to us with placid grin:
'If Miss —— your pathway hunts,
You're sure to get enough at once.'
I will not here attempt to state
The baser things, at any rate,
But what we're trying to consume,
For yourselves you may presume.
At length, we scatter wild and fierce,
And through the train goes a goggled *Peirce.*
The monitor remains quite late
To make his entries come out straight."

The girls laughed; but Miss Annie remarked, with an indignant curl of her lip, that my friend might have chosen a better theme upon which to write a poem.

Finally, in accordance with the country fashion, we commenced a lively game of copenhagan. We were enjoying ourselves immensely, when suddenly we heard a tremendous rap at the door. We all became silent and listened, wondering who it could be. Presently a voice from without growled:

"Annie, why don't you let me in! It is your father and mother!"

I looked at Wallace, who stood speechless. He was as pale as death itself, and the perspiration oozed from his forehead in large drops. He trembled as though he were on the brink of destruction. The impression which Wallace made upon me, as I looked into his face, was one which I shall never be able to forget or describe. A panic followed: while the young ladies were going to the door, we scattered like a flock of sheep attacked by a tiger. Wallace, since he knew the outs and ins of the house better than the rest of us, managed to get out. Hardly knowing what we did, George jumped into a large churn which stood in the corner of the kitchen, while Henry and myself rushed through an open doorway leading from the kitchen, hoping to find a means of escape; but, alas! we went forcibly against a pair of stairs. The only alternative for us was to close the door, and await our doom.

"Why didn't you let me in sooner," said the deacon, as he entered the house. "What ware you doing anyway? I thought you ware trying to tear down the house; never hered such a rumpus in all my life; jist getting home from the conference too. Has that Wallace been here to-night? If I ever catch him here, I will wring his neck. Now hain't you pretty girls a tearing around the house like a parcel o' tom cats. What have you been doing with this 'ere clothesline? Been trying to hang yeselves? O Hannah, Hannah, what am I going to do with this girl? She grows wus and wus every day. Come, Annie, flax around here now and get marm and me sothing to eat."

"Well Hannah," said the deacon as he sat down to his lunch, "I don't see what this 'ere world is coming to; it was the wust convention I ever went to; the idea of Mr. Jones a getting up, and a saying that society was a good thing for young people, and that a young man was made better by the refinement of ladies company, and all that sort of a thing, *nonsense!* When I was a boy we were made better by hoein' taters, picking peas, peddling cabbages, and all that sort of a thing; and when it carne night, we were glad enough to go to bed! We didn't go a sky-larking off arter the girls now I can tell you!"

"But, my worthy husband," interrupted Hannah, "I was very much mortified at the last speech you made at the conference."

"*Mortified*," exclaimed the deacon, "what are you coming to Hannah; I had an idee on that pint, and I wan't afraid to express it nudder! when I git warmed up I mean business!"

The deacon talked for sometime, while I and my companions listened in dread suspense.

At length the family retired.

"Well there," said Mrs. Carter, after she had blown out the light," I forgot to put the cream into the churn, and I told Joe to begin to churn to-morrow morning at five o'clock, well, never mind, I can pan it right in without a light, since the moon shines so brightly."

Thus speaking Mrs. Carter went back to the kitchen, and panned the cream into the churn, without looking to see what was in it; while she was looking for the cover, George sprang from the churn, across the room, covered with cream from head to foot. Mrs. Carter saw him.

"O husband!" she screamed.

Mr. Carter greatly excited rushed to the kitchen. He caught sight of the white man gliding around the room under the pale light of the moon.

"Oh! Oh-h!! Oh-h-h!!!" he exclaimed. "Oh! Hannah a ghost! Oh! Oh-h! Oh-h-h-h!! Oh-h-h-h,h!!? Oh-h-h-h-h-!!! Oh-h-h-h-h-h-h-!!!!"

While Mr. Carter was speaking his piece, the ghost, although he thought that the deacon was doing first-class, opened the door and vanished.

The trembling man and wife returned to their bed. The deacon was so frightened that he hardly dared to breathe.

Henry and I waited until everything was quiet again. Then we began to meditate seriously upon finding a way of escape. Fearing lest we might arouse the deacon by opening the door, Henry ascended the stairs, to ascertain what the prospect was of getting out by some other way. He found the upper story rather dubious; in fact it had no floor, so he crept carefully along the crossbeams. After he had investigated to his satisfaction, he concluded that he might as well go back. As he was trying to turn around upon one of the beams, he slipped and fell between the beams, upon the lathes. The strength of the lathes being insufficient to support his weight,he went right through, and much to his chagrin, landed upon the bed of the deacon.

The deacon and his wife flew from their bed, as though they had been peas fired from a shot-gun.

"Oh! Oh-h!! Oh-h-h!!!" said the deacon,

In the meantime Henry made a bold dive for the kitchen.

Thinking it about time for me to make an appearance I came out from my hiding place, and escaped with Henry by the door which George had left open; but the deacon's harmonious voice pierced our ears until we got half way to our tent.

The girls had witnessed both scenes, by looking through the half closed door. Miss Annie pitied her mother, and was sorry that she was included; but she could not help enjoying the part her father acted: the undignified positions into which he put himself, and his subdued groans, were so extremely ludicrous. Hereupon the young ladies entered the room.

The deacon shouted, "Oh! Oh-h!! a ghost! Oh-h-h!!! Oh-h-h-h!!!!"

Miss Annie assured him that it was only his imagination. Then she lighted a lamp and helped her father to bed. By Annie's unconcern in the matter, and her frequent outbursts of laughter, Mrs. Carter had begun to suspect who the ghost was, and had become quiet. She did not dare, however, to express what she thought to the deacon, for fear of what he might do to Annie.

The deacon was having a hard time of it. Annie got the camphor and bathed his head, while he lay upon his back groaning: "Oh! a ghost! I shall die, Hannah, I shall die!" Mrs. Carter and the girls nursed the deacon to the best of their ability through the remainder of the night, really fearing for his life. When dawn broke, he began to recover, and by noon he was able to go about his business; but in a subdued and quiet manner.

The time of our allotted pleasure trip was drawing to a close. We soon broke up camp and returned to Andover.

Among my present correspondents, there are none who are more interesting than Miss Annie.

Not long ago, out of respect for the venerable gentleman, I inquired after Mr. Carter.

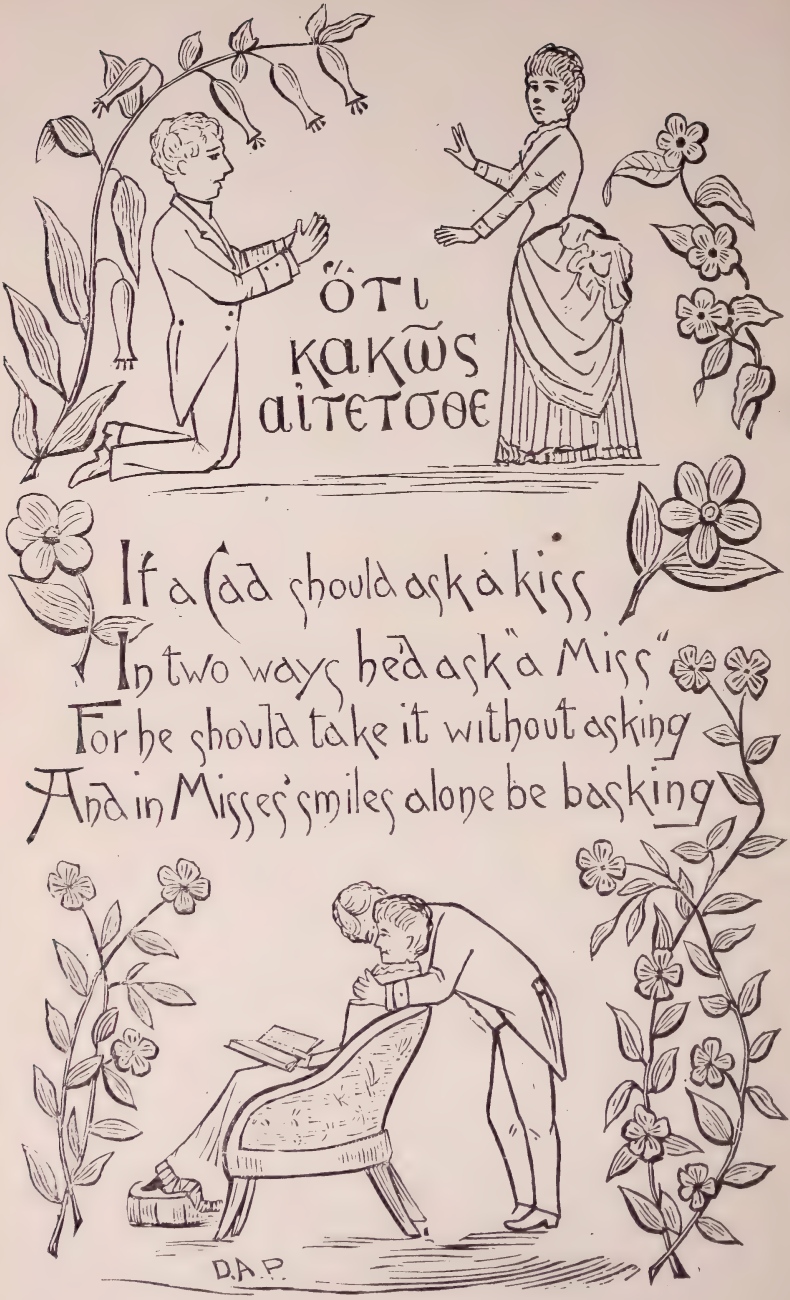
In regard to her father she replied: "Since the night when our canning party was so unceremoniously broken up, father has been a new man. I think that the ghost thoroughly cured him of his hardness of heart, and unyielding disposition.

At least, since that time, he has been a kind father to me, and he now seems to possess considerable sympathy for young people, in their innocent amusements. He now allows Mr. Wallace to visit me, and even goes so far as to invite him to tea occasionally, and makes himself quite agreeable. If you should ever visit our town again, I hope you will feel at liberty to call at our house. I think that father would be pleased to meet you now."

Yours truly,

Annie Carter, Perry, Maine.

I hope, at some future day, that I may have the pleasure of meeting Miss Annie again; but under more favorable circumstances than at my first acquaintance with her.


ὅτι
κακῶς
αἰτετσθε
D.A.P.

If a Cad should ask a kiss
In two ways he'd ask "a Miss"
For he should take it without asking
And in Misses' smiles alone be basking

PERSONAL ALUMNORUM.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes '25, is writing for the Atlantic a description of his trip to England, entitled, "One Hundred Days in Europe." It is written in his usual pleasing manner and will delight those interested in the Doctor. Phillips has many noted men among her alumni but none more universally beloved than Dr. Holmes. Lowell once said Boston will never lose the title "The Athens of America" while Boston and the world has Holmes."

Hon. E. Moody Boynton '65, is interested in a project which, it is expected, will revolutionize present railroad travel. He expects to run trains one hundred and twenty miles an hour, without any difficulty. The track will have but one rail on the ground and one over the cars. The cars are to be lighter and but half as wide as the present ones. If a person has any doubts of the success of this project, a few minutes talk with Mr. Boynton will convince the most skeptical.

Rev. E. G. Porter, '54, one of Phillips most energetic sons and a man of great ability, has issued a very handsome book entitled Old Land Marks in Boston. Rev. Mr. Porter will sail this month for Europe

Joseph Ward D. D. '61, President of Yankton College, Dakota, has been East on a visit. Mr. Ward has done a great work in Dakota and has won for himself an enviable reputation.

Will Banton, P. A. '86, lies dangerously ill, with consumption, at his home in Freedom, Me.

Rev. Wm. Barrows P. A. '36, delivered a very interesting discourse in the chapel Sunday morning March 6th, on education in the West. A wise Prep. remarked that it was a geographical discourse delivered in a graphic manner.

SOME OLD PAPERS.

We have just received some old newspapers which are of great interest as a representative of what the newspaper once was. Their size is very small compared to the great dailies which are now printed by the thousands in all our cities. The oldest the *New England Weekly Journal*, printed April 8, 1728, is a small paper, only two pages, seven by twelve inches in size. Its first article is an historical one on the Loom with an account of the inventor and how he lived. Some space is then given to a proclamation from the Capt. Gen. The London correspondent tells of the visit of some American to the royal family and does not forget to add that they were granted the great privilege of kissing the hands of the king; and other items of equal interest.

From among the advertisements we clip the following:

"The Nature and Necessity of REPENTANCE, with the Means and *M*otives to it. A Discourse occasion'd by the recent *Earthquake.* By the Rev. *Mr. John Rogers.*"

"A very Likely Negro Girl, about 13 or 14 Years of Age, speaks good English, has been in the Country some Years, to be Sold. Inquire of the Printer hereof."

The *Boston Gazette* published March 12, 1720 just after the Boston Massacre, is more than three times the size of the *Journal* published forty-two years before, the inside of the paper is trimmed in black in memory of those who were killed in the fight. Almost the entire paper is occupied with an account of the trouble. Among the advertisements we see Baker's Cocoa and Chocolate which is now in almost every paper. The advertisements in this paper are very numerous and seem to be made up principally of the advertising of auction sales, runaway servants and a new almanac.

Another paper of considerable interest is the New York *Morning Post* published in New York Nov. 7, 1783, about the time the British left New York for London. We clip the following piece of poetry about the Tory, which would rival some poetry of the present day.

The TORY's SOLILOQUI.

"TO go—or not to go"—is that the question?
Whether 'tis best to trust the inclement sky,
That scowls indignant oe'r the dreary Bay
Of Fundy and Cape Sable's rock & shoals,
And seek our new domains in Scotia's wilds.
Barren and bare;—or stay among the rebels!—
And, by our stay, rouse up their keenest rage,
That, bursting o'er our *now* defenceless heads,
Will crush us for the countless wrongs we've done them?
Hard choice!—Stay, let me think,—T' explore our way,
Thro' raging seas, to Scotia's rocky coast,
At this dire season of this direful year,
Where scarce the sun affords a cheerful ray;
Or stay and cringe to the rude surly whigs,
Whose wounds, yet fresh, may urge their desperate hand
To spurn us while we sue;—perhaps consign us
To the *kind care* of some *outrageous* mob,
Who, for their sport our persons may adorn
In all the majesty of *tar and feathers*;
Perhaps our necks, to keep their humour warm,
May grace a Rebel halter!——There's the sting!—
This people's the bleak clime—for who can brook
A Rebel's frown?—or bear his children's stare
When in the streets they point, and lisp "*A Tory*."
The open insult—the heart-piercing stab
Of satire's pointed pen—or worse, far worse,
Committee's rage—or jury's grave debate
On the grand question "shall their lives" forsooth
"Or property—or both—atone their crimes?"—
Who'd bear all these calamities? And more
We justly may expect, while *Shelburne's* shore
Invites us to decide the case ourselves,
And soothe our cares in that harmonious name:
But that the fear of woes, in distant climes,
(By conscience heightened to enormous size)
Makes us, like cowards, bear those ills we know,
Rather than hazard others, and our friends
(For numerous friends we boast—th' united
Band of Lawyers to a man) kindly engage
To turn the edge of whigs restrictive laws,

And reinstate us in our native soil.
O! 'tis a kindness that we wish devoutly,
And well deserves our thanks with half our worth.
But is it in their power?—When they harangue,
Will whigs forget we long have been their foes,
And guide their verdict by a lawyer's tongue?
Perish that hope!—They serve us for our gold
Their friendship and their virtue put to sale,
Pay but their price—they'll hang us every one,—
Then what our fate, when those cerberian whigs,
Those men with Argos-eys, Brutus and Civis,
Publius and thousands more (their real names
Whoever stays may to their sorrow find)
Will sound th' alarm, and those men of gold
Tho' bribed with half our wealth:—that once possest,
They leave us—nor will plead (or faintly plead)
Our desperate cause against the warm resentment
Of men resolved to drive us from their land.
Then let us fly—nor trust a war of words
Where British arms and Tory arts have fail'd
T' effect our purpose—on bleak Roseway's shores
Let's lose our fears—for no bold whig will dare
With sword or law, to persecute us there.

The paper also contains Washington's farewell address to the soldiers and gives him the title of the Fabius of America. The remainder of the paper is filled up with advertisements and proclamations. The publishing house, where the *Post* is printed is situated on Water street between the Coffee House and Slip. When we see what an improvement newspapers have made in every respect we may well ask ourselves what will the future bring, and what will the newspaper of two centuries hence be like.

EDITORS' REVIEW.

JAMES WILSON OSBORNE,
CECIL KITTREDGE BANCROFT, } BOARD OF EDITORS.
HERBERT EDWARD FARMER,

For thirty-three years the PHILO. MIRROR has appeared at the close of each term, and has been accepted by the members of the Academy as the literary exponent of the Philomathian Society. In looking over the long list of numbers of the MIRROR which have preceded this one, we see much which is of interest as a tell-tale of what men who are now eminent did while they were here. There are among the editors men who are now college professors, active business men, statesmen, and many whose lot it is to tread a quiet but not unimportant path in life. The life of the MIRROR has been a life of progress, with perhaps here and there a halt in the upward path. The present number, we hope, will not be an exception to the general rule. No one need expect to be pleased with all that is in one magazine. If you find anything you think is not suited to your taste, don't read it; it was not written for you; what interests you is in another part of the book. We hope that all who see the MIRROR will find at least a little which will be of interest to them.

To the former editors and all our friends who have aided us in any way we return our grateful thanks, and trust you will receive your just reward.

Those who have attended Philo. this term and have done what they could, have received their reward. The debates in Philo. have been, we think, without doubt as interesting as at any time for a number of years; often they became quite exciting, and the speakers were aroused to the spirit of their subject. Those who refuse to attend these debates will see the time when they will wish they had. Many men today acknowledge that the secret of their success in life is the training which they received in Philo. Some of the other parts have not been as well attended to as they should be. There is no excuse, as a general thing, for a cut. If one is busy, he can, if he tries, secure a substitute, and all who are appointed to take any part should see to it that their share of the work is well done, either by themselves or by an able substitute.

A committee was appointed last term to revise the constitution. How well they have done their work the Society will doubtless know before this is issued. The society should learn that a little practical work in the meetings is worth more than any amount of theory in the constitution. Practical work is what is needed; practieal, hard work, and considerable of it.

A little practical work is what has aided Inquiry this term. Extra meetings have been held in the commons and in several of the boarding houses, and, as a result, the meetings on Sunday and Wednesday evenings have been well attended. The only way a young man can build up a good moral and religious character is by constant effort.

In paying our respects to our neighbor, the *Phillipian*, we are glad to say that it has been kept up to, or above, any of its previous records. At the beginning of the term, G. B. Hollister, who had worked long and faithfully on the editorial board, resigned, and his place was filled by R. L. Weeks, who has proved to be an able and energetic editor. The *Phillipian* has proved a success as a weekly, and we hope ere long to see it at least a semi-weekly. We believe the school could support a semi-weekly paper.

THE entertainments this term have not been very numerous, but of a very high order. A course of lectures by George Makepeace Towle, on "Gladstone," "Bismark," and "Modern Inventors," which were given for the benefit of the Abbot Academy building fund, were very interesting and instructive.

The annual piano recitals in the Town hall were attended by a large number of the scholars, but *our* musical talent, we are sorry to say, is not attracted by entertainments of such a high order.

Prof. Comstock gave a very interesting lecture in January on ancient Rome, in the academy chapel, which was attended by most of the boys.

Mr. Merrill, late consul at Jerusalem, has given a course of lectures in the Old South, on Palestine, on subjects connected with the life of Abraham. Mr. M. proved an able official while at Jerusalem; but his place was wanted for another, and Mr. M. came home. Civil service reform, you know, demands a change.

The theological discussion has not decreased the number of lectures at the seminary. We are apt to think that the lectures there are all on dry theology, but it is not so. There are a number of lectures there every term which more of the boys would be glad to attend if they knew of what practical benefit they are.

FOLLOWING the example of our predecessors in the editorial chair, the editors offered two prizes for the best and second best story, and one for the best poem, and one prize and publication for cuts. A large number of stories and poems were handed in, and after due deliberation, the judges, Messrs. Graves, McCurdy and Eaton, awarded the first prize for best story to George Greenwood, for story entitled "Doctor Jerome," and the second prize to W. S. Phelps, for a story entitled "Temperance in the West." R. L. Weeks' poem, "Lines on Revisiting Linwood," received the prize awarded for best poem. The first prize for a cut was awarded by the editors to W. P. Graves for cut entitled "Winter Life in Andover," and the second to Lyman for cut on "Means and Draper Contests." The cut on the "Glee Club" was also drawn by Lyman.

We wish here to return our thanks to the judges, Messrs. Graves, McCurdy and Eaton, for their kindness, and trust that those who contributed, whether successful or not, will feel satisfied with the result of their decision.

We would also thank "Argand" for the article on the "Proposed Alumni Dining Hall." Any one who has spent a year here will know that the building is needed, and should be erected as soon as possible. As the Alumni Association have taken it upon themselves to erect the building, it is no more than proper that the present members of the academy, especially the Seniors, who are so soon to be among the alumni, should contribute something toward the good cause. It is always customary for the Senior class to leave some gift behind them as a remembrance to their Alma Mater. Would it not be a good plan for the class of '87 to leave as their offering a contribution to this building fund? Most of the boys, we think, would prefer to give to such a fund as this in preference to buying a portrait of some one in whom they have no particular interest. This building would be a permanent gift, and would fill a long-felt want.

THE reading room, which has been under the efficient management of Mr. E. C. Bartlett, shows an improvement in many respects over the appearance it presented last year, especially during the spring term. The reading room is a great convenience to the boys, and those who use it should see that they do their part to make it as pleasant as possible.

WE HAVE received the *Exeter Monthly* from the editors, for which please accept our thanks. The Lit. contains much interesting matter, both in poetry and prose, and is a credit to the Academy. The editor cuts his opinions short and lets them fall where they may. It would appear as well if the editor of an academy magazine would not be too free to express his opinion concerning the college magazines. It looks too much like advice from the son to the father. We hope that the editors have the support which they deserve from the students.

The spring vacation will be a short one and doubtless a large number of the boys will spend the time at or near Boston. To all who visit places of interest in the vicinity of Boston or Cambridge, and who wish to know as much as possible about what they see, we would recommend to get a copy of "King's Hand-Book of Boston," and "Harvard and its Surroundings," by the same author. You have in those two books *multum in parvo.* They are nicely bound, and the engravings are excellent. If one would read these books carefully, and then visit the places described, he would be prepared to talk about Boston and its surroundings intelligently, even to a Bostonian. The "Harvard Anniversary Hand-Book," by the same interesting author, contains all the important facts about the history of Harvard in a compact and convenient form.

"OF THE making of books there is no end," but the writing of a book more interesting aud instructive than Ben: Perley Poore's "Reminiscences of Sixty Years in Washington," would be an undertaking which no living man is equal to. It is written in that free and easy style peculiar to American correspondents of whom Ben: Perley Poore is chief among ten thousand. It is a book which is useful to every student and household. It gives a true picture of life in our national capital for sixty years, and is more interesting and valuable to students because one is not obliged to wade through it from beginning to end to know what the author is writing about. When one is tired and is not in a mood to study, this book can be taken up and you will be sure to find something interesting, valuable and lively on every page. It has been said that Major Poore never grows old, only in years, and one is easily conviuced that it is a fact by reading a few minutes in this book. To those who desire to canvass for a book in the summer vacation, here is a rare chance. You will find the publishers' (Hubbard Bros.) agent at 81 Milk St., Boston. Call and see him when in Boston.

MR. WOODWORTH, of the Boston Commercial College, has organized a class in shorthand and type-writing. He comes here highly recommended, and those who ever expect to have any use for either have a good opportunity to secure the desired knowledge. The class meets in No. 2 every Wednesday and Saturday noon for an hour.

The gymnasium is well filled every evening and half-holiday by those who are training for the tournament, and the candidates for the boat crew and base-ball nine. Those who take any interest in boating have determined not to let one year's failure discourage them. About twenty have informed Captain Knowlton of their intention to try for positions on the nine. An exceptional good nine is expected this spring.

We wish to call attention to the advertisements in this number of the Mirror. We believe that all the firms represented here deserve the support of the students, for they are business men who do business on business principles. When you want anything, visit them before going elsewhere, and don't forget to mention the Mirror.

SCRAP BOOK.

"Good luck taps at one's door once in a man's life time, and most men have just gone over to the neighbors when the knock came."

"If one is not handsome at twenty, strong at thirty, wealthy at forty, wise at fifty, he will never be handsome, strong, wealthy or wise."

If you would lift me, you must be on higher ground. If you would liberate me, you must be free. If you would correct my false views of facts, hold up to me the same facts in the true order of thought.

The truths we least wish to hear are those which it is most to our advantage to know.

If you intend to do a mean thing, wait till to-morrow. If you are to do a noble thing do it now.

More money can be made in one day's strict attention to one's own business than by ten days' minding the affairs of one's neighbor.

One secret of success is to know how to deny yourself and other people.

"Never trouble trouble until trouble troubles you."

Earn money before you spend it.

Many a rich man in bringing up his son, seems ambitious of making what Aaron made—a golden calf.

Never run into debt if you can find anything else to run into.

Prosperity's right hand is industry, and her left hand is frugality.

A man is divinely empowered for all he is divinely called to do.

When asked about donkeys it was replied, there are a good many donkeys in the Theological gardens.

Beneath this rustic pile of stones lie the remains of Mary Jones. Her name it was Floyd, it was not Jones, but Jones was put to rhyme with stones.

"Riches take unto themselves wings and fly away," said the teacher. "What kind of riches are meant." And the smart bad boy at the foot of the class said he reckoned they would be ost-riches.

The following are some answers given by children, who were asked to define these words, auriferous, pertaining to an orifice, ammonia, food of the gods, equestrian, one who asks questions, parasite, a kind of umbrella, ipecac, a man who likes a good dinner, Republican, a sinner mentioned in the Bible, demagogue, a vessel containing beer.

FRIENDSHIP.

The heart like a tendril accustomed to cling,
  Let it grow where it will, cannot flourish alone
But will lean to the nearest and loveliest thing
  It can twine with itself and make closely its own.

APPROBATION.

"The love of praise, howe'er concealed by art,
  Reigns more or less and glows in every heart;
The proud to gain it toil, and toils endure,
  The modest shun it, but to make it sure."

MERRIMENT.

Jog on jog on the foot-path way
  And merrily bent the style a ;
A merry heart goes all the day,—
  Your sad tires in a mile-a.,'

EPITATH.

Here asleep lies Jacob Gordon,
Mouth almighty, teeth accordin' ;
Step light and mind you do not blunder,
If he opens his mouth you're gone by thunder !

A Professor of one of the Universities is famous for his absent-mindedness. He recently went into a barber shop to get his hair cut. Taking a seat in the chair he remarked :—

"As it is quite cold in this room, perhaps I had better keep my hat on while you cut my hair."

Conclusive Evidence.—First peasant (to judge): "Your honor, I lent my neighbor a milk-pan ; he has gone and broken it, and now I claim damages."

Second peasant : "Your honor, there's not a word of truth in what he says. In the first place, he never lent me a milk-pan ; secondly, the pan was already broken when he lent it to me ; thirdly, the pan was whole when I took it back ; and I am prepared to swear to each of these statements !"—*Daheim-Kalender*.

As Mr. Jones was riding in the cars one day, he saw a gentleman directly in front of him staring at a newspaper which he held upside down. Mr. Jones gently tapped him on the shoulder and said : "Mister, your paper is upside down."

The other gruffly replied : "You big dunce, don't you s'pose I knew that ; any fool could read it right side up."

As TWO lawyers were out walking one day, they saw the tail of a calf extending through a hole in the door of a meat shop, which arrested their attention. While they were gazing at the door, the butcher came to the door and asked them what he could do for them." One of the lawyers replied: "Nothing, sir, we were only wondering how that calf got through the knot hole."

Deacon Fisher was very set in his way, and had his own ideas of the propriety and consistency of a thing. One evening in a church council the matter was discussed about the advisability of adding a violin to the choir. Mr. Phipps was much in favor of the measure and proposed that it be accepted; but Deacon Fisher spoke strongly against it, saying that it would not be sanctimonious enough, that the fiddle was the devil's music, etc.

A few evenings later Mr. Phipps saw the deacon skulking from his wood-pile with a large armfull of wood.

At the next council the old deacon was as rigid as ever in his opposition to the violin.

At last Mr. Phipps got up and said: "Well deacon, I will tell you what I will do. I'll buy the fiddle and put it on my wood-pile."

Mr. Gordon was a very inquisitive man; he was also quite deaf. And much to the annoyance of the rest of the household he used an ear trumpet which he always thrust into their faces when he saw them talking.

One morning Mr. Gordon was at work in his front garden near the high board fence which was erected in front of the house, when the milkman came along and shouted: *Milk!* Mr. Gordon put his ear trumpet to his ear and extended it above the fence. The milkman seeing the bell of the machine and supposing it to be the milk dish poured the milk into it and drove on.

Sambo was taken from home to work on a plantation under a new master who was very lenient and kind to his slaves.

Soon after Sambo's departure he received a letter from his master. Since he was unable to read it his master read it to him one evening in the hearing of the other negroes, he came to a place in the letter which read:

"Mr. Bascomb says dat you wus a faithful sarvant to him." When Sambo heard this he exclaimed: "Des read dat ober agin' Maser an' sho' des niggers how I stan'."

Finally he came to a place which read: "Mr. Lane is making quite a fuss ober dem chickens you stole but I spec he won't find who's took 'em."

Then all the negroes shouted: "Des read dat ober agin' Maser an' let des niggers see how Sambo stan'."

AMBITIOUS "PREP."

A wary 'cad,'
A mere lad,
With light step,
(The naughty 'Prep.')
Tried a 'miss,'
Forsooth, to kiss.
But the lass,
In the grass,
Thus replied,
As he tried:
"O, get out!
What you 'bout!
Don't you see
You frighten me?"
Then the 'lad,'
Very sad,
Stood perplexed,
Somewhat vexed;
'Round he turned,
For home he yearned,
'Til the maid
His courage staid,
As she smiled,
Sweet and mild,
And thus said,
Her cheeks quite red,
"O my, Ben,
Scare me again."

LAUGH AND GROW FAT.

YES; BUT —?

Ring out, wild bells, the chestnut crew,
 The feeble quip, the ancient pun,
 The jokes well known to every one.
Ring out the old! Ring in the new!

With joy indeed would we ring out
 The feeble quips, the puns antique;
 But where for new ones shall we seek?
Inform us and we'll gladly "shout."

Scientists tell us that we are in danger of another glacial period: but as it is not expected for a thousand years we may hear the report of the visitors on the Andover trial first.

From the *Censor Supplement*, Phillips Academy, July 26, 1864, we clip the following:

"The following correspondence passed between Sister McKean, the lady superior of the monastical establishment on School Street, and a gallant officer of our army, who is at home recovering from wounds received in the service of his country:

I.

JUNE 25th, 1864.

To MISS McK.,— The managers of the Fair would be happy to have the pleasure of seeing the young ladies under your charge at the entertainment to be given Tuesday evening.

Very respectfully,
—— ——, LIEUT. U. S. A.,
for the Sanitarium Society.

II.

JUNE 25th, 1864.

To —— ——, LIEUT. U. S. A., — Miss McK. would be happy to allow the young ladies the pleasure you solicit for them, but she cannot, in strict performance of her duties, permit them to mingle in so *mixed* an assembly as that of Tuesday evening will necessarily be.

With many regrets,
PHEBE McK.,
Lady Superior, &c.

III.

JULY 2nd, 1864.

To —— ——, LIEUT. U. S. A.—Miss McK. asks the pleasure of your company at the theological picnic on July 4th.

IV.

JULY 2nd, 1864.

To MISS McK.,—Lieut. —— ——, with many regrets, declines to appear in so *select* a company.

And also the following:

It is said, by those who attend the Old South Church, to be truly a distressing sight to see the contribution box go around in the galleries occupied by the Fem. Sems. No sound, no movement—not the rustling of postal currency, nor the rattling of a penny breaks the silence. Perhaps the widow's mite should not be looked for from females destined to pass their lives in hopeless maidenhood.

Is that true today? You who attend the Old South answer.

A young lady was sitting with her lover in a charmingly decorated recess. On her knee was a diminutive niece. In an adjoining room, with the door open, were the rest of the company. Says the little niece, in a jealous and very audible voice; "Auntie, kiss me too." I leave you to imagine what had happened. "You should say twice, Ethel, dear; two is not grammar," was the immediate rejoinder. Clever girl.—*Critic.*

The single eye-glass is worn by the dude. The theory is that he can see more with one eye than he can comprehend.

Apology.—A parish clerk apologized to a church of England dignitary who had been summoned to take a service at a small village church: "I am sorry, sir, to have brought such a gentleman as you to this poor little place. A worse gentleman would have done if we had only known where to find him."

Teacher—"What are you going to do when you grow up if you don't know how to cipher?" *Small Boy*—"I'm going to be a school-teacher and make the boys do the ciphering."

"Want to be a bar-keeper, eh?" "Yes sir." "Do you understand keeping books on the single-entry system?" "No sir; but I understand keeping Sunday on the double-entry system." "Very well. Hang up your hat."

SHE KNEW HIM.

Servant girl to mistress:—"There's a gentleman at the door."
Mistress:—"Did he give his name?"
"No, he gave me a kiss."
"O, that's my brother Tom. Let him in."

The other day a blushing "F. S." of Abbot went into a store and addressed a young man in this extraordinary manner:—

"It is my desire to obtain a pair of circular elastic appendages, capable of being contracted or expanded by means of oscillated burnished steel appliances that sparkle like particles of gold-leaf set with diamonds, and which are utilized for retaining in proper position the habiliments of the lower extremities, which innate delicacy forbids me to mention."

The poor young man gazed at her in wondering awe for a few seconds, and then passed her on to the "shop walker." He merely observed to the nearest female assistant:—

"Garters, miss!"

A report comes from a Southern town that a colored clergyman of the place recently prayed that the indelicate might be delicate, the intemperate temperate, and the industrious dustrious.—*The Sun.*

Boston landlord (to porter)—See if the gentlemen in parlor F have finished discussing their dinner.

Porter (returned)—Dey is fru eatin', boss, but dey ain't done cussin' it yit.—[*New York Sun.*

In the college slang of Princeton a perfect recitation is called a "tear," of Harvard a "squirt," of Bowdoin a "sail," of Williams a "rake," of Hamilton a "blood," and of Amherst a "cold rush." Failures are called "slums," "flunks" and "smashes."

A Frenchman thinks the English language is very tough. "Dere is 'look out,'" he says, "which is put out your head and see, and 'look out' which is to haul in your head and not for to see, just *contraire*."

A medical journal says "the application of a bit of ice to the lobe of the ear will stop hiccoughing." All a man who is accustomed to hiccoughing has to do, then, is to carry a bit of ice about in his waistcoat pocket, and he can cure himself instantly.

"Slowly the summer sun is setting," observes a novel writer, descriptively. Well, what of it? You wouldn't have the summer sun set violently, like an impatient hen in an egg-laying tournament, and run the chance of smashing itself into small pieces? We trow not. It will be an extremely dark day for novel writers when the summer sun sets quickly.

SHE'D TAKE IT ANYWAY.—"I have ventured," he said, "to buy this diamond ring, fondly hoping that you would allow me to slip it on your finger as a token of our engagement."

"I am very sorry, Mr. Smith, but you are too late—I am already engaged; but if you will have it altered to fit my little finger, I will shower upon you the wealth of a sister's affection."

The young man with slender salary should choose for his bride a young woman of small waste.

A VERY SOLOMON.

Teacher with reading class. Boy reading: "And as she sailed down the river—"

Teacher: "Why are ships called 'she?'

Boy (*precociously alive to the responsibilities of his sex*), "Because they need men to manage them."

"Do you attend the fair?" she said,
And tossed her pretty little head.
He spake up, with a roguish glance,
"Yes, always, when I get a chance."

She blushed, and said, "Now don't be green;
You know quite well, sir, what I mean:
There's only one fair in the town."
Said he, "That's what I said to Brown."

"Charles, I shall have to box your ears;"
The lovely eyes were full of tears.
"You know what fair; will you take me?"
"For better or worse," said Charles in glee.

"All's fair in love or war," and they
A family ticket bought next day.
Now Charles looks into her sparkling eyes,
And swears he has carried off the prize.

Apologies are not so common as formerly. They are very well in place. An old statement about them will bear repetition. A sermon both short and good is perfect, and needs no apology. A short, poor sermon has an apology for its poorness in its brevity. A long, good sermon has an apology for its length in its goodness. But a long, poor sermon admits of no apology, and the attempt to make one makes it both longer and poorer. Therefore, proceed to business without apology.

—*Christian Advocate.*

Teacher:—"Miss Sinnieo, please parse the sentence, 'Adolphus married Caroline.'" Miss S.:—"Well, 'Adolphus' is a noun, because it is the name of a thing; 'married' is a conjunction, because it joins Adolphus and Caroline; and 'Caroline' is a verb, 'cause it governs the noun."—*Exchange.*

Fem. Sem. :—"Must you go Augustus?"

Augustus :—"My love, I would give ten years of my life if I could stay with you longer; but if I don't go I shall be fined five cents for being late to Philo."

The Philadelphia *World* is responsible for the following horrible story: Her name was Nelly. They had been indulging in a waltz, and as they seated themselves on the ocean side of the Sea View, her Charles dovoted himself to cooling her off. Turning around and facing him, she asked, "Why am I like a certain animal in the managerie?" He didn't know, he said. "Why, I'm a Nelly-fanned," she said. He immediately asked for the position of keeper, and they will be married in the fall.

Teacher :—"What is a score!"

Pupil :—"A base-ball record."

Teacher :—"No, no; what I mean is, how much does a score signify numerically? what idea does it give you? That is to say, if I were to tell you that I had a score of horses, what would you think?"

Pupil :—"Please, marm, I should think you was stuffin."

She was my idyl when I wooed,
My idol when I won;
My idol when, in after-years,
Ways idle she had none.

CLASS IN HISTORY.

Professor :—"What important person was confined on the island of St. Helena?"

Mr. H. :—"Robinson Crusoe."

Professor :—"Can you multiply concrete numbers together?"

The class are uncertain.

Professor :—"What will be the product of five apples multiplied by six potatoes?"

Pupil (*triumphantly*) :—"Hash."

DISCOURAGING A YOUNG POET.

Writing from a neighboring Academy, a young lady asks: "Is the enclosed poem worth anything?" We find that the poem is as follows:

MINNIE LEE.

She had left us, our own darling—
And we never more shall see
Here on earth our dearly loved one—
God has taken Minnie Lee.

Her heart was full of goodness
And her face was fair to see
And her life was full of beauty—
How we miss our Minnie Lee!

But her work on earth is over
And her spirit now is free
She has gone to live in heaven—
Shall we weep for Minnie Lee?

Would we call our angel darling
Back again across the sea?
No! but some time up in heaven
We will meet loved Minnie Lee.

To the question as to whether this poem is worth anything, we chose to answer in verse, as follows:

Sweet poetesss, your poetry
Is bad as bad can be,
And yet we heartily deplore
The death of Minnie Lee.

It would have pleased us better
If, in His wisdom, He
Had taken you, sweet poetess,
Instead of Minnie Lee.

Your turn will come, however,
And swift and sure 'twill be
If you continue sending
Your rhymes on Minnie Lee.

From this we hope you'll gather
A dim surmise that we
Don't take much stock in poems
Concerning Minnie Lee.

First Elder (at the kirk, "skailin'")—"Did you hear Dougal More snorin' in the sermon?" *Second Elder*—"Parfec'ly disgraceful'! He waukened us a'."

A note made on Sunday is void; which may account for some men sleeping all through church service, and making no note of what the preacher says.

"Why, Mattie, you've put your shoes on the wrong feet." "What'll I do, mamma? They's all the feet I've got."

One of the "best girls" at Vassar writes: "I haven't seen a man in a month of Sundays. We were out taking a 'constitutional' Saturday, and came across a scarecrow in a cornfield. All the girls ran for it at once, and I only managed to secure a part of one of the skirts of its coat. Still, it was something."

"Your visits remind me of a successful newspaper," said Uncle Jabez' leaning his chin on his cane and glancing at William Henry, who was sweet on Angelica. "Why so," inquired William Henry. "Well, they commenced on a weekly, grew to a tri-weekly, and have now become daily, with a Sunday supplement."

Down from Carson City,
  In a Pullman train,
After six month's wand'ring
  On the raging main.
Quite extensive whiskers,
  Blonde moustache as well,
Comes a young explorer,
  Tall and slim and swell.

Empty seat behind him,
  No one at his side.
Through an ancient city
  Soon the train doth glide.
Enter aged couple,
  Take the hindmost seat;
Enter charming maiden,
  Pretty and petite.

Blushingly she faltered,
"Is this seat engaged?"
See the aged couple,
Perfectly enraged.
And the young explorer
Sees the tickets through,
Thinks of the snow sheds,
Knows what he will do.

Pleasantly they chatted.
How the cinders fly—
Soon the young explorer
Gets one in his eye.
Maiden sympathetic,
Quickly turns about:
"Please sir, can't I help
You try to get it out."

Soon the young explorer
Feels a gentle touch,
And a gentle whisper,
"Does it hurt you much?"
Rip! Slap! Bang!
Into the tunnel quite.
Oh! glorious darkness,
Black as Egypt's night.

Out into the daylight
Shoots the Pullman train;
Explorer's beaver ruffled,
Just the slightest grain.
And the aged couple
Shudder, as they note
An awful patch of powder
On the young explorer's coat.

CONCLUSIONS

"And the evening and the morning was the
'87th, *Day*."

"Only a Jott." *Titcomb.*

"Pure and spotless as a dove." *G. Dove Johnson.*

"As idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean."
The other Bronson.

"We, like sheep, have gone astray."
Evans & Trobridge.

"I am going to sit upon Prof——." *Wadsworth.*

Small, but Oh! my. "*Little*" *Williams.*

"I will sue the MIRROR Editor who calls me *green*."
Eaton.

"Behold the conquering hero comes." *Eyre.*

Call me "tiny tiny." *Dick Hotaling.*

"Me too." *Kibby Haywood.*

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."
Puffer, *P. S. '90*

"The bright and shining light of P. S. '88." *Marland.*

"I have had a shave." *Snowden.*

"His cogitative faculties immersed in cogibundity of cogitation." *Allen.*

"I believe they talked of me, for they laughed consumedly." *Orchestra.*

"Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit." *Early.*

"When musing on companions gone, we doubly feel ourselves alone." *DeLancey.*

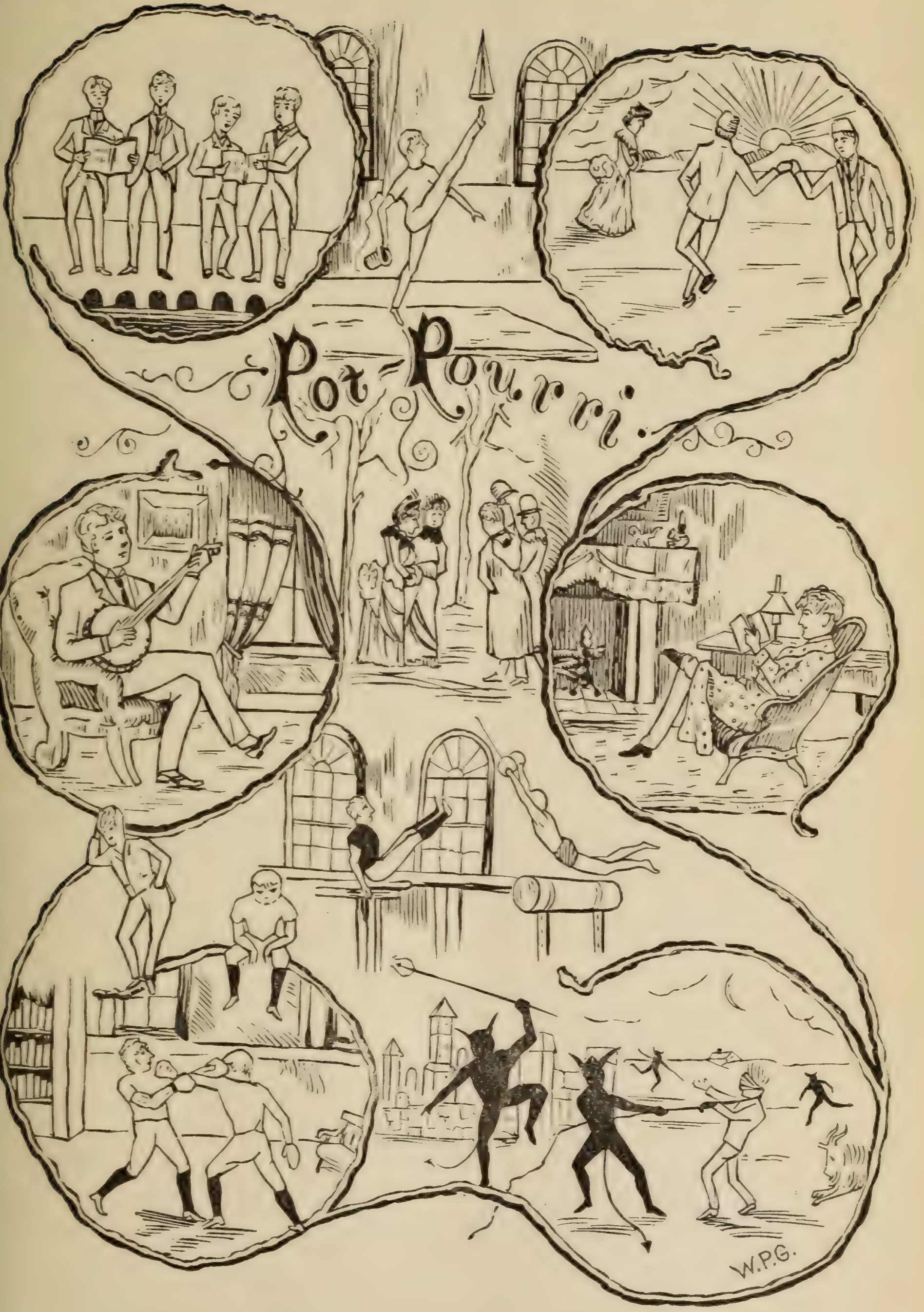
"And when you stick on conversation's burrs, don't strew your path-way with those dreadful urs." *Kernochan.*

"Love me, love my dog." *McIlhenny.*

"Play me no plays." *The Faculty.*

"I hold he loves me best who calls me Tom." *F. Weston.*

"Beware the fury of a patient man." *J. L. Dodge.*


Pot-Pourri.
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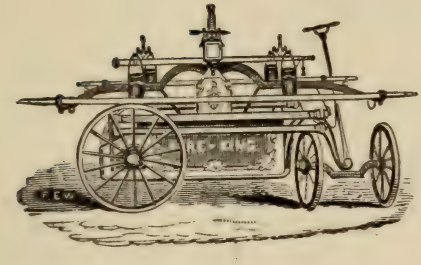

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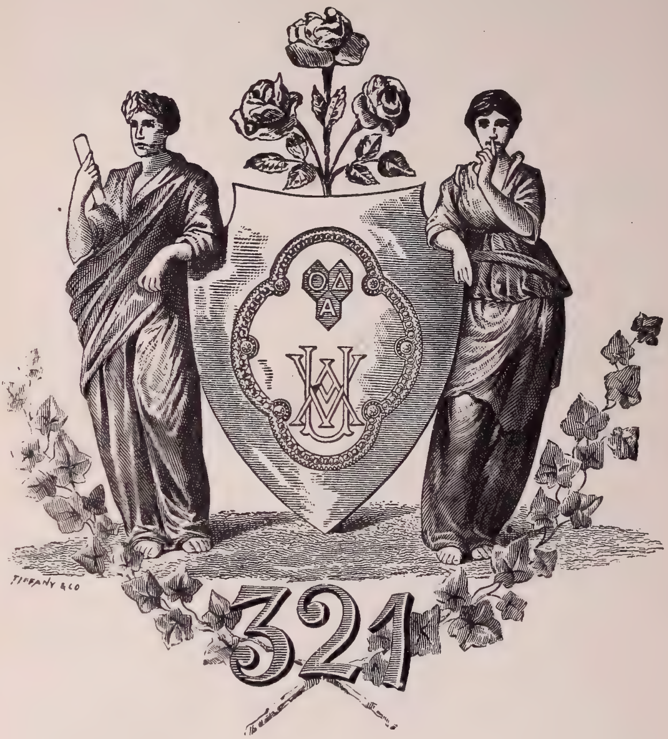
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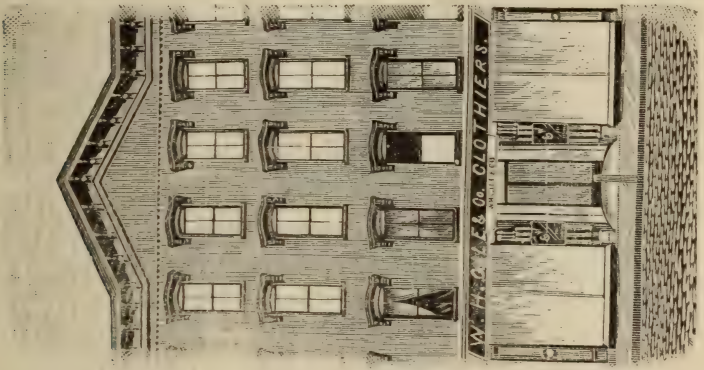
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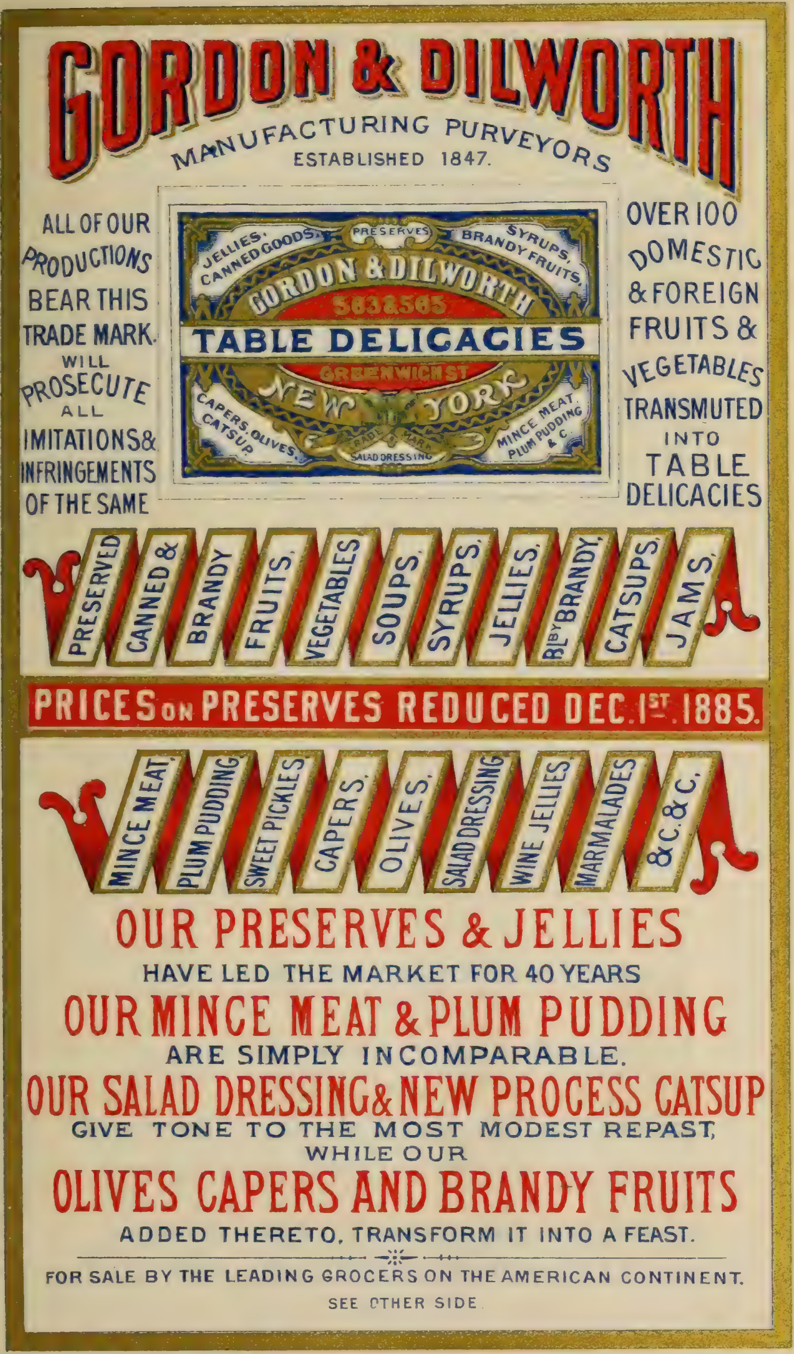

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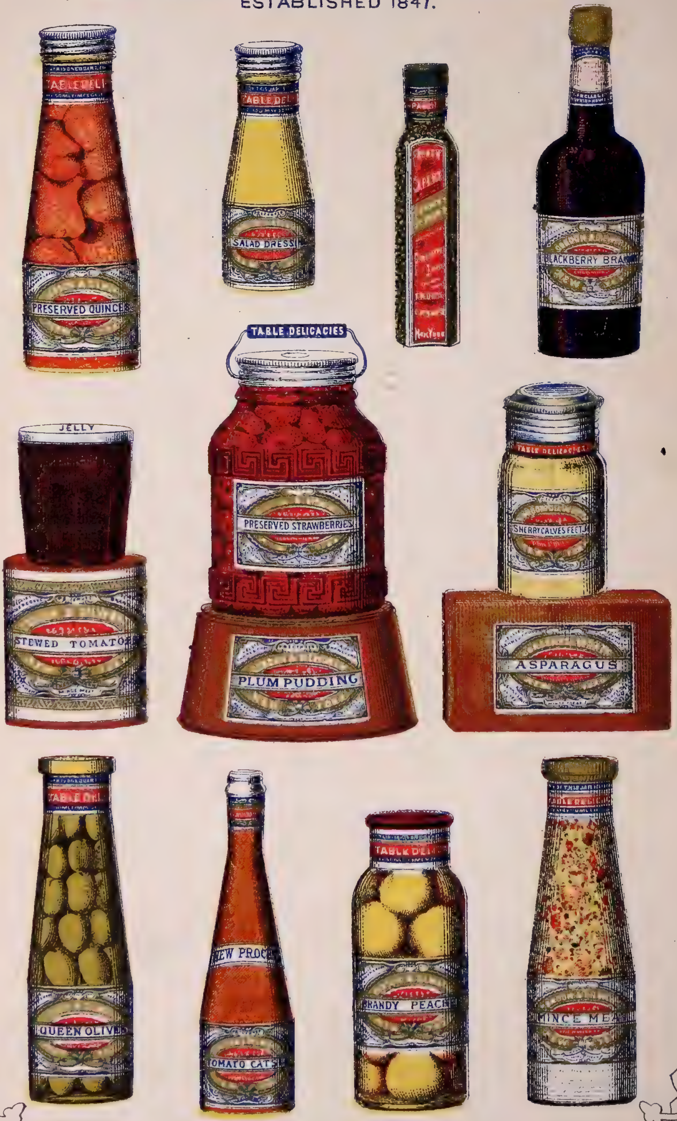
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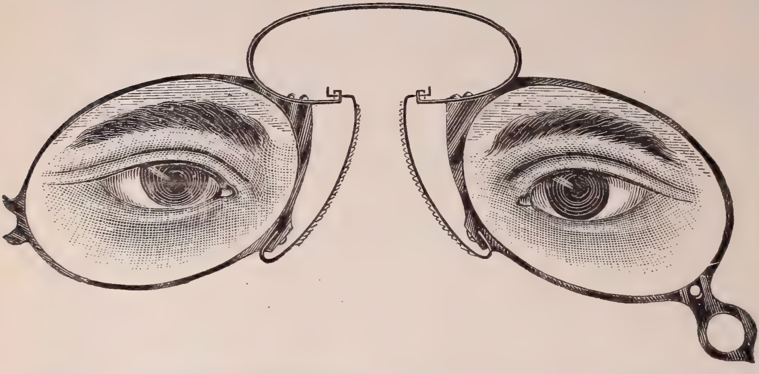

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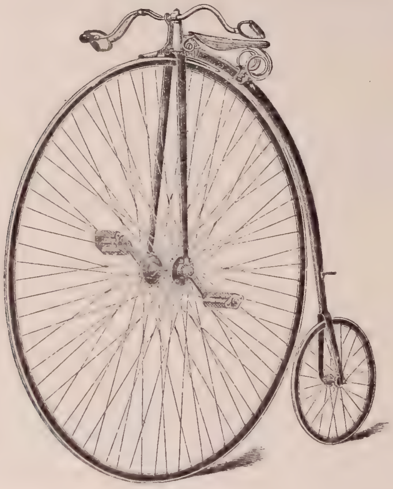

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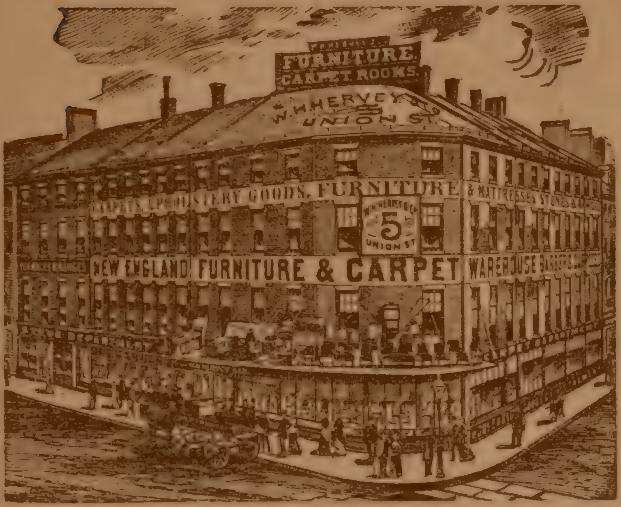
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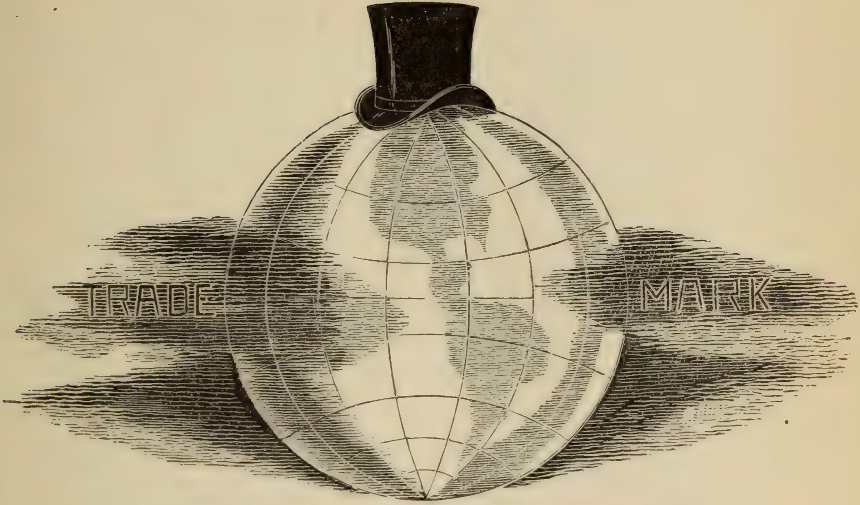

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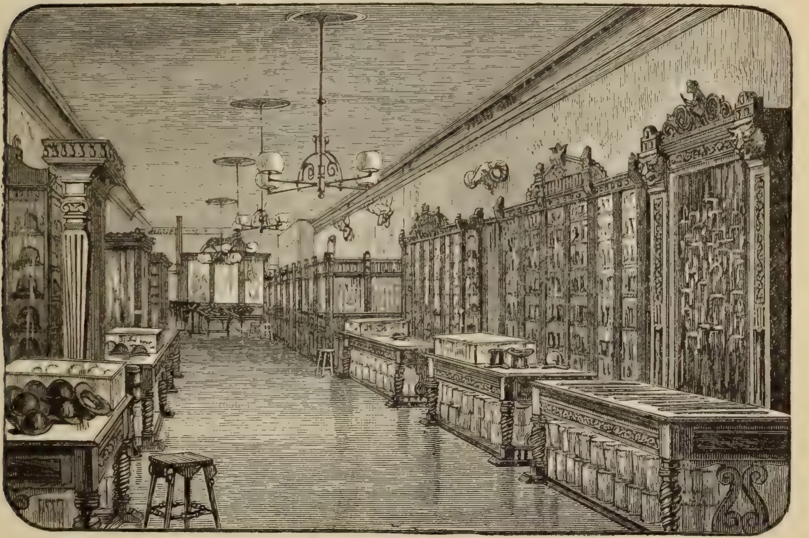

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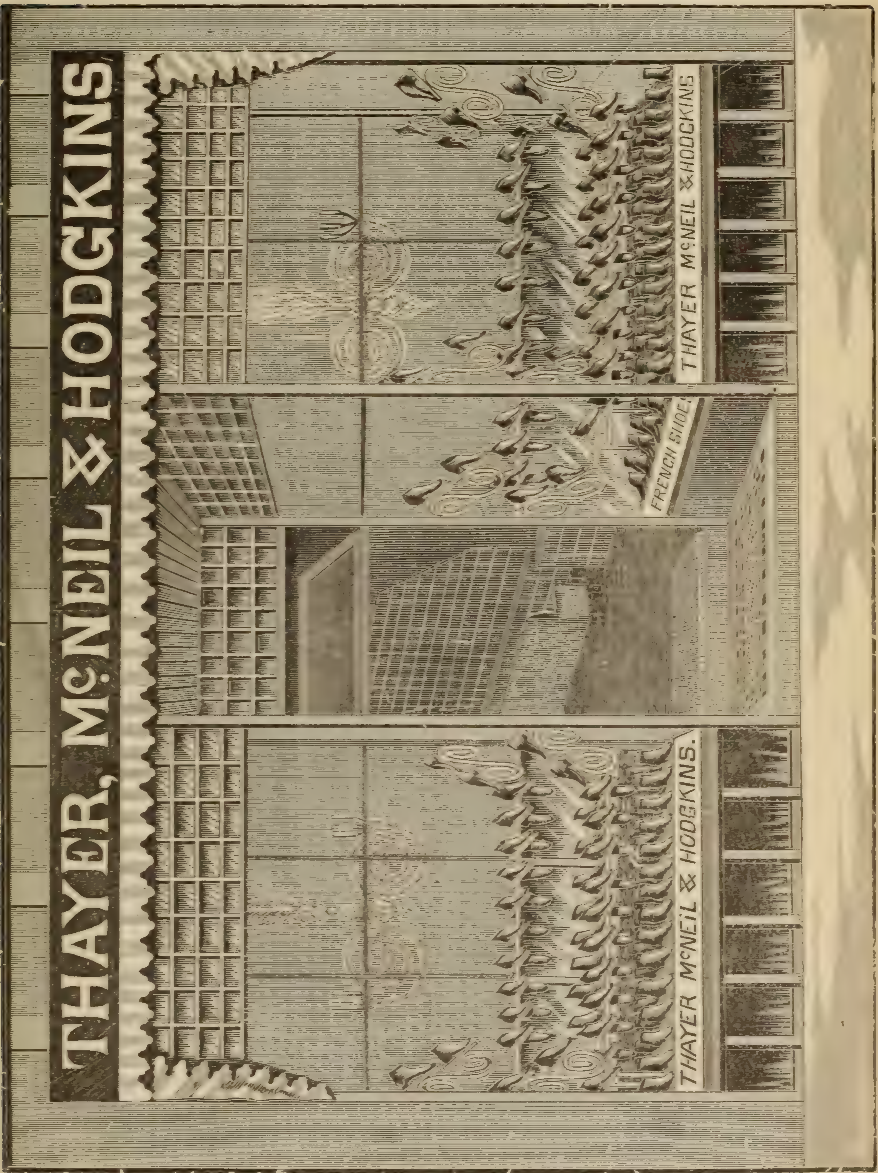
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Vol. XXXIII ~~XXXIV~~. No. III.

Scire est Regere.

THE

PHILO. MIRROR.

JUNE, 1887.

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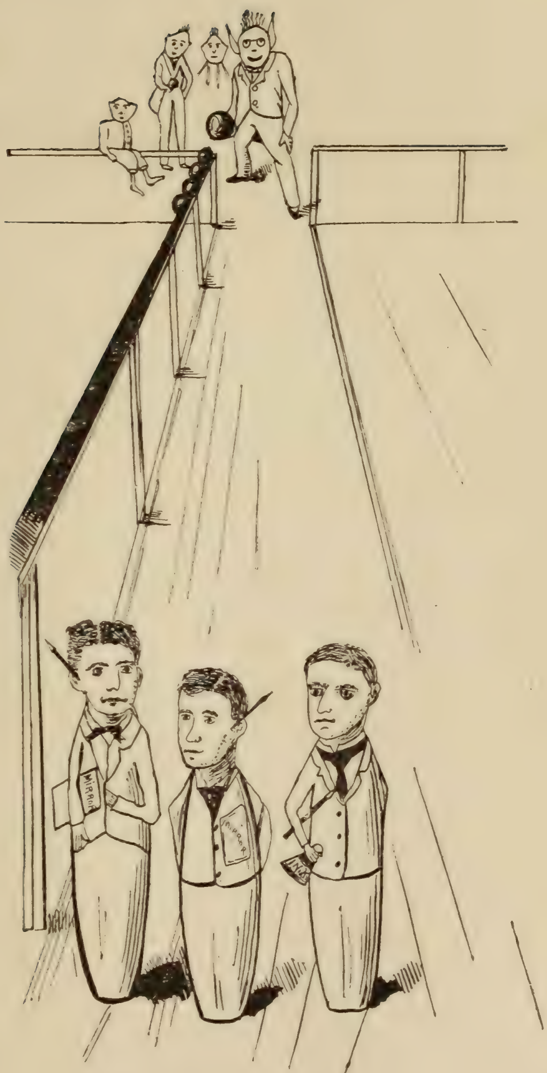

MIRROR
MIRROR

EXPECTATION.

Salutatory.

It has been the aim of the present Board of Editors to edit a book which will not only meet the approval of the school, but which will, we hope, act as an incentive to future Boards, to raise the standard of the Mirror.

We have spared neither time nor money in our efforts to accomplish this end, and now we lay the result of our labor before the school, asking but the fair minded criticism of all.

Thanking the school at large for the interest they have shown as to our progress on the Mirror from time to time, and those who have aided us in our work, we lay aside the editorial pen with the words :

> *" What is writ is writ :*
> *Would it were worthier."*

J. M. CROSBY, *J. B. MARTIN,* *J. F. BARNETT,*	*Editors.*

* * *

This Volume is respectfully dedicated to the

Philomathean Society.

PHOTOGRAVURE, BY RITZ, BOSTON.

The Glee Club.

THE MIRROR.

Vol. XXX~~IV~~III.   JUNE, 1887.   No. III.

The Faculty.

We give below a short summary of the lives of each member of our Faculty, thinking it will be of interest to both present and former members of the Academy.

Our former intention was to present to the school a group picture of the Faculty on the opposite page, but owing to delay in the work we regret to say that we were obliged to change our plans somewhat and hence have inserted the Glee Club as a frontispiece.

C. F. P. Bancroft, born in New Ipswich, N. H., Nov. 25, 1830. Graduated at New Ipswich Appleton Academy, 1856. Graduated at Dartmouth College, A. B., 1860, A. M., 1864. Taught in public schools, Ashburnham, Mass., and Groton, Mass., winters, 1856–60. Principal Appleton Academy, Mount Vernon, N. H., 1860–64. Studied theology in Union Theological Seminary, New York, 1864–65, Andover Theological Seminary, 1865–67, graduating at the latter. Ordained (Congregational) May 1, 1867. Principal Lookout

Mountain Educational Institution, Tennessee, 1867—72. At University of Halle, and elsewhere in Europe, 1872—73. Principal Phillips Academy, Andover, from Aug. 1, 1873. Ph. D., University of the State of New York, 1874.

Edward G. Coy, M. A.. Instructor in Greek, was born in Ithaca, N. Y. in 1844. He was fitted for college at Williston Seminary, Easthampton, and graduated with the class of '64. He graduated from Yale in '69. After graduating, he taught for a year at the Chickering Institute, Cincinnati, O.; from '71 to '72, at Williston Seminary, from '72 to '73, as tutor at Yale, and in the fall of '73 came to Andover.

Matthew S. McCurdy, M. A., Instructor in Mathematics and English studies, was born at Dunbarton, N. H., in 1849. He graduated from the St. Johnsbury Academy in '67 and from Dartmouth in '73. In the fall of '73 he came to Andover.

David Y. Comstock, M. A., Instructor in Latin, on the John C. Phillips Foundation, was born in Danbury, Conn., in 1852. He graduated from the Polytechnic Institute, Brooklyn, N. Y., in '69, and Amherst College, '73. He taught from '73 to '74 in the High School, Lonsdale, R. I., and in '74 came to Phillips.

William B. Graves, M. A., Instructor in the Natural Sciences, on the George Peabody foundation, was born in West Fairlee, Vt., in 1834. Fitted for college at Groton, Mass., and graduated there in '58. At Amherst College he graduated with the class of '62, after which he remained in Amherst until '65 as Walker Instructor of Mathematics. From '66 to '70 he taught in Phillips; from '70 to '74, in Marietta College, O.; from '74 to '81 he was Professor of Physics and Civil Engineering in Massachusetts Agricultural College, at Amherst. In the fall of '81 he came to Andover again.

George T. Eaton, M. A., Instructor in Mathematics, was born in Andover in 1856. Graduated from Phillips Academy in '73, Amherst College, '78. Taught from '78 to '80 in the Monson Academy, Monson, Mass., and in '80 came to Phillips.

Alfred Henry Lloyd, born in Montclair, Essex Co., New Jersey, January 3, 1864. Lived in Andover from 1879 to 1884. Prepared for college in Punchard School, a year and a half, and in St. Johnsbury Academy, St. Johnsbury, Vermont. (class of 1882), two years. Graduated at Harvard in 1886. Home at Montclair, N. J.

H. Conrad Bierwirth was born in Germany, in 1853. He came to this country in 1874, entered Phillips Academy in January 1877, graduated with the class of '79, taught a year in Andover before going to Harvard College. In 1884, after graduating at Harvard, he came back to Phillips to teach.

* * *

Twilight.

First Prize Poem.

The low wave ripples on the pebbly beach,
The setting sun sheds golden mist, away
Across the pond, the hills grow purple grey
And slumberous, while far off voices reach
My ear in drowsy murmurs; all the air
Is filled with deep content and quietness.
Not otherwise should all be, none the less
Should death and pain have been, and softly prayer
Rises in wordless peace; sweet visions float
In golden hues before me, as a note
Of far off music lengthened to a sigh;
And all the past lies blest before my eye,
So, bathed in beauty by a magic hand,
Backward outstretches memories' holy land.

Autolycus.

The Legend of School St.

First Prize Story.

With rapidity this matter-of-fact age is hurrying on to forgetfulness the legends of our fathers, and casting the blight sacriligious doubt over many a ghostly tale which has been received with credulity for generations. The strongest clinging to these venerable histories has been displayed in our New England villages. For modern architecture is justly distasteful to apparitions, and streets of monotonous regularity can offer no short-cuts to familiar haunts: hence new towns—that is, those founded within two hundred years or so—are doomed to exist without legends, and, what is even worse, without being conscious of their loss. But how different is it with a fine old Puritan town! Those ancient houses whose snug fire-sides were, after nine o'clock, always given up, with peculiar care, to invisible synods: those streets laid out after a ghost's own heart, those people to match,—all united in forming a paradise for the once powerful fraternity of spectres. Alas! that the path of the present should so frequently lead away from the thoroughfare of the past! No village has better resisted this innovation than Andover. Possessed of great antiquity, a romantic and quiet location, a simple and unchanging people, she has for well-nigh two centuries maintained a desperate struggle with the growing incredulity of a cold and suspicious world. This fight has been a losing one for Andover. The very descendants of those good citizens, who, in winter at least, devoted night and day to the zealous discussion and propagation of legends, are themselves become doubters. Legend after legend has fallen into complete oblivion, and the few that still drag out an unfortunate existence are told but as nursery tales.

To this day, one who has spent a few hours, on a moonlight night, in the grave-yard at the foot of Old South Church, can never doubt that there is some strange influence about the place. From a dense thicket at the base of the steep grave-yard, he hears Roger's Brook calling upon the dead who as children played by its bright waters, and are now come to sleep within sound of its voice. From near a dark grove of pine-trees in the hollow of the little valley below, there comes the sound of the Shawshine slipping over its dam. Far off, among the hills beyond the stream, the spire of West Parish Church is discernable, looking like the last dead pine of that lofty forest which once bounded the horizon. Then the mists steal up the valley, on that embassy which nightly the sea sends to confer with the rebellious land concerning a return to his jurisdiction. How beautiful the old town is by night! But hark! The stout-hearted clock in the steeple above is jarring out the hour, but who that has heard it by day only, has heard those timorous quaverings? There is a sound up School Street like a rushing wind; the old elms toss their boughs over the path; the dead leaves are whirled aloft; the two stunted trees in the wall at the corner of Central Street, shudder and shake as from a blow; then there is stillness. Such is the scene in summer; in winter it is beyond description. But who of the hundreds of academy boys that daily climb and descend School Street ever heard of this blast-riding spectre—for such it is—or would care a fig about it if he had; and what a comment is it on that lamentable indifference to the legendary to which I have referred, that the history—nay, the very existence of this apparition, should be brought to light, not by a public-spirited citizen of Andover, but by a stranger in the far West! This person, who thus confers an inestimable blessing on a thankless people, is an aged Kansas farmer! The discovery is so fortunate that it seems almost providential.

I had been spending my summer vacation at a friend's farm, near the southern line of Douglas County, Kansas, and had started one afternoon to ride across the country, following in general the direction of the old Santa Fe trail. Night's approach found me in the most sparseley settled stretch of my journey. I resolved to stop at the next house, and soon saw afar the white arms of a wind-mill standing out above a clump of trees. As I drew nearer, there was to be seen among the trees a low-eaved, substantial log-house, its chinks stopped with the usual combination of stone, mud and lime. It seemed, in truth, as though I had been expected, for a white-haired farmer opened the great oak-gate for me, as he spoke words of hearty welcome, which the traveller in that region always receives. The old man bade his son take my horse, and led me to where his windmill kept a cool stream running. When my thirst was slaked and my face cooled, we went to the house. Would that I had power and time to describe the house; the merry, bright-eyed old lady and her daughters; and finally, that unequalled supper whose even greatest charm was the kindly manners of people who were toilers, living as God meant us to live, and breaking their bread in contentment! I soon learned that the old gentleman had come West in '33, and had passed through all the border-troubles of subsequent years. He had been one of the Douglas County boys who had hastened Quantrell's retreat after the burning of Lawrence, and who fought against Price in Missouri. Like most men, however, who have seen real war, he was loth to talk about those fearful days, but when I chanced to mention that I was from Andover he at once became all interest, and displayed by his questions that he was familiar with that town. Nevertheless, I was astonished to learn that he had been a student at Phillips Academy. His announcement of this fact brought forth a burst of inquiries on my part, for I have ever taken great interest in the early history of our school. We were now sitting out in front of the house, enjoying the pleasant evening. Above us were the star-set plains of the sky, and, stretching away to meet them, the dusky prairies before us. The breeze, undying as from an ocean, was fanning our faces. I felt that, on the fitting stage of his own action, I was beholding a type of man soon to be gone forever, and listened with reverence to the words of my venerable host. Sitting in his great hickory chair, next him the wife of his youth,—one of those blessed old ladies who love to knit as did their mothers—the old man became again a Phillips boy. Many were the tales he told of merry pranks played on each other or on the luckless students of Divinity, who seemed to feel more than at present their intrusive and immigrant position; of good-natured Mark Newman, and the soft spot in his heart for lazy boys; of Dr. Adams, and his magnificent gold-headed cane—that herald's staff, beheld with tremblings on dread and formal occasions; of a never-ending series of retaliatory measures adopted by the long-suffering and desperate natives; of stories he had heard about Master Foster's School, that volcanic prototype of the Academy, which the boys felt might at any moment burst forth again and involve them in all the terrors of old-time eruptions. Then the old man dwelt on the tender relations subsisting between the Academy and an infant establishment under the hill,—relations, alas! which exist no more, and whose subversion, together with disastrous results, it is my mournful duty to record. The establishment of this institution for the higher education of young women was followed by an unprecedented attendance at the Academy,—a result which our shrewd trustees and partisans clearly foresaw. Such an educational awakening Andover had never beheld. Youth clamored to attend the Academy; the Female Seminary was filled to overflowing. The faculties were compelled to raise the standard for admission. Even this did not dishearten the thronging candidates. Bound together by their common pursuit of knowledge, there existed between the students of the two schools an unanimity that would to-day be regarded as Utopian. But an unforseen state of affairs ensued; forces were at work which, in a few brief years, were to bring regret where all was now rejoicing. The storm was gathering which was to involve two flourishing institutions in disaster which half a century was scarcely to repair. The ideal associations began to produce effects injurious to the schools, whatever they may have been to the pupils concerned. By a sort of mutual absorption, as it were, the numbers of the two schools were rapidly depleted. Many of the unfortunate seekers after knowledge were seized by a swift and irremediable contagion,—since well nigh stamped out in these regions—which, while not necessitating the services of a physician, was nevertheless the means of materially enriching the good parsons of neighboring towns. The joint councils of the Academy and Seminary were filled with dismay. Something had to be done. At length the consulting forces agreed in forbidding all connection between the pupils of the two schools. This is that famed measure which was aimed at nothing else than the undermining of that halcyon Democracy, under which the pedagogue bore most of the flogging, and the substitution in its stead of the oppressive Oligarchy of to-day. The promulgation of this decree called forth the loudest indignation from those whose ancient rights and privileges were assailed. With the fresh vigor of their affronted order they strove to resist. But their ranks were thinned by the contagion already referred to, and they had the humiliation of beholding their leading spirits publicly flogged and covered with disgrace. Human nature could stand no more. A revolution was arranged for the next day. It would undoubtedly have been carried out successfully, but for the supernatural and depressing event which occurred during the intervening night.

It must be borne in mind that the girls felt the liveliest sympathy with the boys' efforts for freedom. Accordingly, one of the boldest among them made an agreement with one of the boys to slide down hill with him, for it was mid-winter. The pupils were all expected to be in by eight o'clock at night, so, to make their contempt for law the more pronounced, the hour of eleven had been set for the ride. The venturesome youth who thus made himself the standard-bearer of the rebellious students, was a stout, stubborn fellow, a Senior, who, for four winters, had boasted the swiftest sled on the hill. This sled, made wholly by himself, was intended to accommodate but one. Nevertheless, many a fair Seminary girl had ridden on it behind him, for those were the good old days when this so-called law about the Indestructability of Matter had no terrors for the proud proprietor of a small sled. All the students of both schools knew of the attempt. The boys were gathered in such of their rooms on School Street as were within sight of the steep slide, which sparkled brightly in the moonlight. The girls from darkened rooms peered forth with hearts quaking for their dear comrade who was daring so much for them and for principle. Forth from the house they saw her steal; he was waiting with his bright red sled. They disappeared slowly from sight as they climbed the hill together, for they were determined to go from the top of the hill,— the very citadel of the enemy, clear to the river. How long it seemed to those waiting! Hush, they are coming! There was a rushing sound, dear to the coaster's heart, a glimpse of the proud face of the boy as he guided his darling sled, a wave of a white hand to where the girls peered from the blinds, a sight of flying black curls hidden the next instant by a whirlwind of snow which followed the sled. The enthusiasm of the boys was beyond restraint. They flung open the windows and joined in one tremendous cheer. But when their shout had died away, they listened intently, holding their breath each one: no sound. A moment more they endured that silence, then, dreading they knew not what, they rushed down stairs, burst headlong into the street, and set off down hill at break-neck speed. With faces turned to one side to hear the slightest sound, they hurried along. A wind seemed suddenly to have arisen. On down the hill they went, past the old Parsonage, and were just dashing into Central Street, when their quick ears heard smothered groans from an immense snow drift which they had just passed on their right. The sounds of distress were traced to the exact spot where now stands the stunted elm, in the loose stone wall which separates what was once the Parsonage orchard from the street. It was impossible to see any track leading into the drift, perhaps owing to the wind, which now blew the loose snow in clouds; but at its top there was visible an animated depression. Into the snow they plunged, tossing it aside with bare hands. Soon they reached something substantial, so much so, that they verily believed they must be trying to lift hero and heroine and sled all at once. Finally, with a supreme effort of all hands, there was rolled out into the path the concentric form of Mark Newman! Blowing a snowstorm from his mouth, the portly ex-Principal demanded to be placed on his feet. The boys felt more like running just then, but they nevertheless complied. He then asked for his hat. This having been found, he drew it down tight over his head, placed his hands upon his rotund sides, and went off into the most ungovernable fit of laughter that ever rung over snow! Finally he so far mastered himself as to request his astonished auditors to help him home. He lived in the white, square frame on the opposite corner, but short as was the distance, he was compelled to stop twice by his inexplicable laughter. At the door he thanked his attendants kindly, and wished them good-night. The mystified boys returned to the other corner and endeavored to track their friends. But the rising wind had erased all traces, if indeed there were any. In despair they stood still and listened. Not a sound save that of the bleak wind which blew the stinging snow into their faces and howled among the graves by Old South. Suddenly they seemed to hear fearful whisperings among the graves; the window-panes in the old Parsonage behind them shivered; the gilded weathercock on the church steeple gave a warning note, then a desperate flirt of his tail,— there were figures moving among the dark tomb-stones! With unspeakable dread they turned and ran back up School Street. And well they might, for plainly there was to be heard behind them the derisive laughter of pursuing fiends. So well did they run however that they succeeded in reaching alive the nearest one of their rooms. They barricaded the door with fainting bodies at first, rather than with chests and chairs, and remained there till dawn without sleeping a wink. Strange as it may seem, not one of them could ever be induced to mention that night, and they all continued to regard the scene of their narrow escape with undiminished terror. Mark Newman preserved strict secresy with reference to his part in the adventure, but so frequent and beyond explanation were his bursts of merriment, that he came to be regarded as the most enviable of mortals, since from his own mind he could derive such entertaining thoughts. The disappearance of the hero and heroine not only filled the pupils of both schools with just and superstitious fears, but also forever destroyed their hopes for restitution of rights. They became completely disheartened, and, although the memory of their champions' supernatural fate was soon forgotten, they nevertheless still preserve certain customs directly traceable to that event. To this day, unwary Academy boys, caught out too late, are wont to be borne, no one knows whither, by the blast-riding spectre. Ofttimes, on moonlight nights, from between the blinds of houses where live Seminary girls, there darts forth the lustre of bright eyes, for the belief used to run that she who caught a glimpse of that flying sled, should wed within a year. In daytime and early evening there is no walk more beloved by the girls and boys than that under the elms of School Street and among the neglected paths of the old grave-yard. They feel the spell which there is about the place, but least of all would they associate with it those two stunted trees in the loose stone wall by the Parsonage. For they have never heard how upon one of them, when it was a mere sapling, the rotund form of Mark Newman returning late, was cast by the rush of a midnight sled; nor how when the winter's snows were melted, a bright red sled was taken from over the other tree. They may even have noticed that an elm, the northernmost of these trees, is kept from splitting apart by a bolt of iron, but they have been too busy with each others' eyes to read the tale which the setting sun writes in the shrunken panes of the old Parsonage.

My venerable host had become silent. "But," said I, "what became of the daring coasters?" "For my part," said the old man, looking merrily at his wife, "I think they were translated, don't you, Mary?"

R. L. WEEKS.

Sidney at Zutphen;—A Poem.

First Means Prize.

'Twas midnight's lonely hour and low and sad
The wind sobbed in and out the English camp.
Within his tent, upon a narrow couch,
The noble Sidney lay. His heavy cloak
Concealed the graceful mouldings of that frame
Which kindly nature gave. Asleep he lay
Yet troubled was his sleep and oft he moaned,
And moaning tossed uneasy on his pallet,
For fever, spawned in low contagious lands,
Had clutched him in her parched hands and held
Him in her sway. Two faithful friends beside
Him near a flickering flame kept watch and soft
Held converse:
"What a night is this to waste
In foreign broils away from England! Hear
How piteously cries the storm to be
Let in, the hypocrite?—Would I were back
Before my roaring hearth, my boys upon
My knee, and I well rid of all this strife!"
To whom the other:
"Yea, thou art right, 't is damp
And dreary here,—but hast thou noticed not
How fitful rests our lord? Hark! hark! dost thou
Not hear him moan and mumble even now?
The fever hath him hard to-night, poor soul,
Hath reached his brain and set it all on fire!"
Scarce had he said when Sidney, waking with
A start, gazed wildly round and propped upon

His arm he groaned:
"Blood! blood! all, all is blood!
The fair white regent of the night with red
Is stained and plunges through a crimson sea!
The countless stars are countless ruby drops
That fall and fall yet stick forever there!
Mine eyes, mine eyes are blood and color each
Familiar object so that all is changed!
But now I had a dream—God grant it come
No more—that all my flesh did creep and choked
My voice. 'T was 'Saint Bartholomew,' and I
In Paris, and I did run to save my life.
Run? Oh! I agonized to run but to
The pavement slippery with gore—stuck!
And looking round—now fail, my faithful eyes,
Your duty to perform—before me, prone,
Lay in a heap what, but an hour since,
The brave Coligni's soul graced as its temple.
Then on me, petrified with fear, they rushed
And with their thirsty weapons sacked my heart!"
With that, the light of England's court, the Queen's
Most manly knight, beloved by all, upon
His couch leaned back and moaned.
Meanwhile his friends
In wonder sat and marveled much and pitied.
Then, in sad tones the one, when Sidney slept:
"Alas, but would not all the lords and ladies,
Yea, and the Queen herself weep should they hear
This wreck of reason from their almost god
Whose lips but now they hung upon to catch
Their precious pearls!
O would that I were Sidney, Sidney I,
So hath the love of this man wrought upon me
That his distemper I would gladly bear,
Ay, die if need be, that his soul may live!"
He ceased. Anon he spake again: "How calm
Has now become his rest, how deep his sleep!
The morrow's sun will find him better far."

Thus passed the laggard hours in pain away,
With weary waiting for a sadder day.
  The morning dawned, yet low o'er all the land
A thick mist hung as if 'twere loath that Heaven
Should view the impending deed of blood on Earth.
Meanwhile, the Saxon chargers draw in line
Butting the morning mists, impatient at
Their pace. And all the force prepares for stern
Encounter. When, lo! the vapors break
And there across the plain lie stretched the foe,
A forest, dense with spears!
Then on his snow-white steed rode Sidney down
The lines. Weak was he still, and pale, yet from
His eyes a fire shot as he addressed
His men:
          "Soldiers of England, ye who love
The right, behold the host before you who
Must rue your steel to-day! Ye know full well
How they have blighted all the land and racked,
And burned and slain God's faithful ones. Forward,
Then, in His name, and victory is ours!"
  He scarce had said when from the ranks arose
A mighty shout, whereat with ploughing spurs
They thunder o'er the plain. A thousand steeds
Bear on the hostile ridge of spears in rest.
A thousand helms the rising sun entrap
And fling a million beams. As on the deep
An angry billow, gleaming on its crest,
Gathers itself and all but splinters the
Opposing crag; e'en thus to deadly strife
The onset sweeps.—A moment, but a moment hang the foe,
Then Heaven is rent and Hell resounds. The spears
That were are not, and at the awful shock
The legions reel. Part sink in crimson pools,
Part fall to rise, their swords leap out and thick
The huge blows rain. A few large souls ride o'er
The seething mass and hew a march—then fall.
"Forward, ye men of England!" Sidney cried,

"If ye do hope to see your native shores
Again, show yourselves men and live!"
He spake
And blood flowed doubly free, 't was sport before
But deadly contest now. Amid the thick
Of battle Sidney's horse goes down, he mounts
Again, and this in turn and yet a third
Is slain. Then Sidney's self, though fighting with
A strength scarce human, finds his mortal thrust.

Out from the battle's heat and din they bore
His sinking frame and laid him, writhing in
His sore distress, upon a foreign soil.
Alas! is this the end, O England, this
The due of those who serve thee best!
The hero heard the din of arms and saw
The awful rush of war as in a dream,
As in an empty dream for his great soul
Rose o'er the discord of the strife:
"O Thou
Eternal Strength, be Thou my Stay, while death
And darkness hover round and I, ere yet
One half my years be full, my work undone,
Must die. O Comforter of troubled souls
Be near!"
Anon in agony he cried
For drink and eagerly received the draught,
Yet ere his lips were wet he stayed his hand,
For at his side a dying warrior gasped,
Gazing upon the draught with all his soul,
His eyes by sorest need made eloquent.
Sir Philip paused, and pitied; then, as he gave
The longed for cup, his parched lips scarce formed:
"Thy need, my friend, is greater than mine own."

Silence, O afflicted nation,
He is dead, your hero 's dead!

He nor hears your lamentation,
  Nor beholds your stricken head.

Weep, O Queen of mighty England,
  Thou hast lost a jewel rare,
Poet, statesman, knight and hero,
  All in one, without compare!

G. B. Hollister.

The Glory and Shame of the Middle Ages.

Second Means' Prize Essay.

What a halo the English poets have cast around our early history! The armed knight, the songs of the Troubadours, the glitter of the tourney,—these express the common idea of the Middle Ages. We generally regard as authentic history the "Idylls of the King" and the "Faery Queen," books which present but the glittering outside of the pageant; but how far from the reality! As one studies the history of this strange period in which are intermingled, good with bad, weak with strong, Christianity with Heathenism, he is struck with the incongruity between theory and practice. It is true men set up for themselves high ideals, but they were shamefully slack in following them. This is illustrated nowhere more clearly than in their religion. Their very conception of God was so high that they thought that He must not be addressed by them. Therefore they interpose a thousand saints who intercede in their behalf. Life means for them one long struggle to make themselves worthy of God, by fasting, by beating their bodies and by incessant prayers. Thousands rush to the monasteries, expecting there to live a pure life, apart from the sins of the world, worshipping God. As Christianity enveloped every act of man; therefore the servants of God were held in the highest esteem. The lowly priest with torn mantle and downcast look is more to be reverenced than the greatest king. The Pope has the power to enthrone and dethrone kings and emperors. At his single word souls are glorified or damned. Such were their theories. What was their practice? Although men were devout and earnest in prayer and vigils they never thought it necessary to obey God. From lashing their bodies they turned to deeds of the greatest cruelty and debauchery. John of England, after rebelling against his father, usurping his brother's throne, and murdering his nephew, was pardoned for them all as a faithful follower of the church. Licentiousness and murder ruled among the holy monks and nuns. The Papal chair, like the throne of Rome's former Emperors, was auctioned off to the highest bidder. Monsters like Alexander Borgia and John XII defiled the Papacy.

So low did morality sink in the tenth century, that Theodora and her daughters holding sway as mistresses of Rome, placed their paramours and base born sons in all the highest offices of the church; nay, upon the very chair of St. Peter. How could the people reverence such spiritual fathers!

The murder of Thomas à Becket, the dethronement and persecution of Pope Gregory VII, the insurrections in Rome against almost every Pope,— all these deeds of violence show how little men acted up to their own ideals of religion and the church.

The worship of the Virgin Mary led to the deification of woman. But it was a deification in fancy, not in fact. Woman was worshipped — until married; after that she was a mere slave to come and go at her lord's command. While the women of the upper classes were brutally treated, the peasant girls were born to a life of drudgery with the beasts and often were harnessed to the plough.

Perhaps the most wonderful example of the antagonism of theory and practice is the Crusades. The ideal motive presented was to rescue the sepulchre of Christ from the hands of the heathen: but was it necessary for them to wade through the blood of so many millions? We see Peter the Hermit preaching the love of God; and his followers plundering the German cities. We see the Pope calling for men to rise for Jehovah; and spendthrifts, robbers, murderers, marching in the name of the Cross, that they may fill again their purses and obtain absolution from their sins. Here we see Godfrey of Bouillon piously refusing the crown of Jerusalem; there urging on the slaughter of the Jews. Do you ask what is the glory of the Middle Ages? It is the Ideals which they set before them. The human race was then too weak to make their practices even approach their ideals. But age after age drew nearer and nearer, until now, we of the nineteenth century have made a long journey toward the goal. Shall we then scorn Christianity's first attempts ? Whence did we inherit our readiness to defend the weak, our chivalry to women, our loyalty to government, and the depth of our religious feeling, if not from the Middle Ages ? Our lives are, after all, but a continuation of the struggle of Christ with Heathenism which produced the Glory and the Shame of the Middle Ages.

C. W. Alvord.

Philo. and some of her Friends.

To you who entered the school with me four years back, it may be of pleasure to review the past. To you who have entered at a later date it may be of interest to compare the past with the present. As "Preps.," weary of the daily round of monotonies, we sought to enlarge our little world by seeking the solace of old "Philo."

As "Preps," we took the back seats most secluded from view nor ventured to raise our timid voices in debate. With what wondering eyes did we watch the mighty senior president, like the patrician of old, jealous of his honors, but he too destined to fall, and not all the brilliant appeals, or button hole conversation of a Tom Sawyer availed. Jimmie Ropes was our president, a scholar, dignified, without assumption, with a store of knowledge, always at his command, he was a ready but not brilliant debater, and made a good president.

"Q" is a question I would like to propose.

How far from his heels are Jimmie Ropes toes?"

Besides having the biggest feet of any man of Philo. it was pretty generally understood that he also had the biggest brain.

It was under Speer, the Idol of the middlers, that we made our first stand. We balloted twice, but there was no choice, and upon the third ballot "Tom" got it by a scratch. We were defeated but not down hearted. We saw our chance and upon the next election we staked our hopes. "Tom" was omnipresent at every corner and alley in the building, but his little schemes did not work. The mighty senior fell, to the disgust of the few, to the glory of the many, and a middler was raised to the throne. Speer came to the chair, respected and self respecting. He labored under some disadvantages. The society was heavily in debt, and Tom's" administration with that expensive minstrel show added the last straw to the camel's back.

The seniors, too, like spoilt children, because they couldn't have a plumb wouldn't come, but as "Philo." and the treasurer's accounts showed, they were not much missed, and we paid off the first term some of the debt. At our next election we had a clear coast, and Mr. Watson was elected president. Watson was both a worker and schemer, his principal trouble was that he wanted to run everything. He was always starting some little scheme for the benefit of the "Fellers," as he called them, and was the prime mover of every ticket, but the last ticket he started got left. Watson wanted to run for Mirror editor; his followers collected in his room, made out a ticket until they came to the Mirror, then said Watson, "There is Mr. A—, he will make a grand second editor, and there is Mr. B—, he will make a first rate third editor. Now," said he, "Who will make a good first editor?"

Hollister was elected our next president. Mr. Hollister was a fair-minded gentleman of great moderation, and a good deal of self esteem. He had a sound practical knowledge of parliamentary law, made a good president, and the debt diminished under his rule. By this time the society stood on a good footing; the seniors had begun to get over their pout; some of them had come back to the ranks, and Mr. Odlin, a senior, was elected president without opposition. Mr. Odlin had the art of flattery, and demagoguery to perfection, and there was hardly anybody in school to whom Odlin had not made manifest his fatherly interest, or who had not felt the caress of his hand upon his back, and when Odlin was seen walking the street with his athletic arm gently folded around some victim's neck, as he was wont, it was a nine day's wonder what Odlin was driving at. Our next president was Osborn. Osborn was the man who wandered out here from Michigan on his own hook, and has been on his own hook ever since. He entered the society when you did, but did not stay long in the corner, and his voice was soon heard in debate. He was a devourer of newspapers and old congressional records, was a good common-sense debater with some wit, and we designated him as a diamond in the rough. We hardly know what to make of "Osey," but he has paddled his canoe so far, and we think he will continue to do so. Dodge was a good debater, but in the chair he lacked presence of mind.

After discussing some of the presidents, we will confine ourselves to the geniuses of "Philo." One of the most noticeable persons of old "Philo" was Orange Judd Hill, of Missouri. He never had a profundity of language but he generally said the right thing in the right place, and when "Old Juddy" took the floor, shook his large form, planted those big feet and emphasized each point by a shake of his black head, he generally brought conviction, while on the contrary Speer, who was generally pitted against him, had an unusual gush of language and could say the most for a man that really did not say anything of any person we ever heard; in other words, "he had too many flowers for the fruit," and as a rule came out worsted. Judd was an awful cheat, but then he had some pretty good points. Do you remember that lounge he sold you for $2.50, remarking in his earnest, honest way, that it cost three dollars and was cheap. It undoubtedly did when it came out of the store, but it had been a good many years out of the store, and you afterwards found out that it cost him seventy-five cents. Then, too, do you remember the room that he fitted up for Perry, with a stove, two chairs and a felt mat, all for $50? "Cheap, too," but the grate had fallen down, one chair was broken, and the matting was worn through in spots. Otherwise everything was very good. Perry did not find out that he had got cheated until he went home, and then he found it out so often that when he came back he was resolved upon revenge. Judd had left him some blankets and an old dictionary to sell. Perry sold the dictionary for $6.00, pocketed the money, and kept the blankets. This was probably Free Trade in its strictest sense as laid down by Perry the younger, no doubt putting in practice the principle of his sire that "Free Trade fully recognizes the rights of private property, while protection by curtailing, virtually denies them." (Perry's Economy P. 184).

After Judd had written several unanswered letters, he despaired of the money and wrote that he didn't care so much for the blankets but he should realy like that dictionary, as it was a present to him from a dear friend. Then do you remember that big black dress coat that he tried to sell Farmer? You were in his room when Farmer tried on the coat. Judd clapped his hands. "There, Farmer, that coat fits as if it were made for you. Step right here to the glass!" and Judd patted the back, and smoothed down the front. Put our friend Titcomb into one of David Davis' ordinary coats and you can imagine how ridiculous Farmer must have looked in Juddies big Prince Albert. Farmer stepped to the glass, folded the coat two or three times across his manly breast and then asked if it fitted well in the back. "O yes! That coat cost $35.00. Look here the sleeves are lined with silk. That coat was made for my brother but it didn't fit him, and he gave it to me. I couldn't possibly sell it at such a sacrifice, but it is not quite large enough for me, and I am hard up for money just now." There was Hotaling who used to have such fine addresses. You remember that last address he gave. You were perfectly carried away with the rhetoric. He talked of Savanarola, of Peto, Postulo and Ariosto, and you were wondering where he ever found time to read so much, when "Dick" his brother, who would never spoil a good story for relations sake, remarked that he didn't believe he had ever read half of them.

But the greatest of all our geniuses was Jack Harding, "Harding fecit."

"Whose face was ever on the smole,
Whose room was a disordered (w)hole,
Who never owned a ton of coal!"

As the poet says, "he never owned a ton of coal." He might have added that he never had a fire unless he could borrow, but he was seldom in and an appreciative comrade wrote upon his door: "Jack Harding rooms here, but he may be found at E. C. 5 when he is not elsewhere."

Jack had rather study anybody's lesson but his own, and many a poor "Prep" bewildered with Cæsar's bridge or some other like novelty, was delighted with a call from Jack, but, as for his own lessons, he would seek some studious companions, bother them all the evening with that ever restless tongue of his, until finally, worn out and disgusted, they would read out the lesson for him, and then Jack would creep off home or, if the weather was too inclement, crawl in with any one who happened to have a fire. Do you remember that cold day you called upon Jack on your way from the Gymnasium? The door stood open, and what a room! The fire was out, of course, and some joking companions had pulled one of Jack's night-shirts over the stove, rigged it up as a man and labeled it "Jack." There were dirty clothes and clean clothes scattered all over the floor; clothes with buttons on and buttons off, but mostly with buttons off, supplemented with various appliances for hitching them on. Over the mantle-piece was a picture of a Frenchman eating macaroni, before which you could never repress a smile. There was a picture of the crying babies, in the three stages of go, going and gone. There were numerous etchings of famous artists besides pictures of Jack's own make, and amidst all this clutter and art there sat Jack, in the middle of the room, with a big overcoat on, two candles burning each side of him, busily engaged in trying a new seal.

Jack was a charming companion, a sort of an Oliver Goldsmith. He could tell what were the greatest pictures in the world; who painted them; how much they cost, and who owned them. He knew the greatest architects of the day, the finest buildings, and who designed them; in short he was a sort of traveling encyclopedia upon art, and we are glad to know that he has lately taken a prize for a design in "Teck." We must confess that Jack was rather absent minded about his personal appearance, and one morning he came down to breakfast with two high collars on and no necktie.

Then there was Jack Appleget, with a face like a full moon, who was the most witty man of Philo, in fact, he was too witty for the faculty, and if anything was done it was sure to be laid to Jack Appleget. Of course, he was accused of shearing Hayward's horse, and that faculty lecture programme that was placarded about town was generally laid to Appleget.

Our latest and last genius of Philo. was Coombs. Yes, the mighty singer. With what exquisite grace he rendered "Old Grimes" that last night of Philo. How pleased every one was when Coombs honored us with a song; how your next neighbor nudged you and you sent the poke along and there was a general winking and good humor along the line. How placidly Coombs sat back and waxed that moustache between each stanza and remarked as he finished that the hall was not at all adapted for a fine tenor voice.

Pardon me for detaining you for I cannot resist the memories as they rush before me, but with one of Coomb's derivations I will close. Coombs, as you know, was not a classical man but, being rather fond of airing his knowledge, he thought that he would convince his hearers that he was well grounded in the classics as well as in mathematics. The word in point escapes me but the joke remains. "Gentlemen!" said Coombs, striking an attitude like a bantam cock ready for the fray, "Gentlemen!" said he again, waxing his moustache to impress the audience, while his eyes, if possible, stood out farther than usual," Gentlemen! said he, if my knowledge of Latin doesn't fail me, this word was derived from the Latin *Influo*, meaning to fly into." As for him who last occupied your chair, suffice it to say that he is neither a genius or anything else, in fact, a sort of a puzzle and the least said about him the better.

JAMES WILSON GRIMES.

* * *

Sidney at Zutphen;—A Poem.

Third Means Prize.

'Tis early morn in autumn and the mists
Hang thick around and shroud the lovely land.
The sea, just waked from out its long repose,
Is quiet, and doth hardly seem to move,
Save where mischievous zephyrs from the south
Sport with the little waves, and in their play
Roll foam-capped billows on the sandy shore.
The earth in peace remains. From spreading trees,
Now scarlet with the frost kings nipping touch,
The twittering birds begin their matin song,
All, all is peace. But listen! As the mists
Begin to rise, and through the scattered chinks
The roseate tints of morn bursts from the sky,
A sound of clashing arms and horrid din
Of rolling drums which mark th' approach of wars!
Charge after charge—wild-rearing steeds of war
Which rush through fire and smoke, and ofttimes hurl
Their furious riders to the blood stained earth
To trample under hoof! Shouts, shrieks and groans
Rise in the morning air. Confusion reigns,
And from the opposing lines of combatants
Flash forth with flames the winged leaden balls.
But see! Along the gleaming lines of fire
There comes a madly plunging horse, whose eyes
Flash flames. With foam-flecked mane and ears erect
He dashes through the multitude of men,
And swifter than the lightnings rapid course
He bears his rider from the struggling mass

And leaves the din of battle far behind.
Pale, pale as death, and countenance begrimed
With smoke and powder from the cannons mouth,
His garments bloody, sword and scabbard gone,
And raven locks tossed wildly by the wind,
His rider reels, and tightly grasps the reins.
He sways from side to side,—nay, nay, he rights himself,
And finally in his seat, rides madly on,—
On, on till roar and din are heard no more,
And all around is quiet as the grave.

* * * * * * * * * *

'Tis midnight in the dying warriors room,
Where mother night, with gentle, soothing hand,
Hath wrapped the earth in darkness deep and gloom,
Which rests all weary limbs, and with the breeze,
So cool and pleasant to the sick man's brow,
Send sleep, the blest restorer, to their eyes.
Tormented now by weeks of racking pain,
Both of the body,—wounded, gashed and sore.
And of the mind,—by doubts and fears harassed,
Sir Sidney lies, and tossing on his couch,
Seeks slumbers peaceful and the minds repose;
But hark! From out the parched throat and lips,
A voice breaks forth upon the mid-night air,—
"Is there no balm in Gilead for my mind,
No gentle herb to sooth the pains, and strife
Which now torment it, making pain of limb
Seem nought but bliss when with this woe compared?
Oh, God! Why is the mind so sensitive?
Why is't become the dearest spot of all
For conscience, with her lash of scorpions made,
To scourge and tear and lacerate, until
It seems but one vast mass of fest'ring sores?
It cannot be. My body weak and frail,
Can bear of mortal ills the most severe
With which the will all powerful shall inflict,
But spare my mind. From out the place
Where all the dearest ones on earth are seen,

Where memory dwells, which ofttimes calls to mind
Fond recollections of fair days gone by,—
O rest! Come soon! Ye zephyrs cool
Waft hither to my side the angel Death,
That, visited by him, I may consign
To earths dark bosom, sweet to weary souls,
This body, tortured sore. Sweet life, farewell!
Nay, nay, forsooth, I will not call thee sweet
For what art thou? Nought but a fragment small
Of great eternity which God doth give;
Eternity before, behind, eternity,
And just between, there flows with current swift;
The life which foolish mortals hold so dear,
Aye, gladly could I this instant part with thee,
And rest secure within my house of stone,
If but my soul would fly. For now my mind
Resembles nought so much as that vast cave
Where dwell the furious winds, and into which
They sweep all kinds of marvelous things, that come
From the four corners of the universe,
So come my thoughts, a hurrying motley crowd,
Which rush like lightning through my weary brain
And out again to chaos, dark and drear,
For soon the inward *I* which doth possess
This frame of flesh and blood and drives me on
Whether I will or no, as Passions' slave,
Or in a calm and melancholy mood,
Doth lead me, lost in meditation deep,
Must forth from out this prison-house escape
And, born on wings of mornings gentle breeze,
Fly upward through the vast aetherial space
To unknown regions, far beyond the stars.
Aye, far beyond—, but where the haven sweet,
Both heaven and hell nought but an empty myth
Invented by some necromancers old—
But see! across the sky come streaks of dawn,
Thrice bles'ed morn! thou bringest welcome light,
Both to my eyes and to my weary mind;

For now the doubts, which late harassed me sore,
Have taken wings, and with the darkness flown,
And hark! Is it not a bird I faintly hear
Which pours forth on the morning air its song
And chants a joyful poem, full of praise?
Ah! Thou sweet songster of the morn, farewell!
For now my rest hath come. Dost see
How silvery mists begin to rise? Or is it
A fleecy cloud which sails across the sky?
How strange all seems! My eyes grow dim,
And scarce can I — what form with wings outspread.
Approaches? Aye, and, with its gleaming arm,
It beckons me! Yes; — yes; I come! Stretch forth
Thy hand and lead me up into the light!
Pardon my sins, O God! I come — I come!
God and the Queen!—I come!—God and
—the—Queen!"

H. H. Tweedy.

* * *

Ars Amatoria.

A WIERD LEGEND OF N——.

"Boston, Mass., July 31st, 1835.
It is necessary that all students who are going as missionaries, should be married.
Secretary A. B. C. F. M.".

This was what a theological student of the long-limbed genus saw on the bulletin board of a Seminary not far from here. Not satisfied with a glimpse, he, placing his hands under his coat-tails, (a garment, by the way, made for his grandfather) perused the notice thoughtfully. Having taken in the drift of argument, he stood with a look of desperation on his face, changing his hands from his coat tails to a shock of hair cut once last fall and not since.

He remained in this position for some time, apparently running over the ladies of his acquaintance, then turned to his room in perplexity. As he packed his clothes in his trunk, or rather carpet bag, for an early start next morning, you might hear him mutter: "They — will — not — do — any — of — them. They — are — all — too — too — unsubstantial." By which we suppose he meant the ladies, not the clothes, though it applied equally well to both. Poor Abraham Smith, within two days of starting for India as a missionary, was unmarried, and what's worse, had no prospect of a wife. This thunder clap from the American Board recurred constantly to his mind. As the tedious task of packing his carpet bag went on, he pictured to himself every female he ever met, dwelling especially on a Ladies' Academy in the same village. At the end of an hour of hard thinking, he groaned out again, "They — are — all — too — frivolous." What could he do? He had but two days to court and marry. At last his face lit up with a happy thought. He would go to his old friend, Rev. Ebenezer Strong, D. D., of the town of N—— and would confide his troubles to him.

Next morning our friend with a woful countenance is seated in the N—— stage coach. After a four hours' ride, accompanied with a shaking of both mind and body, he entered N—— and found the godly Dr. in the hay field, taking his "constitutional." A cordial welcome was given, and they were soon talking over theological matters in the best parlor. Into his kindly ear, Abraham poured his woe. "Verily," replied the minister, "'it is not good that man should be alone.' I wish I might be of service unto you. I will do what I can. Yea, truly, I know a woman of comely countenance who doth love the Lord and all mankind. The very person who would be pleasing in your sight. Yes, the more I turn my thought unto it, methinks Elizy Clark would be one unto whom your soul could cleave even as the soul of Boaz did cleave unto the soul of Ruth. She placed her first husband in his final resting place a year ago. Let me see; was it a year ago last Friday, or Saturday, that I spake the last sad words over Brother Clark? Oh yes! I recollect, it was Friday at three o'clock."

At this point, Abraham with a look of doubt on his face, broke in with, "But don't you have some apprehensions that she w-w-wont have me?"

"Often has she imparted to me her desire to labor in the lands of darkness. Truly, you must try with a bold heart. I will give unto you a letter recommending you in the highest terms. The remainder rests on yourself. And, my son, remember how the wise man said, 'whoso findeth a wife, findeth a good thing, and obtaineth favor of the Lord.'" That evening's pouring rain could not dampen his ardor, and Abraham set out, astride the parson's nag, a clerical "young Lochinvar."

He had been thoroughly brushed and "spruced up" generally. Dr. Strong out of the benevolence of his heart and wardrobe, lent him his best preaching coat. Thus equipped, with letter in hand he arrived at the house of "Widder"

Clark. With palpitating breast he approached the door. Thrice he raised his hand to the knocker and thrice his courage failed him. At last, with one mighty effort he struck the blow which was to decide his destiny. When the "widder" appeared, he studied the door mat more industriously than her face. He had, before setting out, prepared the speech with which he intended to conquer, but probably the rain washed it from his memory; for after a painful silence during which the widow read the letter and Abraham stood first on one foot and then on the other and didn't find either very comfortable, he blundered out with:

"It is a fine day, Madam."

"Well, yes, but it depends on how you look at it. Deacon Wilbur just cut some hay and I guess he aint particular pleased with the weather," replied Mrs. Clark. Another silence, broken only by the beating of Abraham's heart. This at last was stopped by an invitation to take a "cheer" and soon the two were seated over a cozy cup of tea.

While she was bustling around preparing it, he had time to study her. She seemed barely twenty-five. He followed her graceful movements around the room, her tiny hands as she poured out the tea, her buxom figure looking all the prettier in her neat fitting black dress. Her mischievous face had a certain strength in it which he liked. He noticed kindness lurking in the corners of her laughing eyes, and the little curls that would bob out from under her quiet widow's cap.

By this time courage began to creep back into the young suitor's heart, and he tried his tongue again.

"Parson Strong appears to a candid observer a mortal of magnificent understanding."

"Yes, he is a right smart man. Yes, I think he is, yes, I really believe he is the smartest preacher in the State of Massachusetts."

"Really, he must be possessed of the most extraordinary endowments to obtain such enconiums from you. Did he inform you that I had the intention of departing for the mission fields?"

"You don't say!"

"Yes, I go to-morrow."

"I really want to know."

"I depart to-morrow for my life's labor. The only reason I feel reluctant is that I carry no help-mate with me. It is difficult for a man leaving all that he loves behind to go to a foreign land."

"Yes, I suppose likely. But why don't you get a wife?"

"Ah! that is it. You have hit the very point on which I have a desire t-t-to-to commune w-w-with you. My dear Mrs. Clark, none of my lady friends are angelic enough to settle as missionaries. So, by the advice of one whom I hold in the greatest esteem, I have sought you hoping that you might be a-a-a-an assistance to me."

"Well!" answered the widow, casting a mischievous glance at him, "there is Miss Morgan, she might do; but then she is too proud—or Miss—"

"No! no!" broke in our hero, I-I-I wasn't thinking of them. I mean, I-I-mean *you*. For the sake of missions, madam, for the glorious cause of the heathen and-and-the parson thought you might have me."

"Oh, lor, Mr. Smith! Isn't this a trifle sudden?" and the great eyes tried not to twinkle with laughter.

"I had to be expeditious. I must go to-morrow. Oh don't disappoint me, I pray of you. Just think what good you can do to the heathen—and I will be real good to you."

"But surely I can't decide to-night. I allowed to Parson Strong that I did want to go out to those dear heathen. But—but this is most sudden. Yes, I think, yes, I really believe it is the most sudden proposal in the State of Massachusetts. It really takes away my breath."

"Ah! you inspire my breast with hope. Can you decide by to-morrow morning? We must reach Boston at ten o'clock. I will be here by eight. But remember it is your duty calls you to the work of the Lord."

The widow hesitated, and, with a deep blush, said, "I hope the Lord will give me grace to read my duty clear."

* * * * * * * * *

Next morning's sun looked down on a landscape rendered still more beautiful by the traces of last night's rain. The brooks were full, the meadows green and the trees clothed in all their summer beauty. At this early hour all was astir at Parson Strong's; for the good minister had to do his work before setting out with his friend. It was nearly seven before the parson drove up to the door and Abraham had brushed his coat for the eighth time. They were soon jogging through the puddles towards the house of Mrs. Clark. Our hero was very nervous, now wishing the horse to go faster and now slower, as his hopes were strengthened or shaken by the conversation of his companion. This suspense could not last forever. Finally they turned a sharp corner and came in sight of the house. Abraham leaned forward to see more clearly. He caught sight of a small trunk and a big band-box on the porch and between them stood a human form in a soft blue dress. It was the widow, ready to start prompt at the appointed time.

C. W. Alvord.

Orpheus and Eurydice.

A long time ago, in the middle of Thrace,
(The site of the city I cannot quite place,
Since Time, the destroyer, has thrown down in ruins
The walls of the village, the scene of these doin's,)
There dwelt in a cottage the sweetest young couple,
The young bride so lovely, the bridegroom so supple,
That the villagers thought it delightfull to see
The youth Orpheus and his Eurydice.
Affairs, for a time, went on smoothly enough,
Though the beefsteak was burnt and the biscuit were tough,
Till one evening when Orpheus had indigestion
He looked at her sweetly and asked her the question
If she did n't suppose that with him t' would agree
To have a nice strawberry shortcake for two.
So not waiting long, or stopping to con it,
She took from a nail on the wall her sunbonnet,
And putting on rubbers to keep off the dew,
She went from the house to pick berries for two.
But, alas! when her basket was only half filled,
A horrid green snake with some poison distilled
Maliciously bit her, and in this sad fix
Her spirit was wafted away o'er the Styx.
Now Orpheus wailed and bemoaned and lamented
That to her picking berries he ever consented.
But at last, taking courage, he took down his lyre
(Which Phœbus Apollo was wont to inspire)
Which they say he could play in a marvelous way,
So that beast, bird, and fishes who swam in the bay
Came forth from their homes to hear Orpheus play.
This I cannot conceive nor do I believe,
Since Ovid himself was somewhat of a liar.

So, taking some collars, some cuffs and cravats,
His hair brush and comb, a tooth brush and stiff hat,
He shouldered his lyre and went on his way,
Having nothing to eat but an omelette soufflé,
For he had determined to go down to—well—
To the place where Eurydice 'd flown off to dwell,
And to sing songs to Pluto and charm the whole race
Till he should permit both to go back to Thrace.
So by land by sea he went on till he came
To a very small hole in the midst of a plain
Down which went a ladder, descending, you know,
To the depths of the earth, the " maison de Pluto."
Down, down on the ladder he journeyed all night
And came to the end in the sorriest plight
For his collar was wilted, his necktie awry,
And his hands badly blistered. Though longing to cry
He reserved all his tears for the better occasion,
When on Pluto he 'd try the lyre's power of persuasion.
So he dressed himself up in the wardrobe he'd brought;
And then, shouldering his lyre, he carefully sought
For old Pluto, who rules all the gents and the ladies
Whose spirits unluckily come down to Hades.
At last, when he found him, he earnestly prayed,
With the tears flowing down in a perfect cascade,
That his longing for Eurydice to allay,
He would send them both home in the speediest way.
The liar and his lyre were so pleasing to Pluto,
That he soon was persuaded to do what he ought to.
But he made one condition. If while on the track
Towards " home, sweet home," Orpheus should look back,
That a shade from dark Hades should come up and catch her,
And back to her resting place, quickly despatch her,
His command the youth promised to follow with care,
And calling to witness, the powers of the air,
He swore a great oath, a most horrible swear,
That if he should look back and not find her there,
He'd surely return to the Styx barren coast,
For he 'd plunge down the ladder and give up the ghost.

So, though blushing like a rosebud which blooms in the spring,
He made himself fast to her long apron string,
And, after good-bye had been said, like the wind,
He started for home with his wife tied behind.
All went safely until at the ladder's last round,
Which led from the dark realms below to the ground,
The wickedest thought to Orpheus came,
Expecting to come safely home all the same,
To look round and see his Eurydice there,
With her lovely blue eyes and her long golden hair.
He looked. Like a flash, she went back down the ladder
And the last that he saw was another shade had her.
Poor Orpheus looked, but he uttered no sound
Save a heart-rending shriek, then he plunged in the ground.

H. H. Tweedy.

A Perilous Walk.

By Nescio Quis.

In the summer of 1886, it happened that my business called me to the village of Milton, not far from Notham, a large manufacturing town of the state of Massachusetts. Milton is a quiet, picturesque little place, nestling on the banks of a river which flows between it and Notham, and which, though broad, is not deep, but has a swift current, and is thickly studded with rocks, which lift their jagged tops from its eddying surface in perpetual warfare with the rushing water. Like almost all New England towns, the village is well stocked with graceful elms, and, with its general air of repose, forms a delightful contrast to its busy neighbor across the river.

There are two ways of going from one place to the other; of these the carriage road leads by a circuitous route, passing through another village, but the railroad runs in a straight line, crossing the river by a long, covered, wooden bridge, about eighty feet above the water.

One morning I was obliged to go to Notham, and, desiring to shorten the distance, I turned my steps in the direction of the railroad bridge; but, just as I was entering, I heard a shout, "Sir, if you value your life, don't cross that bridge." In some surprise I turned around, and saw a man rather under the middle height, who evidently belonged to the working class. "Why," said I, "there is no train at this time, is there?" "I'm a little deaf, sir," he answered, "and will have to ask you to say that again." Upon my repeating my question, he said, "If you have any time to spare, and are willing to go by the road, I am going to Notham, too, and will tell you, as we walk, why I spoke to you." I at once determined that I would follow the man's advice, and was rewarded by the following narrative.

"My name is George Matthews, and I am a foreman in one of the foundries across the river. Until the twentieth of last June, it was always my habit to walk over the railroad bridge, as I could save five or ten minutes in this way. As you have probably noticed, the ties of this bridge are very close together, so that it is an easy matter to walk upon them; but as there is only a single track, it would be impossible for a man crossing to escape a train, should one come while he was on the bridge. I had often thought of this fact, but as a train passed over just before my time for starting, and there was no other for two hours, it never gave me any uneasiness.

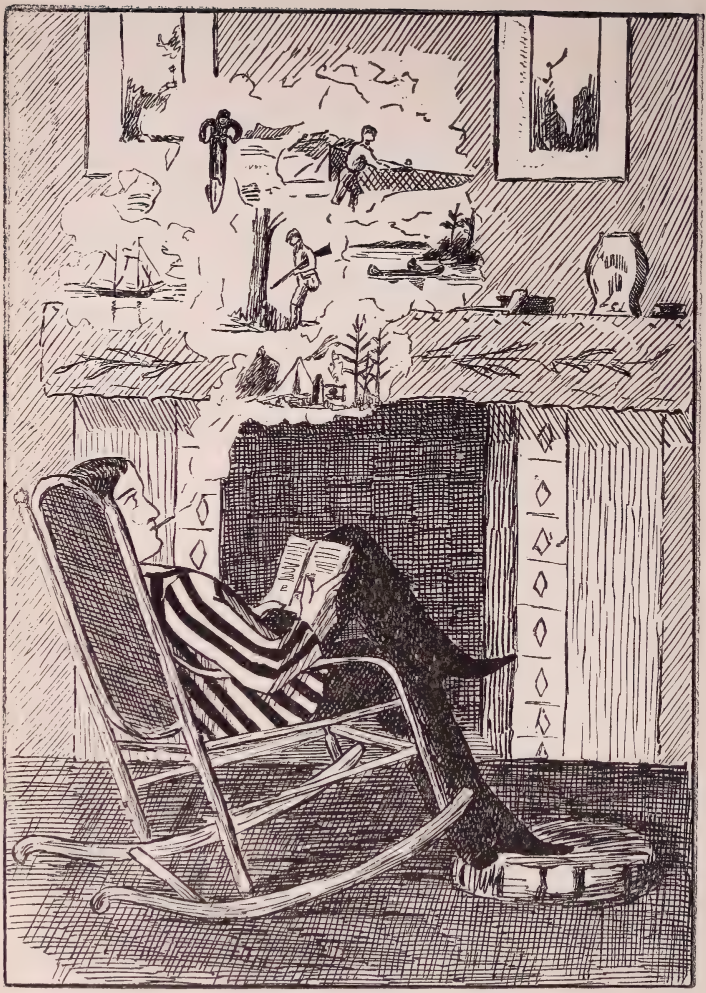
On the morning of the day which I have spoken of, at about my usual time, I started for Notham. I had walked about two-thirds of the way over, when I felt a sort of trembling of the structure. This surprised me the more, as there was not a breath of wind. With a sudden sensation of fear, I turned around, and found that my half-formed conjecture was only too true; a train was approaching me at full speed. On account of the darkness of the bridge, I had not been seen, and I now feared that, even if I could succeed in drawing attention to myself, it would be too late to stop the train. There was but one thing to be done, and that must be done quickly. As rapidly as I could, I let myself down between the ties, until I hung below by my hands. I then swung my feet up, and braced them against a tie, distant about five feet from the one which my hands grasped. This position could be retained until the train passed, and beyond that I did not try to think. The wooden structure jarred more and more, and finally, with a rush, the train passed over. Cinders dropped over my whole body, but fortunately my face, being under a tie, was protected; as the space was confined, the suction of the air was so great, that it was only by putting forth all my strength that I prevented my grasp from being loosened. But I succeeded in clinging until the last car rolled over my head. Then all the strength which despair had given me deserted me, and I found myself trembling in every limb. So unnerved was I, that I was afraid to make the least motion for fear of falling, which would have been almost certain death. With all the will power which I possessed, I tightened my grip on the ties. resolving that, however small the hope of rescue, I would cling till my strength was exhausted. I did not shout, for I thought that this would weaken without aiding me. I remained without making a movement for what seemed to me a long time, although it could not have been but a few minutes. During this period I endeavored not to think of my peril, but without success. As my strength gradually failed me, I found my mind strangely affected. The feeling of terror which had at first seized upon me had now almost left me, and a sort of numbness had taken its place. I found myself wondering how much longer I could hold out; whether, when the fatal moment came, my hands would suddenly open, or whether I should feel them slipping, slipping, until there was nothing more for them to clasp. I pictured to myself the dizzy rush through the air; I busied my imagination in conjecturing whether I should be instantly killed by the fall, or should strike on one of the rocks which I knew to be beneath me, and lie there for hours, undiscovered, with my life gradually ebbing away. The pain in my wrists from the great strain which they were sustaining was now almost unendurable; my head, too, was becoming more and more giddy. Everything about me seemed to be engaged in a mad dance of delight at my destruction. Exhausted, bewildered, half insane, I resolved to endure this torture no longer, and was on the point of ending the struggle, and yielding to my fate, when I felt a strong grasp at my wrists. and the next moment found myself leaning for support upon one of my fellow workmen.

As soon as I had sufficiently come to myself to be able to understand him, he told me that the express had been late that morning and that he had not started until a little after it went by. As he was passing over, he noticed my hands clinging to a tie; the rest I knew.

He succeeded, though with some difficulty, in getting me safely home again, and after a few days rest, I found myself not much the worse for my experience; but since that time, I cannot look upon the bridge without a shudder, and I have never set my foot upon it from that day to this.

This morning, when I saw you starting across, I could not help warning you; and I hope that, when you consider what I suffered, you will excuse the liberty which I took."

This story made so great an impression upon me that I concluded to make it public, although, of course, I cannot hope to make the reader share the interest which I could not but feel when I heard it from the lips of a man whose life was thus imperilled.



Expectations

EDITORS' REVIEW.

After making our editorial bow on the fourteenth page of the book, we feel it our first duty, as editors of Philo.'s publication, to speak of that honored society before everything else.

It is expected that the interest in Philo. will wane to some extent the summer term, owing to the interest in athletic sports during the warm weather; but certainly she has held her own the past term. As this issue will probably fall into the hands of coming students of next fall, we would certainly advise them to connect themselves with Philo. They will find it of interest to them in their Academy course and of marked benefit in future life.

The Society of Inquiry has had a very steady growth since its organization, but never since its formation has its influence been felt so much as during the past term. Owing to the presence of the Rev. B. F. Mills a certain religious sentiment was stirred up among the fellows, and the result has been that all have taken a deeper interest in Inquiry's work and her meetings have been largely attended.

The Phillipian for this term has, we think, fully satisfied the expectations of all. Its purpose is to represent the school life, to promote the interchange of all thought which is of special interest to each and every one and to thereby unite the school more closely as a unit; both as regards our interest in each other and our relation to Phillips.

It is with hesitation that we mention the irregular delivery of the Phillipian, knowing the difficulties attending the editing of such a paper. But we feel that, could this defect in its management be obviated, it would add to its prominence as a school feature and its power and success as a school weekly.

In wishing unbounded success to the Phillipian for the coming year, we also hope that the attempt which will be made next fall to change the Phillipian to a bi-weekly will meet the approval of the school.

In the estimation of many who have previously attended, the Means prize speaking passed off unusually well this year. So much has already been said by way of individual criticism that it will be only necessary to say that the parts all showed careful preparation, and earnest endeavor both as to literary merits and excellence of delivery. The committee of award, Rev. J. J. Blair, pastor of the Old South, and Messrs. C. H. Clark and H. P. Dewey, of the Theological Seminary, awarded the prizes respectively to G. B. Hollister, P. A. '88; C. W. Alvord, P. A. '88; and H. H. Tweedy, P. A. '87.

The contestants were as follows:

C. W. Alvord.—The Glory and Shame of the Middle Ages.
J. W. Osborne.—Alcibiades, Coriolanus, Benedict Arnold.
W. S. Phelps.—Memento Mori; Memento Vivere.
H. H. Tweedy.—Sydney at Zutphen—a poem.
W. S. Wadsworth.—Is the Realistic Novel a Finality in Fiction?
G. B. Hollister.—Sydney at Zutphen,—a poem.
A. R. Hussey.—Is the Realistic Novel a Finality in Fiction?
J. C. du Pont.—Alcibiades, Coriolanus, Benedict Arnold.

T. N. Owen.—Historic Development of the Conception of Heroism.
A. E. Addis.—Modern Sensationalism.

The selections rendered by the Glee Club, while the judges were coming to a decision, were well received by the audience.

Among the many organizations now existing in school, the Glee Club occupies a position second to none. It has reflected credit both on itself and on the school, and we sincerely hope that the effort that has been made to found a permanent Glee Club will be successful.

The Glee Club Concert was a very enjoyable event and deservedly called for the praise so freely given by all.

Among the pleasant occurrences in the history of the present Glee Club was the trip to Bradford. From all accounts the club never sang to better advantage than on that evening, if the load of flowers which was brought back signified anything. In connection with our own Glee Club, the concert of the Amherst Glee Club, on the evening of April 8th, should not be overlooked. Their supply of songs seemed to be without limit, and the encores were responded to with remarkable good nature. The Guitar and Banjo selections were also especially good. In the opinion of all who attended, the Club left a reputation for themselves which will assure them at a second visit an audience of " standing room only."

Through the efforts of Mr. Downs, those members of the Academy who are musically inclined have had opportunity of gratifying their taste in that direction. During a part of last term and this, a series of musicals have been held at the town hall. All who have taken part have been artists of a high class. Taking everything into consideration the interest taken by the fellows has been quite marked and the recitals have doubtless been a means of diversion to many.

During the past term Prof. Comstock has continued his series of interesting lectures on Rome. On May 2d the course was resumed from last term, and the lectures have proven even more entertaining, if possible, than the two previous. The lectures have been delivered in Prof. Comstock's usual straightforward and pleasing manner, and so systematically as to leave an excellent idea of the objects of interest at Rome. All who have attended can not fail to have derived great benefit from the course.

We go to press too early to announce the result of the Exeter game, but at present we are full of hope. The fates cannot decree us the same ill luck as that of last spring. We have been especially fortunate in arranging games with exceedingly strong teams. We were fortunate in being able to present to our fair friends from Abbott a remarkably good contest, but regretted the defeat which they then witnessed. We feel much indebted to Capt. Knowlton for the fine manner in which he has trained the nine, and to Mr. Thompson for his untiring efforts in securing good practice games:

PHILLIPS.

	AB	R	BH	PO	A	E
Hurley, c f.	5	0	0	1	1	1
Brainard, 1b.	5	0	0	4	0	1
Knowlton, c.	5	1	1	10	2	0
Aldrich, l. f. and p	5	1	1	1	7	0
Grimes, r. f.	5	1	4	1	0	1
Upton, s. s.	4	0	0	0	1	1
Norton, p. and l. f	4	0	0	0	2	1
Poole, 2b.	4	0	2	5	1	1
Luce, 3b.	4	1	0	2	1	4
	41	4	8	24	15	10

LAWRENCE STARS.

	AB	R	BH	PO	A	E
Judd, s. s	5	1	1	0	6	2
Woodhall, 3b.	5	3	1	2	1	0
McGibbon, l. f.	5	2	1	0	0	0
Toohey, c f.	5	1	2	1	0	0
Sullivan, 1b.	5	1	1	12	0	0
Maxwell, 2b.	4	1	1	0	1	1
Connors, r. f.	4	0	0	0	0	1
McCready, c.	4	0	0	12	1	1
Clacker, p.	4	1	1	0	15	2
	41	10	8	27	24	7

PHILLIPS.

	AB	R	BH	PO	A	E
Thomas, 1b	3	0	2	6	0	1
Aldrich, p.	3	1	0	0	6	1
Knowlton, c.	3	0	1	7	1	1
Grimes, r. f	3	0	0	0	0	0
Upton, s . s.	2	0	0	0	1	0
Poole, 2b.	2	0	0	2	2	1
Norton, c. f.	2	0	0	1	2	0
Merrill,, l. f.	2	0	0	0	0	0
Luce, 3b.	2	0	1	2	1	3
	22	1	4	18	13	7

LAWRENCE LEAGUE.

	AB	R	BH	PO	A	E
Donovan, c. f.	3	1	0	1	1	1
Ray, s. s.	4	1	2	0	1	1
Hamilton, b.	4	0	2	8	0	0
Campana,, p.	3	0	3	0	2	0
Burke, l. f.	3	0	0	1	0	0
Pettee, 2b.	3	1	1	3	0	0
Earle, c.	3	0	0	3	0	0
Donald, 3b.	3	2	1	2	4	0
Murray, r. f.	3	0	0	0	0	0
	29	5	9	18	8	2

PHILLIPS.

	AB	R	BH	SB	PO	A	E
Hurley, 1b.	4	1	2	1	4	0	4
Brainard, c.f.	4	0	0	1	2	0	0
Knowlton, c.	3	2	1	2	3	1	2
Aldrich, p.	3	0	1	0	0	3	1
Grimes, r. f.	3	0	0	1	1	0	0
Mowry, l f	3	0	1	1	1	0	1
Poole, 2b.	3	1	1	1	2	2	1
Luce, s. s.	2	1	1	0	0	2	3
Maynard, 3b.	3	0	1	1	2	2	1
	28	5	8	8	15	10	13

LAWRENCE LEAGUE.

	AB	R	BH	SB	PO	A	E
Donovan, c. f.	4	2	2	2	0	0	0
Ray, s. s.	4	2	0	1	1	1	
Hamilton, 1b.	4	2	1	0	3	0	0
Campana, p.	4	1	1	1	0	8	2
Burke, l. f.	3	2	1	0	0	0	0
Pettee, 2b.	3	2	1	1	1	1	0
Murphy, c.	3	0	0	0	8	1	0
Donald, 3b	3	1	0	1	2	1	2
Murray, r. f.	3	0	0	0	3	0	0
	31	12	6	6	18	12	4

PHILLIPS.

	AB	R	1B	BH	PO	A	E
Thomas, c. f.	5	2	1	1	1	0	0
Brainard, 1b.	5	2	1	1	6	0	2
Knowlton, c.	5	2	2	2	17	2	0
Aldrich, p	5	1	1	2	0	14	1
Grimes, r. f.	5	2	0	0	0	0	0
Mowry, l. f.	5	1	1	2	0	0	0
Poole, 2b.	4	1	2	2	3	0	1
Luce, s. s.	4	0	0	0	0	4	1
Upton, 3b.	4	0	0	0	0	1	1
	42	11	8	10	27	21	6

BOSTON COLLEGE.

	AB	R	1B	BH	PO	A	E
Sheehan, s. s.	4	3	3	3	0	3	5
Hooper, 2b.	4	0	1	1	3	1	1
Callanan, 1b.	4	0	0	0	10	0	1
Meagher, 3b.	4	0	0	0	4	3	2
Falvey, c.	4	1	1	1	8	9	1
Curtis, p.	4	0	0	0	1	10	3
Judge, r. f.	4	0	0	0	0	0	1
Keleher, l. f.	4	1	0	0	0	1	2
McCarty, c. f.	4	0	0	0	1	0	0
	36	5	5	5	27	27	16

PHILLIPS.

	AB	R	1 B	TB	PO	A	E
Thomas c. f.	5	1	1	2	0	0	0
Brainard, 1b.	5	2	0	0	3	0	1
Knowlton, c.	5	3	3	3	13	2	1
Aldrich, p.	5	2	1	1	0	14	2
Grimes, r. f.	5	1	1	1	1	0	0
Mowry, l. f.	5	2	1	2	1	0	0
Poole, 2b.	5	1	1	1	3	0	1
Luce, s. s.	5	0	2	2	0	2	1
Shurmer, 3b.	4	0	0	0	0	0	1
	44	12	10	12	21	18	7

CAMBRIDGE.

	AB	R.	1 B	TB	PO	A	E
Stetson, r, f.	4	1	1	1	1	0	0
Hollowell, l. f	4	0	0	0	0	0	1
Thayer, c.	4	0	0	0	6	7	1
Foss, c. f.	4	0	2	2	0	0	2
Beals, 1b.	3	0	0	0	12	0	2
Palmer, p.	3	0	0	0	0	7	1
Bailey, s. s.	3	0	0	0	0	6	3
Gleason, 3b	3	1	0	0	0	1	1
Young, 2b.	3	2	1	1	5	2	4
	31	4	4	4	24	23	15

PHILLIPS.

	AB	R	1b	TB	PO	A	E
Thomas, c. f.	4	2	1	1	1	0	1
Brainard, 1b.	4	2	1	1	7	0	1
Knowlton, c.	4	4	4	10	12	2	0
Aldrich, p.	5	0	1	2	1	10	0
Mowry, l. f.	5	2	2	2	0	0	0
Grimes, r, f.	5	0	0	0	0	0	0
Poole, 2b.	5	1	1	1	2	3	3
Luce, s. s.	3	2	1	2	2	0	1
Shurmer, 3b	4	2	1	1	2	3	2
	39	15	12	20	27	18	8

Y. M. T. A.

	AB	R	1 B	TB	PO	A	E
Fitzpatrick, 3b.	4	1	0	0	0	2	3
O'Connell, 1b.	4	0	1	1	10	1	1
Murray, 2b. s. s.	4	1	1	1	1	4	0
Comber, c.	4	0	0	0	8	1	1
Pickett, l. f.	4	1	0	0	2	0	3
Harney, r. f.	4	0	0	0	1	0	0
Riley, c. f.	4	0	0	0	1	0	0
Murphy, s.s., p.	3	0	1	1	0	2	0
McGuire, p., 2b	3	1	1	1	0	7	4
	34	4	4	4	23	17	12

PHILLIPS.

	AB	R	B	TB	PO	A	E
Thomas, 3b	5	1	1	1	3	3	3
Mowry, l. f.	4	1	1	2	0	0	0
Knowlton, c.	4	1	0	0	11	2	1
Brainard, 1b.	4	0	0	0	7	0	1
Aldrich, p.	4	0	1	1	0	13	1
Poole, 2b.	4	0	0	0	4	2	2
Grimes, r. f.	4	1	1	1	0	1	1
Luce, s. s.	4	1	0	0	1	2	2
Shurmer, c. f	4	0	0	0	0	0	1
	37	5	4	5	26	23	12

BEACONS.

	AB	R	B	TB	PO	A	E
Richardson, p.	5	3	2	2	1	9	2
Merrill, b.	4	0	1	2	13	0	0
Frederick, 3b.	4	1	3	3	1	5	1
Smith, 2b.	1	1	0	0	2	0	1
Hall, l. f.	4	0	1	1	1	0	1
Bennett, c.	3	1	2	3	7	2	1
McAloon, s. s.	4	0	0	0	1	1	1
Williams, c. f.	4	0	0	0	1	0	0
Spellman, r. f.	4	0	0	0	0	0	0
	36	6	9	11	27	17	7

PHILLIPS.

	AB	R	B	TB	PO	A	E
Thomas, 3b	3	1	0	0	1	2	3
Mowry, 2b.	4	1	0	0	3	1	2
Knowlton, c.	4	1	3	6	10	5	3
Brainard, 1b.	4	0	0	0	10	0	0
Aldrich, p.	3	1	2	2	1	10	2
Jones, c. f.	3	0	0	0	1	0	1
Grimes, r. f.	4	0	0	0	0	0	0
Luce, s. s.	3	0	1	1	1	1	0
Shurmer, l. f.	3	0	0	0	0	0	0
	31	4	6	9	27	19	11

BRADFORDS.

	AB	R	B	TB	PO	A	E
Dorsey, 2b.	5	1	0	0	4	2	1
O'Harris, l. f.	5	2	2	2	0	0	0
Cox, 3b.	5	0	2	2	2	1	0
Ryan, c.	5	2	2	3	12	5	2
Driscoll, r. f.	5	1	1	1	2	0	1
J. Ryan, s. s	5	0	0	0	2	0	0
J. I. Connor, c f.	4	0	0	0	1	0	0
J.H. Connor, 1b.	4	0	0	0	3	0	0
Madden, p.	4	1	2	2	1	11	6
	42	7	9	10	27	19	10

The Winter Tournament at the Gymnasium on March 19th proved very interesting. We regret that the accommodations for visitors are so poor, but with the state of our present Gymnasium this cannot be much improved.

Much credit is due Messrs. Crofton and Machale for their efforts in preparing for the tournament.

Music was furnished by the Haverhill Band of eight pieces.

Messrs. McCurdy, Thompson and Kengott, acted as judges.

The events in order were as follows:

1 Light Weight Wrestling.
Won by G. M. Smith.
2 Middle Weight Wrestling.
Won by L. D. Mowry.
3 Middle Weight Sparring.
Won by F. L. Luce.
4 Feather Weight Wrestling.
Won by O. Germer, Jr.

5 High Jump.
Won by F. E. Grant.
6 Light Weight Sparring.
Won by E. B. Northrup.
7 Indian Clubs.
Won by A. E. Sheldon.
8 Fence Vault.
Award not given on account of tie.
9 Rings.
Won by C. D. Chanute.
10 Feather Weight Sparring.
Won by O. Germer, Jr.
11 Parallel Bars.
Won by F. S. Lyman.
12 Tumbling.
Won by F. W. Lakeman.
13 Horizontal Bar.
First Prize given to H. S. Graves;
2nd to F. C. Walcott.
14 Hitch and Kick.
Won by R. Merrill.

Among other matters of school interest, tennis should not be overlooked. During the past term it seemed, at times, as if tennis had been entirely forgotten by the great part of the school. Lately there has been a very marked indifference as to the whole matter. The different meetings of the Tennis Association were but poorly attended and not half the school knew that the "doubles" of last fall were finally decided in favor of Andover. As the time went on every one seemed to affect the utmost indifference as to whether or not Exeter won the tournament. Two fellows seemed to take some interest and worked hard all the spring to represent the school at Exeter,—and what was the result? When the day for the tournament came, only three fellows went up to Exeter with our players to support them, and two of these went to see the ball game. And what happened was naturally bound to result. With no Andover fellows to support them, and at the same time playing on a strange court, our fellows were defeated after a very close contest. Who can doubt but that if the men had had the support of a number of Andover fellows in cheering the results might have been different? In future contests it is to be hoped that Andover fellows will show Exeter that they still have enough life to *at least* support by their presence any branch of athletics in which the aim is Exeter's defeat.

The prospects of Andover's having a crew seems to have been entirely blasted, at least for the present. In some ways perhaps it is just as well, owing to the distance we are obliged to go to find a good course, and also owing to the fact that it is apt to lessen the interest in our more important contests, base ball and foot ball.

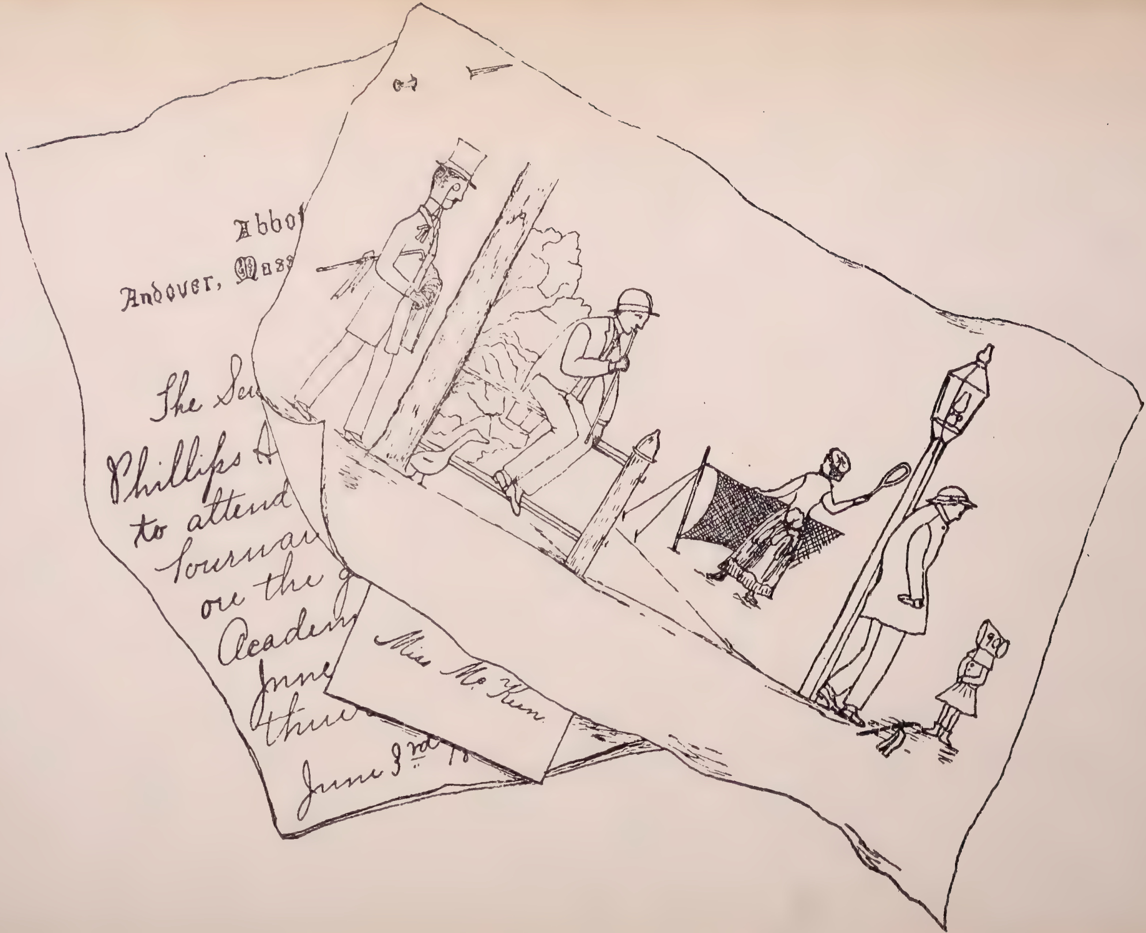
In offering the "Mirror prizes" at the beginning of this term, we felt that by increasing the prizes somewhat we might in turn be rewarded by an increase in the number of our contributions.

Our expectations were fully realized and not only as to amount of work sent in, but also as to the merit of the stories. The competition for the prize cut was rather limited, thereby forcing the editors to look elsewhere for several illustrations.

The judges selected by the Board were Mr. McCurdy, Mr. Burwith and Mr. Lloyd. All of whom we wish to thank sincerely for their kindness and for their cheerful acceptance of the work imposed upon them. The prizes were as follows:

1st Prize Story.—Legend of School St., by R. L. Weeks.
2d Prize Story.—Ars Amatoria, by C. W. Alvord.
1st Prize Poem.—Twilight, by A. R. Hussey.
2d Prize Poem.—Orpheus and Eurydice, by H. H. Tweedy.
1st Prize Cut.—Expectations, by T. S. Lyman.
2d Prize Cut.—Bulletin Board, W. P. Graves.

We are indebted to W. P. Graves for several cuts, to the Fem Sem for a humorous poem and further to Messrs. Cox and Williams for humorous articles.


Abbot
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Miss Mc Keen.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Select Few; By a Fem. Sem.

Oh say have you seen on the Morrill House green
  That member of Andover "Glee."
A Singular bird with a manner absurd
  Which we know by the name of C—C—

Oh say do you know, as down town you go
  That creature so tall and so fair
Quick tell me his name of such wonderful fame
  It's Sammy, our own "Golden Hair."

Oh say what is that, so short and so fat
  With a few straggling hairs on its lip,
Which ambles about like an elephant out,
  Oh it's "Babe" and *he knows how to tip.*

Oh say and tell me too, and be sure you speak true
  Who's this innocent, baby-faced chap
Who pitches so well, and dresses so swell,
  And for Fem. Sems. don't care a rap.

Oh say do you hear, every day of the year
As he passes down fair Abbott street,
That crazy young loon, with his "Black Huzzar" tune
Who always gets Andover beat?

Oh say do you meet, on this same lovely street
Always covered with rollicking lads,
A dear little chap, whom we call "Brother Jap,
And who's tyrannized over by "Cads."

Oh tell me at once, who's that long legged dunce
Who plays on the banjo ONE tune?
Why you know well that pill, they call him "Long Bill",
And he came from the country too soon.

Oh now have we come, to Tom and his chum,
And a sweet little pair do they make.
They giggle and play, the whole livelong day
And swing on the K. O. A. gate.

Oh the last and the least, and a queer little beast,
Is the "Fiend" whom we must not forget,
For if you want gum, to him you must come,
And you'll get it you can just bet.

Shrewd Simon Short.

An Alliterative Article as an Amusement assuring absolute attention.

Shrewd Simon Short sewed shoes. Seventeen summers, speedy storms, spreading sunshine saw Simon's small shabby shop still staunch, saw Simon's self-same squeaking sign still swinging, silently specifying:

"Simon Short, Smithfield's sole surviving shoemaker. Shoes sewed, soled superfinely."

Simon's spry, sedulous spouse, Sally Short, sewed skirts, stitched sheets.

Simon's six stout, sturdy sons—Seth, Samuel, Stephen, Saul, Silas, Sampson—sold sundries. Sober Seth sold sugar, starch, spice; simple Sam sold saddles, stirrups, screws; sagacious Stephen sold silks, satins, shawls; sceptical Saul sold silver salvers, silver spoons; slack Silas sold Sally Short's stuffed sofas; selfish Sampson sold shoe-strings, soap, saws, skates.

CHAPTER II.

Some seventeen summers since Simon's second son Sam saw Sophia Spriggs somehow. Sweet, sensible, smart Sophia Spriggs! Sam soon showed strange symptoms. Sam seldom stayed selling saddles. Sam sighed sorrowfully, sought Sophia's society, sang several seranades slyly.

Simon stormed, scolded severely, said, "Sam seemed so silly, singing such shameful, senseless songs."

"Strange Sam should slight such splendid summer sales," said Silas. "Strutting spendthrift, shattered-brain simpleton!"

"Softly, softly, sir," said Sally; "Sam's smitten, Sam's spied some sweetheart."

"Sentimental school-boy," snarled Simon. "Smitten! Stop such stuff!" Simon seized Sally's scissors, smashed Sally's spectacles, scattered several spools. "Sneaking scoundrel! Sam's silliness shall stop!" Scowling Simon speaking.

Sally sighed sadly.

Summoning Sam, she spoke sweet sympathy.

"Sam," said she, "sire seems singularly snappy; so, sonny, stop smoking segars, spending specie, stop singing serenades, stop short. Sell saddles, sonny; sell saddles sensibly; see Sophia Spriggs soon; she's sprightly, she's stable, so solicit, sue; secure Sophia speedily, Sam."

"So soon—so soon?" said Sam, standing still.

"So soon! surely," said Sally, smiling. "Specially since sire shows such spirits."

Chapter III.

"Sophia Spriggs—Spriggs Short," sighed Sam. "Sophia Short, Samuel Short's spouse sounds splendid! Suppose she should say—shan't!"

Chapter IV.

Soon Sam spied Sophia, singing softly. Seeing Sam she stopped, saluted Sam smilingly. Sam stammered shockingly.

"Spl-spl-splendid summer season, Sophia."

"Somewhat sultry," suggested Sophia.

"Sar-sartin," said Sam. [Silence seventeen seconds.]

"Selling saddles, still, Sam?"

" Sar-sar-sartin," said Sam, starting suddenly. " Season's somewhat sudorific."

" Sartin," said Sophia, smilingly. " Sip some sweet sherbet, Sam." [Silence sixty seconds].

" See sister Susan's sun-flower ! " said Sophia, socially. scattering such stiff silence.

Sophia's sprightly sauciness stimulated Sam strangely ; so Sam suddenly spoke sentimentally.

" Sophia, Susan's sun-flower seems saying,' Samuel Short. Sophia Spriggs, seek some sequestered spot, some syloan shade. Sparkling springs shall sing soul-soothing strains ; sweet songsters shall silence several sighings ; super-angelic sylphs shall—' "

S ophia snickered. so Sam stopped short.

" Sophia," said Sam solemnly.

" Sam," said Sophia.

"Sophia stop smiling, Sam Short's sincere, Sam's seeking some sweet spouse Sophia."

Sophia stood silent.

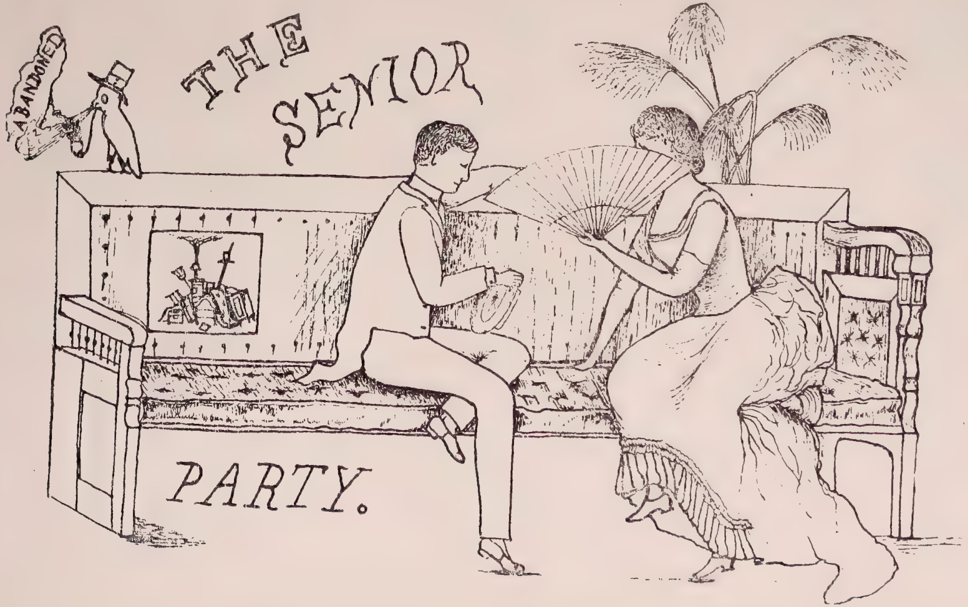
" Speak ! Sophia, speak !" such suspense speculate sorrow."

" Seek sire, Sam, seek sire."

CHAPTER V.

So Sam sought sire Spriggs. Sire Spriggs said, "sartin." Soon Sam sought Sophia smilingly. " Settled," said Sam.

* * *


ABANDONED
THE SENIOR
PARTY.

Thoughts on Some of the Seniors.

By One of Them.

It is no easy task,
  To open up my heart—
For once to put aside the mask,
  And cease to play a part.

But since you ask me — well,
  There's nothing else to do
But, laying off all my reserve,
  To tell my thoughts to you.

I think how Gerrodette
  Would prosper as a lawyer;
And how dear Perry's overcoat
  Would look on Mr. Sawyer.

I think how genial Thompson
  Doth long and loudly preach,
Asking for base ball money
  Just as coolly as a leech.

I pity Osborne, though,
  Whose heart is surely broken,
Because th' irrevocable "No"
  Has certainly been spoken.

But Cowen! Is not his
  A wondrous happy lot,
Who has an angel so divine
  To boil the family pot?

And now for Dick Hotaling!
He's bound to take his stand
Among the first and foremost
Of the histrionic band.

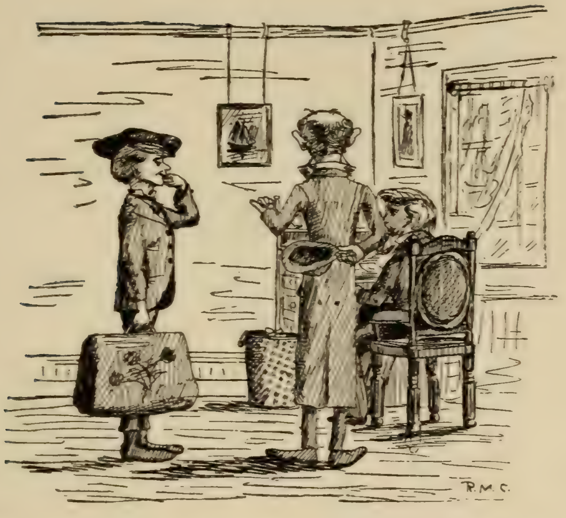
Phelps, Tweedy, Alvord, Wadsworth,
And Osborne, last, not least,
Afforded to their audience
A literary feast.

Crosby, Barnett and Martin!
Three editors are these:
I dare not speak against them,
For them I want to please!

There's Cox, too; I would like
To say a word of him;
But I really cannot find one
That's long enough, and slim.

There are many other fellows
Of whom much might be said;
But when you'd heard about them all,
You'd have an aching head.

Bewail thy lot, O Phillips;
Never shalt thou behold
A brighter or a better class
Than '87 bold.



A Prep's Epistle to the Editors.

DEAR MR. EDITOR:

One of the old-er boys asked me if I would write a little story about our class so I have tried.

My class is not as big as the big-ger classes because we are small boys and there are not so many of us.

I asked some boys of my class if they knew a joke. After a while we thought of this:—"There was a boy in our class named Mr. Leavitt, but he did not stay with us long cause he had to leaveit." I didn't make this joke but I helped.

We all sit up stairs in church. I like to a good deal cause we sit right around Pro-fes-sor Ban-croft who is the prin-ci-pal of the school. He don't listen to the minister cause he has to write all the time.

Some boys be-hind us always put gum where we sit right on it. My pants are all gum and when I set down now, I can't get up very quick cause I stick to everything. It's mean to put gum under a littler boy than you are.

We all like to go to the Gym. to see the other boys get strong, and may be when we grow up we can swing on the ropes that have rings at the end and hang on the pole that we saw up in the middle of the room.

One of the big-gest boys of our class belongs to a So-ciety called Philo. He is a funny fellow and everybody laughs when he speaks cause he speaks so funny. He always begins "Dose opponents on de op-po-*zite* side of de house." Then we all laff and I couldn't hear any-noise. I am sure he is the best talker in the school if there is n't any body else as good as he is.

Last night a few of us went down town and had to run real hard to get back into the house before eight o'clock. I do n't know what would hap-pen if we were out after eight, but—Only thinking about it is enough for me.

Only think, one of our teachers came to see us one Saturday night. It was real nice of them. I was in bed fast asleep but some of the naughty boys were down town. We hope they will not be ex-pel-led.

We heard that every class had to choose a President and some other people, so one day we thought we 'd see if we could, but we could n't for a long time cause we could n't find any body that would n't take it. All of us wanted to be President.

The young ladies at the Abbott school-house don't notice little boys like us. Freddie Hollister says this is n't so, but it really is just—the—same.

Good-bye. PREPPIE.

Ode to Jott Perkins Titcomb.

Where did you come from "Titty" dear?
How did you hie yourself in here?

Where did you get those cunning eyes?
From whence is the expression, "Thou 'rt just my size."

Where did you get your hat so brown?
Why do n't you shave off that Eider down?

Where did you find that face so sweet?
Where did you get those wee small feet?

Where did you learn your cute little ways?
From whence is that far away nummy-like gaze?

From whence is that delicate shell-tinted ear?
From whence is that weak little monkey-like leer?

Where did you come from "Titty" dear?
Oh, I do n't know, Spec Dod sent me here.

The Senior "Crush!"

Day and Eyre
Make quite a pair
  But they are driven tandem;
Eyre goes ahead,
While Day is lead
  Hither and thither at random.

Annual Menu.

SOUPS.

Day "'87". Hotaling "'87."

FISH.

Jelly Fish Holland, "'90." Sardines { Farwell "'90." / Snowden "'88." }

MEATS.

Ear of Cow(en), "'87."

Leg of Waddy, "'87," with caper sauce.

ENTREES.

Hamm(ond) Eggs, "'89."

Fricassee of Whiskers, Farmer "'87" style.

Salani of Red Head Duck, Phillips, "'89."

REMOVES.

Hanna, "'88." Ethridge, "'88." Lazier, "'88."

GAME.

Dove, "'90." Hawk(e)s, "'89." Stork, "'88."

VEGETABLES.

Rice, "'88."   (Mc) Bean, "'88."   Green Pease, "'87."

PASTRY.

Dumpling, Hutching., "89."

Angel Cake, McCormick, "'88."

Sponge Cake, Carr, "'88."   Tarts, { Early, "'88."
Berger, "'90."

ICE CREAMS.

Tutti Fruiti.   "Mustachio," Worthington, "'88."

Harlequin Williams, "87."

WINE LIST.

No Strong ('87) drinks.

F. L. Sheldon's "87" Prepared Chocolate.

Rock and Rye, Hall & Gywenne, "'89."

Zwei Lager Weyerhauser, "88."

Sea Foam Trowbridge, "'89."

Bronson's "'88" Soothing Syrup.

Mumms Extra Dryden, "89."

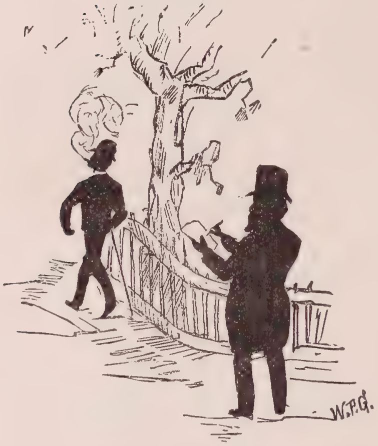
SERVED TO ORDER.

Mush and Milk, Googins, "'89."

Kidney, Van Rensselaer, "'89," a la Nabob sauce.

GRINDS.

HIT OR MISS.



"Smoking on the streets is positively forbidden."
The Faculty.

"All Gaul is divided into three parts." *Carr, Carter, Eyre.*

"Love at first sight." *Hotaling, Giles.*

"I was not born under a rhyming planet." *Owen.*

"Merry swains who quaff the nut brown ale, and sing enamored of the nut brown maid." *Mowry, Byres.*

"Three parts cheek, four parts monkey, five parts brass, and twenty, donkey." *Bliss '89.*

"Tramps Abroad." *J. L. Dodge.*

"Heads I win, tails you lose." *Coffin.*

"I'll never go into the bald-headed row again."
McCormick.

"Seven times mortally wounded, four times scalped, been through three secret societies, escaped dangers of fire, flood and field, and still lives to tell his friends the tale."
Marshall.

"Oh, ye whose cheek the tears of pity ne'er did stain."
The Faculty.

"One of the few of immortal names that were not born to die." *Smith '87-90.*

"Maidens withering on the stock." *Andover Belles.*

"It talked — Lord, how it talked." *Kernochan.*

"I love thee — still." *Glee Club.*

"Law on, McDuff, and damned be he who first cries hold, enough." *Northrup.*

"He never does a foolish thing; he never does a wise one." *Bovey.*

"Who says in verse (?) what others say in prose."
Cartwright.

"Where was Rice when the church went out?"
P. D. Rice.

"Lo! I go to chapel to watch and not to pray."
The Faculty.

Lost, Wants, Found, Etc.

LOST. — The Andover Boat Crew. Information concerning their untimely death or disappearance requested by
Commodore Yale Navy.

WANTED. — Should like to correspond with a bright, vivacious young lady, matrimonially inclined. An orphan preferred. *Cowen*, "'87."

WANTED. — Expressions to supplant. "I am not very well posted on this subject, therefore" apply to
Philo. Speakers.

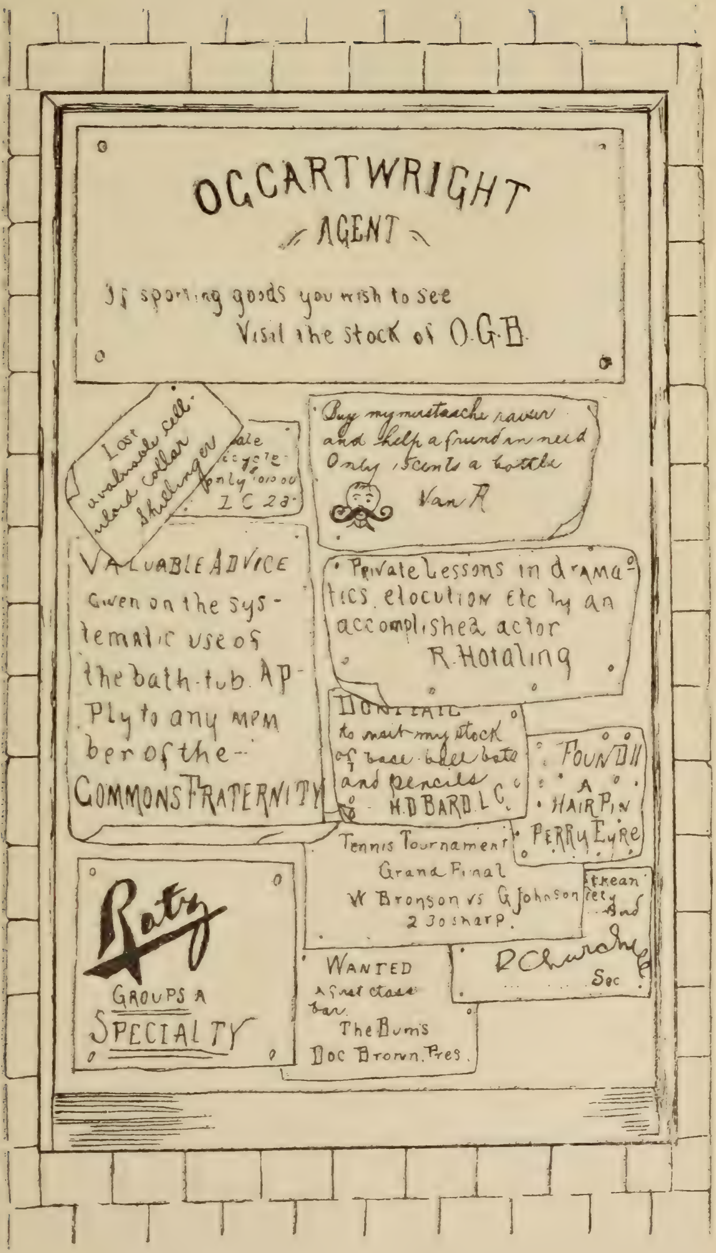
FOUND. — At home, on the night of the Raid —
Blunt House.

WANTS. — To be tough. *Berger.*

LOST. — The hands of the Old South Clock. *Liberal reward (?) offered and no questions asked.*
Vigilance Committee.

WANTED. — Reduced rates to Bradford.
F. K. Hollister, "*'90.*"

WANTED. — The Earth. *P. P. Eyre,*
Per cent. U. S. of America.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only
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Buy my mustache raiser and help a friend in need
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Van R
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Private Lessons in dramatics elocution etc by an accomplished actor
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to visit my stock of base-ball bats and pencils
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PERRY EYRE
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Grand Final
W Bronson vs G Johnson
2 30 sharp.
treasurer And
R Churchill
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Ratz
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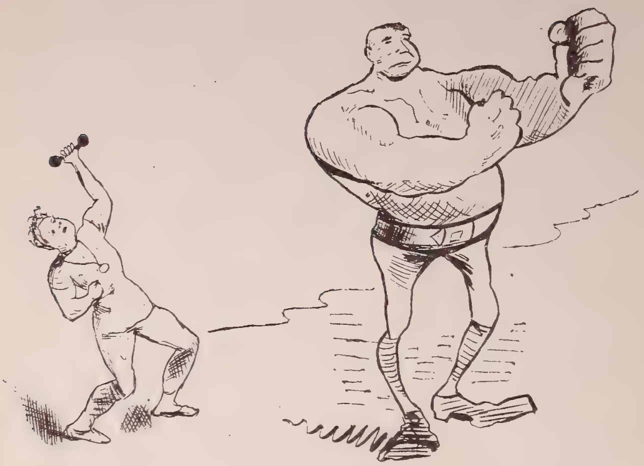

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W. A. Perrin, *2d Banjo.*
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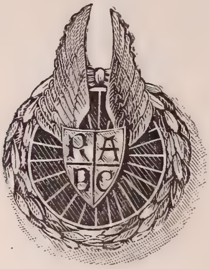

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L. D. Mowry, *l. f.*
J. W. Grimes, *r. f.*

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Germer, *c.*
Campbell, 3*rd b.*
Frear, *l. f.*
Snowden, *p. ss.*
Carr, 1*st b.*
Beeson, *ss. p.*
Vose, *c. f.*
Tarbox, *r. f.*
Bliss, 2*nd b. capt.*

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(2) "Freshy" Thayer
(3) "Skinny," Sawyer ('87)

"Maiden" McClelland, bat and water carrier and general supe.

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“Ginty” Hall [c.]
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“Boss” Stearns [*p. capt.*]
“Bantry” Bancroft [*r. f.*]
“Bub” Graves [*s.s.*]
“Calf” Churchill [*2d b.*]
“Jimmy” Sawyer [*c.* f.]
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“Towel rack and water carrier,” Hussey.
“Bat carrier and lemon squeezer,” Thayer.

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H. K. Brown, *1b.*
Bovey, *s. s.*
Foster, *l. f.*
Norton, *p.*
Weyerhauser, *2b.*
S. T. Brown, *3b.*
Hamilton, *c. f.*
Berger, *r. f.*

Brick House Nine.

“Cracker Eater” Walcott, *c.*
“Sprinter” Greenough, *p.*
“Lengthy” Merrill, *1st.*
“Shorty Sam” Thompson, *2nd.*
“Tumbling Bill” Graves, *3rd.*
“Middle Weight” Luce, *s. s.*
“Weighty George” Worthington, *l. f.*
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“Laughing Willie” Parker, *r. f.*
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“Shaggers” { “Whitie” Weeks
“Fire Escapes” Ladd }
“Manager” Walter De Witt Smith.

22---6.

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Eyre, *1st b.*
Maynard, *3rd b.* (*Captain*).
Phillips. *r. f.*
E. P. Williams, *p.*
Powell, *2nd b.*
Schreiber, *s. s.*
Ross, *l. f.*
Hotaling, c. f.

Piper-off and Coacher, S. W. Blunt.

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H. Graves, *2nd b.*
J. B. Martin, *s. s.*
R. R. Merrill, *c. f.*
L. H. Norton, *1st b.*, *p.*
W. P. Graves. *3rd b.*
H. K. Brown, *l. f.*
J. L. Dodge, *r. f.*

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"Scrapper" Aldrich, *c.*
"Softy" Brainard, *1st b.*
"Fat" Shaw, *2nd b.*
"Long" Crofton, *s. s.*
"Satan" Smith, *p.*
"Scab" Perrin, *r. f.*
"Rantule" Machale, *3rd b.*
"Bruiser" Haskell, *l. f.*
"Sam" Strong, *c. f.*

S. E. Strong, *Manager.*
Charlie Carter, "*Rubber*"

P. S. '89 Ball Team.

W. J. Ogden, *Manager.*

R. Merrill, *Captain.*

TEAM.

W. S. Mowry, *c.*
Beeson, *p.*
Chanute, *s. s.*
Merrill, *1st b.*

Jacobson, *2nd b.*
Phillips, *3rd b.*
Wilson, *r. f.*
Ross, *c. f.*

Peabody, *l. f.*

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"Cicero" Shaw.
Wells.
Alvord.

Blunt House Court, — Eyre.
Weston.
Davis.
Van Rensselaer.

Grand Stand Players, — Poole.
Evans.
Massonneau,
Chadwick.

P. I. O. U. S. — "Thersites" Carter.
"Wooley" Perrin.
"Satan" Smith.

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Hicks.
A. L. Clark.
Elwell.

The Singles. — Carr.
Walcott.

Hustlers. — Merrill.
Parker.
Ross.
Thompson.

Brick House Club. — Ely.
Greenough.
Shurmer.
Worthington. } “*Ball Furnishers.*”
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Powell.
Dodge.

Champions No. 3. — Benner.
McCormick.
Weeks.

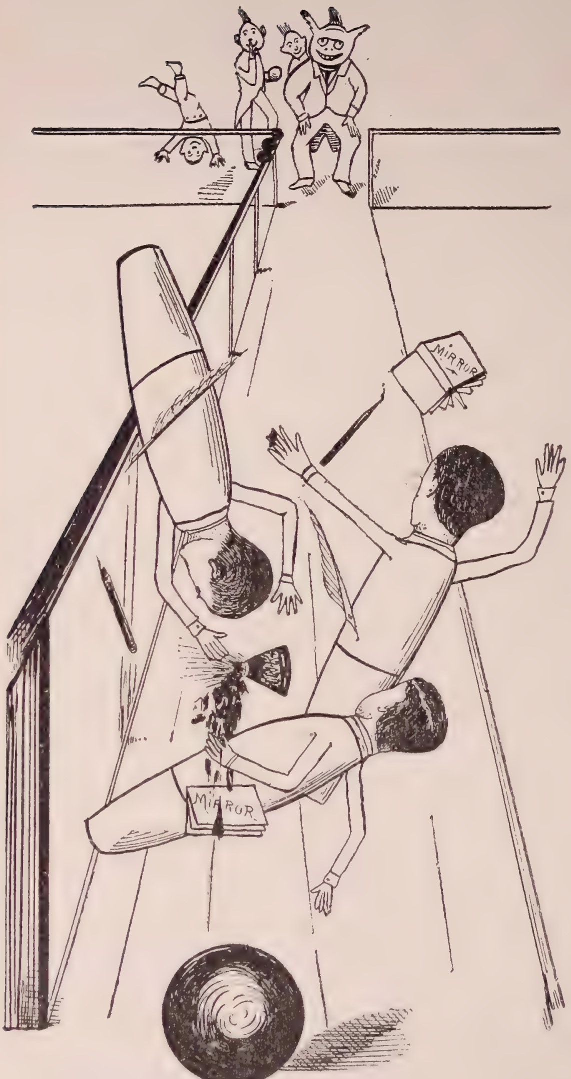
Rattlers. — W. Graves.
H. Graves.

Tilton House Club, — W. S. Mowry.
C. C. Wilson.
H. McK. Landon.
L. D. Mowry.
F. R. Kennedy.

Berry House Club. — Thatcher.
Bovey.
Hamilton.
Foster.

The Dudes. — Weyerhauser.
Pease
E. C. Hollister.

The Family Circle, — G. B. Hollister.
F. K. Hollister.
E. C. Hollister.
H. H. Pease.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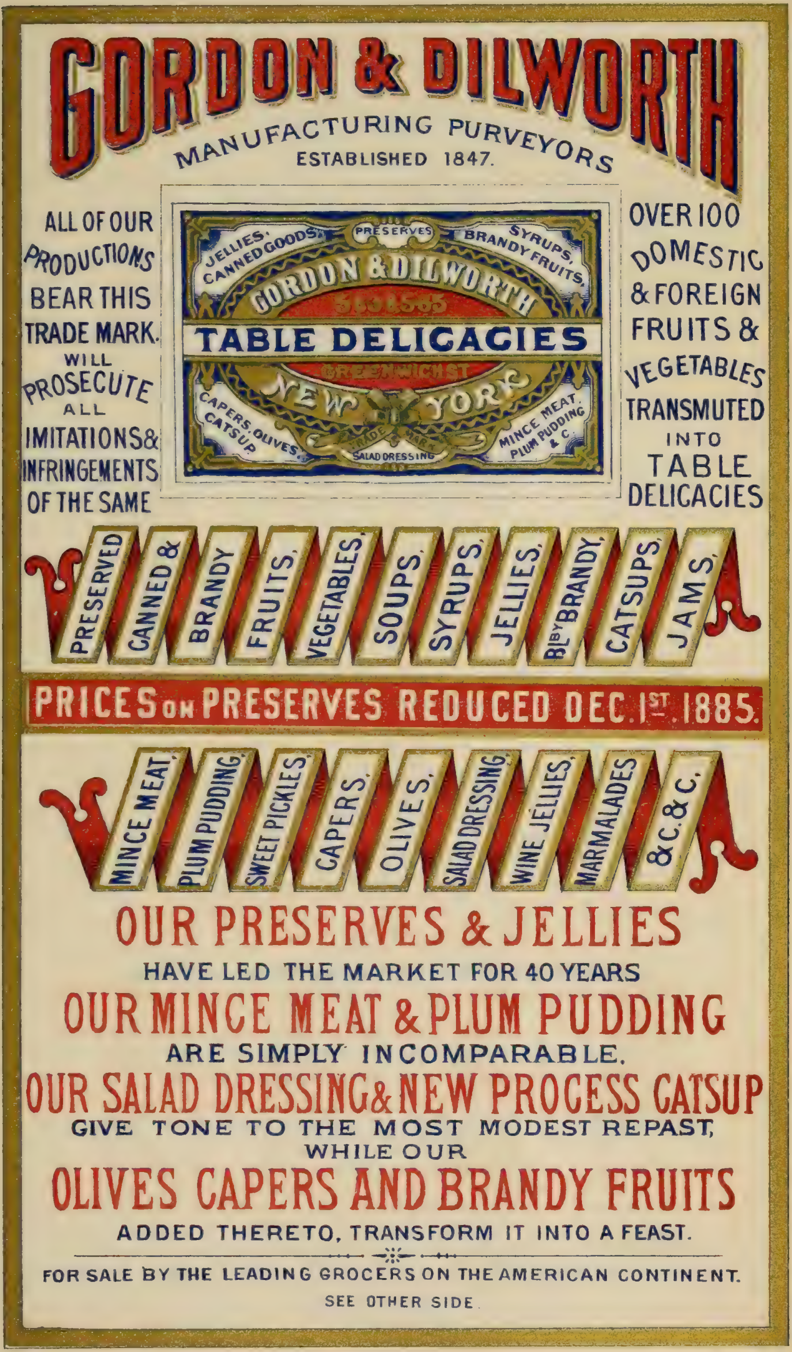

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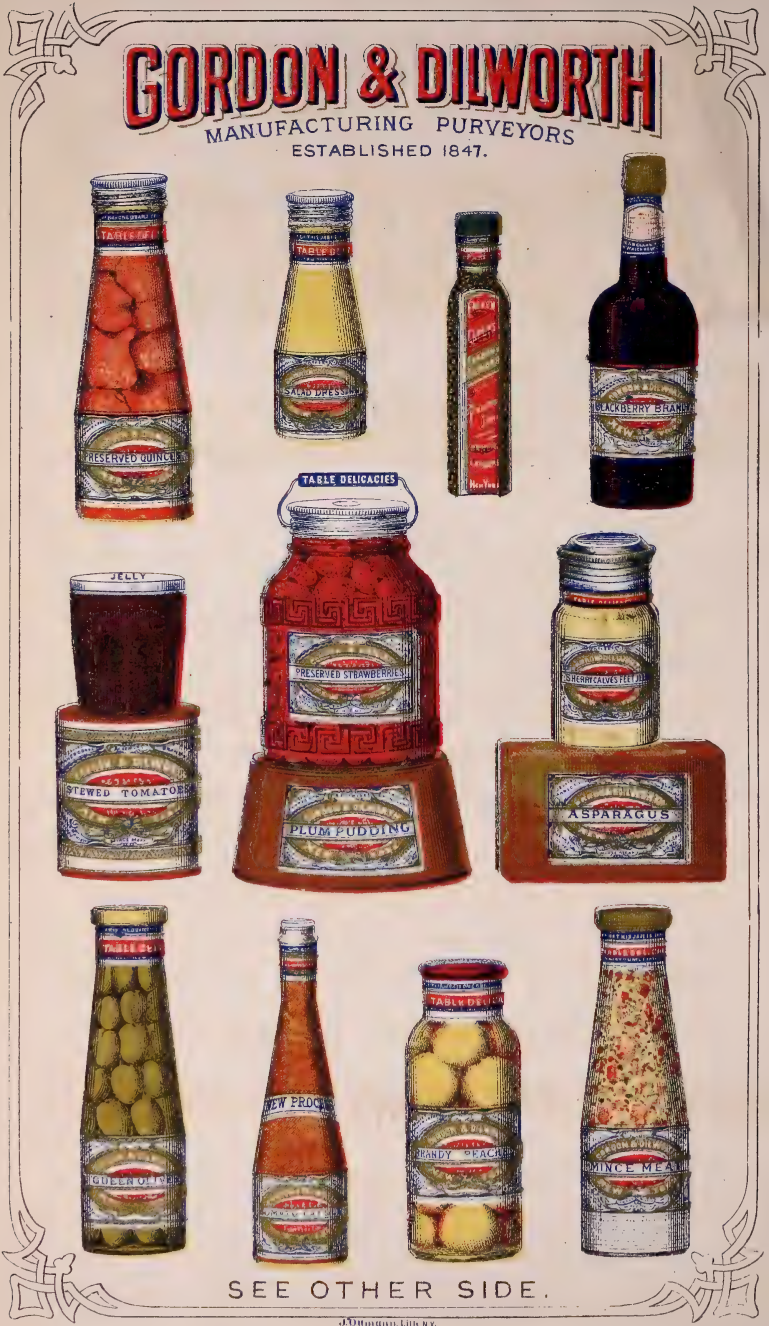

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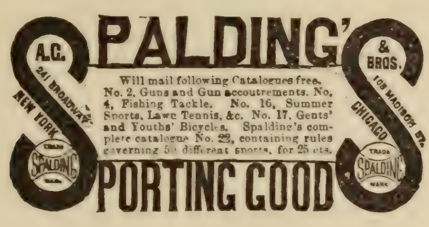

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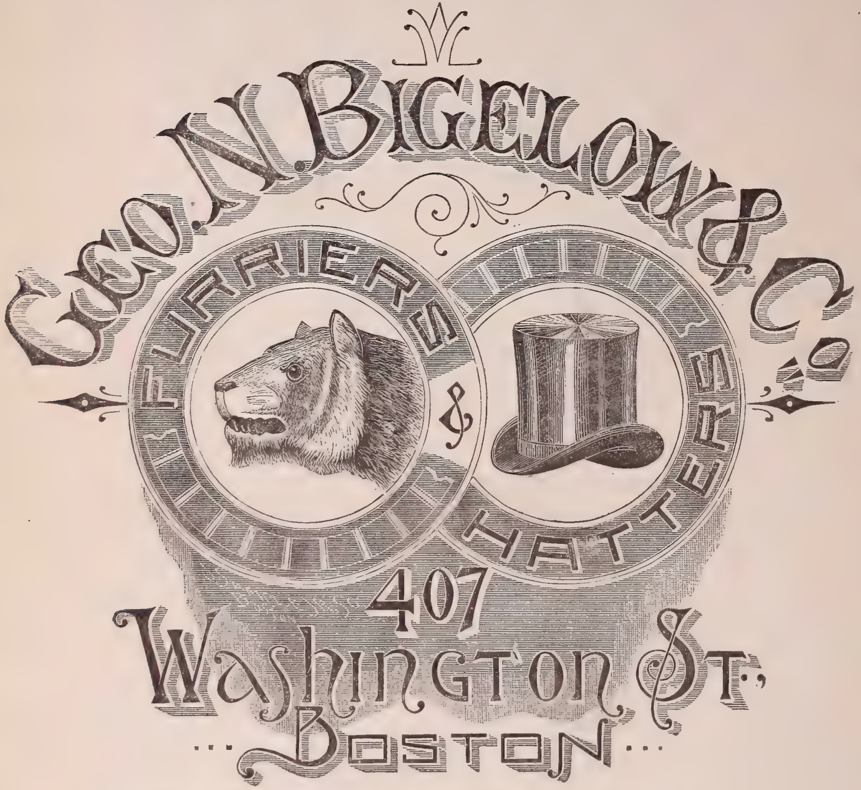
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